Mr Francis de Salignac de la Mothe Fenelon Archbishop and Duke of Cambray.

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Salignac de la Mothe Fenelon (F. de)

THE ADVENTURES OF *TELEMACHUS*, The SON of ULYSSES.

In Twenty-four BOOKS.

With the ADVENTURES of *ARISTONOUS*.

Written by the Archbiſhop of *CAMBRAY*.

Done into *Engliſh* from the laſt *Paris* (which is the only genuine) Edition,

BY

Mr. Is. LITTLEBURY *and Mr.* A. BOYER.

Adorn'd with Twenty-four-Plates, and a Map of *TELEMACHUS*'s Travels. All curiouſly Engraven by *very good Hands*.

The TWELFTH EDITION.

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PREFACE

To the laſt

French Paris EDITION.

THE late *Archbiſhop of* Cambray's *Relations here preſent the publick with a* new Edition *of the* Adventures *of* Telemachus, *from the original manuſcript found among his Grace's papers. All the* former editions *being* extreme faulty, *and publiſh'd without the author's approbation, 'tis a piece of juſtice due to his memory, to let his performance appear abroad, as it came finiſhed from his hands.*

He had divided the whole into twenty four books, in imitation of Homer's Iliad: *but beſides this* diviſion, *this new edition will be found to differ in abundance of places from all the*

former. 'Tis true, these variations for the most part relate to the style, and only add some graces and beauties to the narration, by a more harmonious ranging of the words: but then some things of infinite value, *and* considerable length, *had wholly been omitted before, which are here* faithfully restored *from the original.*

The new editors thought it incumbent upon them not to suffer any longer, at the head of this work, the Preface which used to be printed with it, and which never had the approbation of the Author of Telemachus: *but instead of it they have placed the ensuing discourse, wherein it endeavour'd to unfold and set in a true light the excellence and beauties of this poem; its conformity to the rules of art; and the sublimity of its moral.*

ADVERTISEMENT

Concerning this

Engliſh VERSION.

THE foregoing Preface ſhews how defective all the *former French Editions* of *Telemachus* have been: nor could it hardly be otherwiſe, ſince they were all publiſh'd without the uthor's conſent, and from *imperfect copies*, ollen from him by piece-meal, by his *Amauenſes*. For the ſame reaſon all *former tranſtions* of this excellent piece muſt neceſſarily ve been faulty; ſo far at leaſt, as they ared in all the imperfections of their *lame iginal*.

This, with all candid judges, will certainbe ſufficient to excuſe the *miſtakes* and *deſts* of the firſt *Engliſh verſion*, which was the rformance of the late ingenious Mr. *Littlebury*,

bury, Mr. *Alexander Oldes*, and myſelf. As the firſt *French* Edition of *Telemachus* was divided into *five books*, which came out at different times, Mr. *Littlebury* tranſlated only the firſt part; and did it ſo well, that it was a misfortune for the publick, that his ill ſtate of health did not permit him to go on with the reſt. Upon his declining it, and at the bookſeller's earneſt deſire, I undertook the task: but not having then ſufficient time to ſpare from other buſineſs, I divided it with Mr. *Oldes*, who tranſlated the fourth and fifth parts; as I did the ſecond and moſt part of the third. Theſe particulars I think fit to mention, both that my *fellow Tranſlators* may have the praiſe due to their performances, and, at the ſame time, that I may bear no more blame, than in juſtice lies at my own door.

Our *Tranſlation*, how imperfect ſoever, was ſo well receiv'd, that in a few years, it bore ſeveral large *impreſſions*: but, through the careleſsneſs of the *Printers*, there crept into the *later editions* ſo many groſs miſtakes, that caſting my eyes one day caſually upon ſome of them, before ſome *Bookſellers*, I could not forbear ſaying, *that I ſcarce knew again my own work*. This, it ſeems, gave them the hint of a *new verſion*; for which they had ſtill a more colourable pretence, from a new *French*

French Edition, printed abroad with conſiderable improvements throughout, and methodiz'd into ten books, with arguments to each, and a *large preface,* giving a particular account both of the work and author.

Whatever injury they intended to the proprietor of the firſt verſion, he muſt have born it with patience and reſignation: and the publick would certainly have applauded their deſign, had Mr. *Ozell,* the perſon they employ'd to execute it, either made a *new,* or *mended* the *old tranſlation.*

But inſtead of that, it plainly appears from his performance, that (excepting a few pages in the beginning) he made free with *our whole work*; and that in order to palliate his *plagiariſm,* he only corrected the *printer's miſtakes,* and made ſome alterations in the ſtyle; but it unluckily fell out, that *he alter'd every thing for the worſe*; and though he had the *ſelf-complacency* to *hope that the whole diction was ſo changed, as to come nearer to the ſtandard of the original*; yet they who took the pains to compare the two tranſlations, ſtill gave the preference to the former; and apply'd to Mr. *Ozell* what a friend of mine wrote upon the *plagiary* of the tragedy call'd *Iphigenia in Aulis.*

Thy *theft has* all her grace and luſtre *ſoil'd*,
Thou ſtol'ſt the *beauty* firſt, *and after ſpoil'd*
So fares it with that *deſp'rate band*, who live
On *prey* and *rapine*, and by *injury thrive*.
Thoſe whom they *wrong*, with *hatred* they
purſue;
And not content to *rob*, they *murder* too.

Mr. *Ozell*, to juſtify his proceeding, had promiſed in his *advertiſement*, to *throw together at the end of that book, ſome of the numerous and egregious miſtakes committed in the former verſion*: and at the end of his book, he tells us, *that he had drawn up a liſt of two or three hundred errors; but being afterwards told by the undertakers of his tranſlation, that Mr.* Boyer *one of the authors of the former verſion, had been with them, and made preſſing inſtances that they would go upon a new tranſlation, and offer'd to do it for them, becauſe* he was aſham'd at the erroneouſneſs of the other, he (Mr. *Ozell*) *thought it enough to give only a ſmall ſample of the miſtakes*, and thoſe none of the groſſeſt he *could have pick'd out.*

How far Mr. *Ozell* has diſguis'd the truth in relation to the diſcourſe that paſs'd between *his undertakers* and *me*, I leave it to their *conſcience* to determine: but to the beſt of my remembrance, I only told them what

I mea

I mention'd before, or words to the ſame effect. However, waving that trifling particular, in which the publick is no ways concern'd, I ſhall only take notice that Mr. *Ozell* thought fit to reduce his charge againſt us, which in his firſt bill *of indictment* conſiſted of *two or three hundred*, to the ſmall number of *fifteen miſtakes*, cull'd out from *p.* 309, to *p.* 668.

Theſe *fifteen errors* happen, every one of them, to fall in Mr. *Oldes*'s ſhare of this verſion, and therefore do not in the leaſt, affect either Mr. *Littlebury* or myſelf: but as we are, every one of us, brought into the general accuſation by way of *Inuendo*, out of reſpect to the memory of my *fellow-tranſlators*, I think it incumbent on me to recriminate on Mr. *Ozell*; and in order to that, I have hereto ſubjoin'd a *ſample* of his alterations, which he is pleas'd to look upon as *embelliſhments*, but which, if I am not miſtaken, will, with all good judges, rather paſs for *foils* to our tranſlation.

Book I. *p.* 1. The author ſays; *Calypſo ne pouvoit ſe conſoler du depart d' Ulyſſe*: which Mr. *Littlebury* rightly tranſlated; *Calypſo continued diſconſolate for the departure of Ulyſſes*: but Mr. *Ozell*, in order to mend the matter, ſays, *Calypſo, now Ulyſſes was departed, grew deſperate,*

desperate, and deaf to consolation. Is not *grew desperate*, a fine addition; and *deaf to consolation*, an expression more natural than *disconsolate?*

Ibidem, The *French* says, *Elle se promenoit souvent seule*, &c. which Mr. *Littlebury* renders naturally; *She often walk'd alone*, &c. Mr. *Ozell*, more quaintly, no doubt; *oft unaccompanied she trod*, &c.

A few lines after the author says, *Souvent elle demeuroit immobile*, &c. *p.* 2. which Mr. *Littlebury* renders with a noble simplicity; *Sometimes she stood still and wept, watering the banks of the sea with her tears, and always turning her eyes to that side where she had seen* Ulysses's *ship ploughing* the waves, &c. But Mr. *Ozell*, either forgetting that he writes prose, or to display his skill in numbers, gives us here several lines together in *blank verse*, as follows:

Mute and immoveable she sometimes stood,
Wat'ring the shore with torrents from her eyes:
There, where she last had seen Ulysses's *ship*
Ploughing the waves, she turn'd her eyes incessant.

And a little lower,

Then at a distance she descry'd two men,

One

One ſeem'd advanc'd in years, the other young,
But bearing much the ſemblance of Ulyſſes.

I mention this once for all, becauſe throughout the book, Mr. *Ozell* ſeems to have ſought all opportunities of turning *our proſe* into *blank verſe*: a good fortune which I do not in the leaſt envy him for; ſince in the opinion of all true judges of ſtyle, it is as great a fault to write *verſe in proſe*, as to write *proſe in verſe*.

Pag. 6. The author ſpeaking of *Calypſo*'s grotto, ſays, *On n'y voyoit ni or, ni argent, ni marbre, ni colomnes, ni tableaux, ni ſtatues*; which Mr. *Littlebury* juſtly renders thus; *There was neither gold nor ſilver to be ſeen, no marble, nor pillars, no painting, no ſtatues*; but Mr. *Ozell*, in theſe two plain lines, commits two faults; *There was* (ſays he) *no gold nor ſilver to be ſeen, no marble columns, no tableaus, nor ſtatues.* I'd fain know how long *tableau* has been an *Engliſh* word?

The *French* ſays, *Cette grotte étoit taillée dans le roc en voutes*; which Mr. *Littlebury* rightly tranſlates, *The grotto was cut into divers vaults within the rock*; but Mr. *Ozell* thinks to mend the matter, by ſaying, *The grot was hewn within the living rock.* The rock is, undoubtedly, much oblig'd to Mr. *Ozell*, for beſtowing life upon it.

A little lower the *French* ſays, *Ce bois ſembloit couronner ce belles prairies*; which Mr. *Littlebury* renders naturally thus, *This Wood ſeem'd to crown the beautiful meadows*; but Mr. *Ozell*, in his forc'd way of modelling the *diction*, ſays, *This wood a ſemblance had as if it crown'd the meads.*

Book II. *p.* 52. The *French* ſays, *Je ne ſentis point cette horreur qui fait dreſſer les cheveux ſur la téte, & qui glace le ſang dans les veines*, &c. which Mr. *Littlebury* juſtly tranſlates, *I felt none of that horror which makes mens hair ſtand upright, and chills the blood in their veins*; but Mr. *Ozell* ſays, *And which cauſes the blood to ſtagnate in the veins.* A very polite expreſſion!

Two pages lower the *French* ſays, *Ce vieillard avoit un grand front chauve*; that is, *This old man had a large forehead, bare of hair*; but Mr. *Ozell*, more poetically, ſays, *diſmantled of hair.*

Book II. *p.* 59. The author ſays, *les riantes prairies*, which Mr. *Littlebury* naturally renders by *the lovely meadows*; but Mr. *Ozell* ſays, *the laughing meadows*; with more reaſon, no doubt, than he ſaid before, the *living rock.*

Book IV. *p.* 122. The author ſays, *Avant*

que

que de laiſſer fermer ſes yeux au ſommeil, Mentor, &c. which Mr. *Littlebury* rightly tranſlates, *Before ſlumber had clos'd their eyes*, Mentor, *&c.* but Mr. *Ozell* thinks to top upon him by ſaying, *Before they had ſuffer'd ſleep to take poſſeſſion of them*, Mentor, *&c.* Is not this a very elegant expreſſion?

A little lower (pag. 127.) the *French* ſays, *Pendant mon ſilence un ſommeil doux & puiſſant vint me ſaiſir*; which Mr. *Littlebury* thus renders, *During my ſilence, a faſt and powerful ſlumber ſeiz'd upon me*; but Mr. *Ozell*, according to his new way of refining the diction, ſays, *I was ſeiz'd with a violent fit of ſleeping.* Monſtrous fine!

Page 130. The *French* ſays, *Venus remonta vers l'Olympe*; Mr. *Littlebury*, Venus *re-aſcended towards* Olympus; but Mr. *Ozell*, Venus *remounted towards* Olympus. A few lines after, Mr. *Ozell* ſays, *peſtiferous iſland*, inſtead of *peſtilent iſland.*

Thus far I have ſhewn in what manner Mr. *Ozell* has mended Mr. *Littlebury*'s tranſlation; I ſhall now curſorily take notice of the favours he has been pleaſed to beſtow upon me.

Book V. pag. 171. The *French* ſays, *Le peuple touché de compaſſion pour le fils*, which I

render'd, *The people being touch'd with pity for the ſon*; but Mr. *Ozell* more elegantly, no doubt, *The people melting with pity*, &c.

Pag. 175. The author ſays, *Au moindre mouvement qu'il faiſoit on voyoit tous ſes muſcles*; which I ſimply render'd, *At the leaſt of his motions you might diſcover all his muſcles*; but Mr. *Ozell*, ſwelling the ſails of his eloquence, ſays, *At his leaſt motion every muſcle ſwell'd apparent.*

Page 177. *On diſtribüa les chariots au ſort*, I tranſlated, *The chariots were diſtributed by lot*; but Mr. *Ozell*, *The chariots were diſpos'd of according to lot.* O elegant *according!*

Page 179. *Car mes chevaux mieux menagez que les ſiens, étoient en état de le devancer*; I render'd, *For my horſes, which I ſpared at firſt, were now able to beat his*; but Mr. *Ozell*, better ſkill'd in *horſes-races* than myſelf, ſays, *For my horſes, which I had favoured at firſt, were now able to out-run him.* Would not one imagine that the author ſpeaks of a match between a man and horſes?

Page 188. *Un roy entierement tourné à la guerre*, &c. *ruineroit ſon peuple*; I engliſh'd, *A king intirely bent upon war*, &c. *would not care if all his people were ruin'd*; but Mr. *Ozell*, undoubtedly

undoubtedly in a more noble ſtyle, *A king whoſe talent entirely lies to war*, &c. *'tis indifferent to him whether his ſubjects* ſink *or* ſwim. Delicate!

Page 189. *Un conquerant enivré de ſa gloire*; I ſillily render'd, *A conqueror intoxicated with his glory*; but Mr. *Ozell*, *A conqueror* grown drunk *with his glory*. Polite!

Book VI. p. 202. *On decouvrit dans ſon viſage je ne ſçai quoy de ferme & d'élevé*; I tranſlated, *They diſcover'd in his countenance ſomething that beſpoke in him a firm and elevated ſoul*; but Mr. *Ozell*, *They diſcover'd in his countenance ſomething that was unſpeakably great*.

Pag. 209. *Le pere aprés l'avoir long tems ſouffert, pour tâcher de le corriger de ſes vices*; I tranſlated, *The father having born with him a long time, with hopes to reclaim him from his vices*; which Mr. *Ozell* corrects thus; *With hopes he would grow better*. Admirable ſimplicity!

A few lines lower, *Affreuſe pauvreté*, I render'd, *dreadful poverty*; Mr. *Ozell*, *formidable poverty*. Noble!

Page 214. *Le vent qui enfloit nos voiles*; I engliſh'd, *The wind which fill'd our ſpreading ſails*; Mr. *Ozell*, with more delicacy, ſays, *Our*

Our bellying ſails; and, in another place, *ſtrutting ſails*; well ſaid, *Tar!* ——

Page 226. *Ses eſperances s'évanoüiſſoient*; I poorly render'd, *Her hopes vaniſh'd away*; Mr. *Ozell*, more elegantly, *Her hopes diſpers'd themſelves.*

Page 234. *Aprés tant de merveilles, ignorez vous encore ce que le Deſtinées vous ont preparé?* I tranſlated, *After ſo many wonderful deliverances, can you be doubtful of what the Gods have in ſtore for you?* but Mr. *Ozell*, *Can you have no notion of*, &c.

Pag. 239. *La Deeſſe lui decouvroit ſes peines ſur toutes les choſes qu'elle voyoit, & elle faiſoit ſans ceſſe des plaintes nouvelles*; I render'd, *The Goddeſs complained to him about all ſhe ſaw, and renewed her complaints every day*; Mr. *Ozell*, *The Goddeſs complained to him about every thing ſhe thought ſhe had occaſion for.* Pray what's the meaning of this?

Page 243. Eucharis *qui craignoit que* Telemaque *ne lui échapat*: I engliſh'd, Eucharis *who was afraid to loſe* Telemachus: But Mr. *Ozell*, Eucharis *fearing* Telemachus *ſhould make his eſcape from her.*

Pag. 254. *Tout le venin empeſté du* Cocyte *ſembloit*

emblоit s'exhaler de ſon cœur: I tranſlated, *All the peſtilential venom of black* Cocytus *ſeemed to reek out of her heart*: but Mr. *Ozell* more emphatically, *All the baneful venom of black* Cocytus *ſeemed to aſcend from her heart in peſtilent exhalations!*

Page 261. *Je me ſuis tû, j'ai devoré ma peine*; I tranſlated, *I held my tongue, I fed upon my own grief*: but Mr. *Ozell*, more nicely, *I chew'd the cud of my own grief.*

Page 265. *Ces paroles flateuſes firent gliſſer l'eſperance & la joye juſqu' au fond des entrailles de* Calypſo; I ſaid, *This flattering ſpeech convey'd pleaſing hopes and joys into the very bottom of* Calypſo's *heart*: but Mr. *Ozell*, *This ſpeech infus'd freſh hope and joy to every corner of* Calypſo's *heart.* I wonder, while he was on this noble ſtrain, he did not ſay, *every creek and corner.*

Book VIII. p. 276. *Il fit fendre la mer à force de rames*; I render'd, *He cauſed the rowers to ply their oars amain, and cut the yielding flood*: but Mr. *Ozell*, *He cauſed the oars to cut the paſſive flood.* Right!

Page 290. *Elle verſa des torrens de larmes*; I ſaid, *She ſhed floods of tears*: but Mr. *Ozell*, *She poured forth torrents of ſcalding tears.* Scalding fine, forſooth!

Page

Page 294. *Où* Titie *ſentira éternellement dan ſes entrailles toujours renaiſſantes un vautour qu les ronge*: I render'd, *where* Titius *will for eve feel a vulture preying upon his growing liver* But Mr. *Ozell*, *where* Titius *will for ever feel i his freſh-created bowels.* O rare, *freſh-created*

Page 298. *Les trompettes faiſoient rententi* l'Onde, *juſqu' aux rivages éloignez*: I tranſla ted, *The loud trumpets made the waves reſoun with their* clangor *as far as the diſtant ſhore* but my corrector thus, *The ſounding trumpet fill'd the diſtant ſhores with reverberating ecchoe*

Page 301. *Il chanta d'abord les loüanges d* Jupiter; I render'd, *He at firſt rehearſed th praiſes of mighty* Jove: but Mr. *Ozell*, *He a firſt chaunted forth the praiſes of* Jupiter.

Page 315. *Ces grands conquerans reſſemblent ces fleuves debordez qui paroiſſent majeſtueux* I ſaid, *Thoſe mighty conquerors are like thoſ overflowing rivers, which appear majeſtick*: bu Mr. *Ozell*, *The mighty conquerers reſemble thoſ wide-ſpread up-dam'd rivers, which look majeſti* What does he mean by *wide-ſpread up-dam'd*

Book IX. Page 325. *Une divinité ennemi & trompeuſe les eloignoit* d'Ithaque; I ſay, *deceitful and unfriendly deity led them far wid of* Ithaca: but Mr. *Ozell*, *A deceitful deity who hated them*, &c.

Page 327. *Ses yeux percent juſques dans l'Abime*; I render, *His eyes pierce into the deepeſt abyſs*: Mr. *Ozell*, *Into the very loweſt gulph.*

Page 341. *Ville naiſſante*; I tranſlated, *growing city*; Mr. *Ozell*, *powerful city.*

Pag. 347. Telemaque *ſe retint avec beaucoup de peine*; I ſaid, Telemachus *contained himſelf, tho' not without reluctance*: but Mr. *Ozell*, more devoutly, *Tho' not without the greateſt ſelf-denial.*

Page 361. *Le lendemain je recommençois mes travaux*; I engliſh'd, *The next day I reſum'd my toils.* But Mr. *Ozell*, *I re-commence my toils.*

Book XI. p. 413. *Semblables à ces paroles enchantées qui arretent la lune & les etoiles*; I render'd, *Like thoſe enchanting words which ſtop the motion of the moon and ſtars*: but Mr. *Ozell*, *Which* ARREST *the motion*, &c.

Book XII. Page 431. *Parler ſans adouciſſement*; I render'd, *without lenitives*: but Mr. *Ozell*, inſtead of *lenitives*, ſays *without dulcifyings*, a word I never met with; no, not even in a *diſpenſary*.

Vol. II. Book XIII. p. 7. The *French* ſays, *Qu'il faiſoit aſſez entendre qu'il ne m'eſtimoit guere*: which I tranſlated, *That he gave ſufficiently*

cientlỳ to underſtand what a ſmall eſteem he had for me: but Mr. *Ozell*, *That he had given convincing proofs, that he had no great eſteem for me.* How a *hint* or *inuendo* ſhould be a *convincing proof*, I cannot imagine.

Ibid. Page 11. The *French* ſays, *Pluſieurs fautes dangereuſes, où la hauteur de* Proteſilas *m'auroit fait tomber:* which I render'd, *Many dangerous faults, into which the haughtineſs of* Proteſilaus *would have hurried me:* but Mr. *Ozell*, not underſtanding the word *hauteur*, tranſlates it by *precipitancy*, which is quite another thing.

Thus much for a ſample of Mr. *Ozell's improvements* upon my tranſlation: Thoſe he has made on the latter part of *Telemachus*, which was engliſh'd by the late Mr. *Older*, are no leſs *numerous*, and moſt of them of the ſame ſtamp; but for fear of tiring out the reader's patience with theſe *critical trifles*, I ſhall only take notice, That in Book XXIV. p. 426. the *French* ſays, *Les monts Acroceraniens montrent encore un front orgueilleux au ciel après avoir été ſi ſouvent écraſez par la foudre:* that is, *The* Acroceraunian *hills ſtill rear up their haughty brow to heaven, tho' they have been ſo often ſhatter'd by thunder:* but inſtead of theſe laſt words, Mr. *Ozell*, in a more lofty ſtrain, no doubt, ſays, MAUL WITH THUNDER. I muſt

I muſt deſire the reader to take notice, that I do not charge Mr. *Ozell* with the *errors* he has in common with the other tranſlators, and which were occaſion'd by the faultineſs of the firſt *French* editions of *Telemachus*: As for inſtance, Book V. page 167, the laſt *Paris* edition ſays, *Le pere echapé à la tempête arrivoit dans le porte deſiré*; which I have render'd, *The father having eſcaped the ſtorm, arriv'd ſafe in the wiſh'd-for haven*: but the former *French* editions inſtead of *port deſiré*; have *porte de* Syrie, which Mr. *Littlebury* tranſlated, *port of* Syria; and Mr. *Ozell*, the (ſo call'd) Syrian *port*.

Beſides this, and many other literal faults, occaſion'd by their ignorance who handed *ſurreptitious copies* of *Telemachus* to the preſs; there are in all the former *French* editions, ſeveral conſiderable omiſſions, which have been here faithfully reſtored. The principal *additions*, the reader will find in the following places of the laſt *Paris* edition, in Two Volumes in 12°, *viz.*

Vol. I. From p. 449, to p. 459; p. 460, 461, 471, 472, 478.

Vol. II. p. 47, 148 & ſeq. 157 to 160, 178, 367, 369, 372, 391 to 406, 407, 448 to 452.

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The diſcourſe on epick poetry, and on the excellence of the poem of Telemachus, which is prefix'd to the laſt *Paris* edition, deſerves alſo particular notice; and the rather, becauſe I am inform'd it is the performance of Mr. *Ramſey*, an ingenious *Scotch* Gentleman, Son to the late Biſhop of *Dunblaine*, and an intimate companion of the late Archbiſhop of *Cambray*; who having reſided many years in *France*, has acquired a perfect maſtery of the *French* language.

Upon the whole matter, whoever will attentively compare both the laſt *Paris* edition, and this *Engliſh* verſion, with the former *French* Editions, and *Engliſh* Tranſlations, will, I am ſure, find them to be vaſtly different: but how far herein I have merited of the publick, I leave it to all impartial and candid judges.

Covent-Garden,
London, *Oct.*
14. 1718.

A. BOYER.

P.S. Inſtead of the *French* ODE, which the illuſtrious author of *Telemachus* wrote in his juvenile years, and which is printed at the end of the laſt *French* Edition, we have thought fit to inſert in this place the following piece.

An

An ALLUSION to the Biſhop of *Cambray's* *TELEMACHUS*, in imitation of *Homer*. Written in the year 1707.

By the late Duke of *DEVONSHIRE*.

CAMBRAY, you ſet, when heav'nly Love you write,
The nobleſt image in the cleareſt light,
A Love by no ſelf-intereſt debas'd,
But on th' Almighty's high perfection plac'd,
A Love, in which true piety conſiſts,
That ſoars to heaven without the help of prieſts!
Let partial *Rome* the great attempt oppoſe,
Support the cheat from whence her income flows;
Her cenſures may condemn, but not confute,
If beſt your elevated notion ſuit,
With what to reaſon ſeems the Almighty's due:
They have, at leaſt an air of being true;
And what can animated clay produce
Beyond a gueſs, in matters ſo abſtruſe?
But when deſcending from th' imperial height,
You ſtoop of ſublunary things to treat;
MINERVA ſeems the moral to diſpenſe:
How great the ſubject, how ſublime the ſenſe!
Not the *Aonian* bard with ſuch a flame,
E'er ſung of ruling arts; your lofty theme
In your *TELEMACHUS*, his hero's ſon,
We ſee the great original outdone.
There is in virtue ſure a hidden charm,
To force eſteem, and envy to diſarm;
Elſe in a flatt'ring court you ne'er had been deſign'd,
T'inſtruct the future troublers of mankind.
Happy their native ſoil, at leaſt by nature ſo,
In none her treaſures more profuſely flow:

The

The hills adorn'd with vines, with flow'rs the plains;
Without the ſun's too near approach ſerene;
But heav'n in vain does on the vineyards ſmile,
The monarch's glory mocks the lab'rer's toil;
What tho' elab'rate braſs with nature ſtrive,
And proud *Equeſtrian* figures ſeem alive;
With various terrors on their baſis wrought,
With yielding citadels ſurpriz'd or bought,
And here the ruins of a taken town,
There a bombarded ſteeple tumbling down;
Such prodigies of art, or coſtly pains,
Serve but to gild th' unthinking rabbles chains:
O deſpicable ſtate of all that groan
Under a blind dependancy on one!
How far inferior, to the herds, that range
With native freedom, o'er the woods and plains!
With them no fallacies of ſchools prevail,
Nor of a Right Divine the nauſeous tale,
Can give to one among themſelves the power,
Without controul his fellows to devour.
To reaſoning human kind alone belong,
The arts to hurt themſelves by reas'ning wrong,
Howe'er the fooliſh notion firſt began,
Of truſting *Abſolute* to lawleſs man;
Howe'er a tyrant may by force ſubſiſt;
For who would be a ſlave that can reſiſt?
Thoſe ſet the caſuiſt ſafeſt on the throne,
Who make the peoples intereſt their own.
And chuſing rather to be lov'd than fear'd,
Are kings of men, not of a ſervile herd.
O liberty, too late deſir'd, when loſt,
Like health, when wanted, thou art valued moſt!
In regions where no property is known,
Thro' which the *Garonne* runs, and rapid *Rhone*,
Where peaſants toil for harveſt, not their own.
How gladly would they quit their native ſoil,
And change for liberty their wine and oil!
As wretches, chain'd and lab'ring at the oar,
In ſight of *Italy*'s delightful ſhore,
Reflect on their unhappy fate the more.

Thy

Thy laws have ſtill their force: above the reſt
Of *Gothic* kingdoms, happy *Albion* bleſt!
Long ſince their ancient freedom they have loſt,
And ſervilely of their ſubjection boaſt.
Thy better fate the vain attempts reſiſts,
Of faithleſs monarchs, and deſigning prieſts;
Unſhaken yet the government ſubſiſts.
While ſtreams of blood the continent o'erflow,
Redd'ning the *Maeſe*, the *Danube* and the *Po*;
Thy *Thames*, auſpicious iſle! her thunder ſends,
To cruſh thy foes, and to relieve her friends.
Say, muſe (ſince no ſurprize, or foreign ſtroke,
Can hurt her, guarded by her walls of oak;
Since wholeſome laws her liberty transfer
To future ages) what can *Albion* fear?
Can ſhe the dear-bought treaſure throw away,
Have Univerſities ſo great a ſway?
The muſe is ſilent, cautious to reflect
On manſions where the muſes keep their ſeat.
Barren of thought, and niggardly of rhyme,
My creeping numbers ſhe forbids to climb;
Vent'ring too far my weary genius fails,
And o'er my drooping ſenſes ſleep prevails:
An antick pile, near *Thames*'s ſilver ſtream,
Was the firſt object of my airy dream,
In ancient times a conſecrated Fane,
But ſince apply'd to uſes more profane,
Fill'd with a popular debating throng,
Oft in the right, and oftner in the wrong,
Of good and bad the variable teſt,
Whence the religion that was voted beſt
Is ſtill inclin'd to perſecute the reſt,
On the high fabrick ſtood a monſter fell,
Of hideous form, ſecond to none in hell.
The fury, to be made abhorr'd and fear'd,
Her teeth and jaws with clods of gore beſmear'd;
Her party-colour'd robe obſcenely ſtain'd
With pious murthers, freemen rack'd and chain'd;
With the implacable and brutiſh rage
Of fierce dragoons, ſparing no ſex nor age;

With

With all the horrid inſtruments of death,
Of tort'ring innocents t'improve their faith,
Clouding the roof with their infectious breath.
Thus ſhe began: "Are then my labours vain?
"That to the pow'rs of *France* have added *Spain*?
"Vain my attempts to make that empire great;
"And ſhall a woman my deſigns defeat?
"Baffle the infernal projects I've begun,
"And break the meaſures of my fav'rite ſon?
"Though far unlike the heroes of her race,
"That made their humours of their laws take place:
"And ſlighting coronation-oaths, diſdain'd
"Their high prerogative ſhould be reſtrain'd.
"Though her own iſle is bleſt with liberty,
"Has ſhe a right to ſet all *Europe* free?
"Under this roof, with management, I may
"The progreſs of her arms at leaſt delay.
"From a contagious vapour I will blow;
"Within theſe walls breaches ſhall wider grow.
"Here let imaginary fears prevail,
"And give a colour to affected zeal.
"From trivial bills let warm debates ariſe,
"Foment ſedition, and retard ſupplies:
"If once my treach'rous arts, and watchful care,
"Break the confed'racy, and end the war,
"Ador'd in hell I may in triumph ſit,
"And *Europe* to one potentate ſubmit.

Waking at ſo deteſtable a ſound,
Which would all order, and all peace confound:
I cry'd, Infernal hag! be ever dumb;
Thee with her arms let *ANNA* overcome:
Hence *ANNA* reigns, a Queen by heaven beſtow'
To right the injur'd, and ſubdue the proud.
As *Rome* of old gave liberty to *Greece*,
ANNA th' invaded ſinking Empire frees.
Th'Allies her faith, her power the *French* proclaim,
Her piety th' oppreſs'd, the world her fame.
At *ANNA*'s name, dejected, pale, and ſcar'd,
The execrable phantom diſappear'd.

A

DISCOURSE

UPON

EPICK POETRY,

AND THE

EXCELLENCE

OF THE

Poem of *Telemachus.*

IF we could embrace naked Truth, *she should not need to borrow any Ornaments from Imagination to attract our Love: But her pure and delicate Light does not sufficiently affect the gross Senses of Men; and the*

The Origin and End of Poetry.

nice Attention ſhe requires is too great a Conſtraint on their natural Inconſtancy. In order to inſtruct Men, we muſt not only enlighten their Underſtanding with pure Ideas, but likewiſe preſent them with ſenſible Images, to keep them ſteddy in a fix'd View of Truth. This is the Source of Eloquence, Poeſy, and of all the Sciences that depend upon Fancy; and which Man's Weakneſs renders neceſſary. The ſimple and immutable Beauty of Virtue does not ever affect him; nor is it ſufficient to point out Truth to him, unleſs at the ſame time we repreſent her amiable to his Eyes (a).

We ſhall conſider the Poem of Telemachus *according to theſe two Views*, viz. *to* inſtruct *and to* pleaſe; *and endeavour to ſhew, That the Author has inſtructed better than the Ancients, by the ſublimity of his Morals; and has pleaſed no leſs than they, by the imitation of all their* Beauties.

Two ſorts of Heroick Poetry.

There are two Ways of inſtructing Men, in order to make them Good: The firſt, by ſhewing them the Deformity of Vice, and its fatal Attendants; which is the chief end of Tragedy: *The ſecond, By unveiling to them the Beauty of Virtue, and its happy Iſſue; which is the proper Character of the* Epopœa, *or* Epick Poem. *The Paſſions that belong to the firſt, are* Terror *and* Pity; *and thoſe*

(a) Omne tulit punctum, qui miſcuit utile dulci;
Lectorem delectando, pariterque monendo. Hor. *Art. Poet.*

hoſe that become the other, are Admiration *and* Love. *In the one, the Actors ſpeak; in the other, he Poet makes the Narrative.*

Definition and Diviſion of *Epick* Poetry.

An Epick Poem *may be defin'd,* A Fable related by a Poet, in order o raiſe the Admiration, and inpire the Love of Virtue, by repreenting to us the Action of a Hero favour'd y Heaven, who brings about a great Enterprize, notwithſtanding all the Obſtacles he neets in his way: *Therefore there are three Things in the* Epick *Poem,* viz. *The* Action, *the* Moral, *and the* Poeſy.

I. *Of the* EPICK ACTION.

Qualities of the *Epick Action.*

The Action ought to be Great, One, Entire, Marvellous *or* Wonerful, *and of a* certain Length: *Qualities that are all in* Telemachus. *n order to be convinc'd of it, let us compare him ith the two Models of* Epick *Poetry,* Homer *and* Virgil.

Deſign of the *Odyſſeis.*

We ſhall confine our ſelves to ſpeak f the Odyſſeis, *whoſe Plan and Deign is more agreeable to that of* Telemachus. *In that Poem,* Homer *introduces a iſe King coming from a foreign War, in which e had given ſignal Proofs of his Prudence and alour; but who, in his Return homewards, met*

with violent Storms, that forced him into divers Countries, whoſe Manners, Laws and Politicks he had thereby an Opportunity to learn. From hence naturally ariſe abundance of Incidents and perillous Adventures; but the Hero of the Poem, knowing what Diſtractions his Abſence muſt needs occaſion in his Kingdom, ſurmounts all Obſtacles; deſpiſes all the Pleaſures of Life; becomes even inſenſible of Immortality; and renounces all, that he may eaſe his People, and ſee again his dear Family.

Subject of Virgil's Æneis.

In the Æneis, *a Pious and Couragious Hero, who is eſcap'd from the Deſtruction of a powerful Empire, is deſtin'd by the Gods to preſerve its Religion; and to ſettle another Empire, both greater and more powerful than the former. This Prince, who is choſen King by the unfortunate Remainder of his Country-men, wanders a long while from Shore to Shore, and in the ſeveral Countries he viſits, learns all that's neceſſary in a King, a Legiſlator, and a High-Prieſt. At laſt, finding an* Aſylum *in a remote Country, from whence his Anceſtors drew their Deſcent, he defeats ſeveral powerful Enemies who oppoſed his Settlement; and lays the foundation of an Empire, which was one Day to conquer all the Univerſe.*

Plan of Telemachus.

The Action of Telemachus *comprehends all that's Great in both thoſe Poems. There we ſee a young Prince, animated by the Love of his Country, going in queſt*

of

of his Father, whose Absence occasion'd the Misfortunes of his Family and Kingdom. This Prince exposes himself to all manner of Dangers, signalizes his Magnanimity by Heroical Virtues; refuses Crowns more considerable than his own, and travelling through several unknown Countries, learns all that's necessary to govern, one day, with the Prudence of Ulysses, the Piety of Æneas, and the Courage of both; like a wise Politician, a religious Prince, and an accomplish'd Hero.

The Epick Action ought to be one, or single: For an Epick Poem is not either a History, like Lucan's Pharsalia, and Silius Italicus's Punick War; nor the whole Life of a Hero, like Statius's Achilleis. The Unity of the Hero does not make up the Unity of the Action: For a Man's Life is full of Inequalities. He continually changes his Designs, either thro' the Inconstancy of his Passions, or by the unforeseen Accidents of Life. Whoever would describe a whole Man, would draw but a strange odd Picture, made up of a Contrast of opposite Passions, without either Coherence, or Order: And therefore an Epick Poem is not the Panegyrick of a Hero set up for a Pattern, but the Recital of a great and noble Action propos'd for Imitation.

The Action ought to be one.

It is with Poetry, as with Painting; for the Unity of the principal Action hinders not the bringing in several particular Incidents. The Design is form'd from the beginning of

Of Episodes.

the Poem; and the Hero brings it about by ſur-mounting all Obſtacles. 'Tis the Recital of all the Oppoſitions he meets with, that makes up the Epiſodes: *But all theſe* Epiſodes *depend upon the principal Action, and are ſo interwoven with it, and ſo connected together, that the whole preſents to our view but one ſingle Picture, made up of ſeveral Figures, ranged in excellent Order, and in a juſt Proportion and Symmetry.*

I ſhall not in this place enquire, whether Homer *ſometimes drowns his main Action in the length and multiplicity of his* Epiſodes; *whether his Action be double; and whether ſometimes he loſes ſight of his principal Hero? 'Tis ſufficient to obſerve here, that the Author of* Telemachus *has, in all the parts of his Work, imitated the Regularity of* Virgil, *by avoiding all the Defects that are charg'd on the* Greek *Poet. All our Author's* Epiſodes *are coherent, and ſo artfully interwoven one with another, that the firſt naturally brings on the next, and ſo on. His principal Perſons never diſappear; and his* Tranſitions *from the* Epiſode *to the main* Action, *ſtill preſerve and make us ſenſible of the Unity of the Deſign. In the ſix firſt Books, wherein* Telemachus *ſpeaks and relates his Adventures to* Calypſo, *this* Epiſode, *in imitation of that of* Dido, *is contrived with ſo much Art, that the* Unity *of the principal Action remains perfect and entire; the Reader be-*

The Unity of Action of *Telemachus*, and the Coherence of the Epiſodes.

ing in ſuſpenſe, and ſenſible from the beginning, that both the ſtay of that Hero in the Iſland, and what paſſes there, is but an Obſtacle to be ſurmounted. In the XIIIth and XIVth Books, wherein Mentor *inſtructs* Idomeneus, Telemachus *is not preſent, being then in the Army; but then 'tis* Mentor, *one of the principal Perſons in the Poem, who does every thing with regard to* Telemachus, *and for his Inſtruction: So that this* Epiſode *is perfectly well connected with the principal Deſign. 'Tis likewiſe a great Piece of Art in our Author, the bringing into his Poem* Epiſodes *that do not reſult from his principal Fable, without breaking either the* Unity or Continuity *of the Action. Theſe* Epiſodes *find a place here, not only as important Inſtructions for a young Prince, which is the Poet's main Deſign, but becauſe he makes his Hero relate the ſame at a time when there's nothing to do, and to fill up the Vacancy of Action. In this manner* Adoam *acquaints* Telemachus *with the Manners and Laws of* Bætica, *during a Calm that happens in a Sea-Voyage; and* Philoctetes *recounts to him his Misfortunes, whilſt that young Prince is in the Confederate Camp, expecting the day of Battle.*

The Action ought to be entire.

The Epick Action *ought to be* entire; *which* Entireneſs *ſuppoſes three things: The* Cauſe, *the* Plot *or* Diſtreſs, *and the* Unravelling. *The* Cauſe *of the Action ought to be worthy of the Hero, and agreeable to his Character. Such is*

the Deſign of Telemachus, *as was ſhewn before.*

Of the Diſtreſs.

The Diſtreſs *ought to be* Natural, *and ariſing from the Action it ſelf. In the* Odyſſeis, *'tis* Neptune *that makes it; in the* Æneis, Juno*'s anger; in* Telemachus, Venus*'s hate. The* Plot *of the* Odyſſeis *is natural, becauſe in the courſe of Nature, no Obſtacle is more to be dreaded by Sea-faring men, than the Sea it ſelf. In the* Æneis, *the oppoſition of* Juno, *a conſtant Enemy of the* Trojans, *is a noble Fiction. But the Hate of* Venus *againſt a young Prince, who ſlights Voluptuouſneſs thro' a Love of Virtue, and ſubdues his Paſſions by the help of Wiſdom, is a Fable drawn from Nature, which, at the ſame time, comprehends a ſublime Moral.*

Of the Unravelling.

The Unravelling *ought to be as* Natural *as the* Plot. *In the* Odyſſeis, Ulyſſes *comes among the* Phœacians *relates to them his Adventures, and thoſe Iſlanders, who were great Lovers of Fables, charm'd with his Tales furniſh him with a Ship to return home; which* Unravelling *is* plain *and* natural. *In the* Æneis, Turnus *is the only Obſtruction to the Settlement of* Æneas, *who, to ſpare the blood both of his* Trojans, *and of the* Latins, *whoſe King he is ſoon to be, puts an end to the quarrel by a ſingle Combat. This is a noble* Unravelling: *That of* Telemachus *is, at once, both Natural and Great. That young Hero, in order to obey the Decrees of Heaven, conquers his Love for* Antiope, *and his Friendſhip*

Friendſhip for Idomeneus, *who offer'd him both his Crown and his Daughter; and ſacrifices the moſt violent Paſſions, and the moſt endearing and even innocent Pleaſures, to the Love of Virtue. He embarks for* Ithaca *on board the Ships that are furniſh'd him by* Idomeneus, *to whom he had performed many ſignal ſervices. When he comes near his Country,* Minerva *cauſes him to put into a deſart Iſland, where ſhe diſcovers herſelf to him. After having accompanied him, without his knowledge, thro' tempeſtuous Seas, unknown Lands, bloody Encounters, and all the Evils that can try humane Courage and Wiſdom; ſhe at length conducts him to a ſolitary place, where ſhe acquaints him with the end of his Labours, and his future Proſperity: and ſo leaves him. As ſoon as he is going to enjoy felicity and repoſe, the Goddeſs diſappears, the Marvellous ceaſes, the Heroick Action is at an end. 'Tis in Affliction that a Man ſhews himſelf to be a Hero, and for that purpoſe has need of a Divine ſupport. 'Tis only after he has ſuffer'd, that he is capable to go alone, to ſteer his own Conduct, and to govern others. In the Poem of* Telemachus, *the obſervation of the minuteſt Rules of Art is accompany'd with a profound and ſublime* Moral.

General Qualities of the *Plot* and *Unravelling* of the *Epick* Poem.

Beſides the Plot, *and general* Unravelling *of the* main Action, *every* Epiſode *has its peculiar* Diſtreſs, *and* Unravelling, *which ought, every*

one of them, to have the ſame Qualities. Epick *Poetry does not affect the ſurprizing Adventures of modern Romances; for Surprize alone produces but a very imperfect and tranſitory Paſſion. The* Sublime *lies in the imitation of plain ſimple Nature; in preparing the Incidents in ſo nice a manner, as that they may be unforeſeen; and in carrying them on ſo artfully, as that every thing may appear* Natural: *Thus we are neither uneaſy, nor in ſuſpenſe, nor taken off from the* principal Object *of* Heroick Poetry, *which is* Inſtruction, *to attend an imaginary Intrigue, and fabulous Unravelling. This is allowable in a Romance where the main deſign is to amuſe: But in an* Epick *Poem, which is a kind of* Moral Philoſophy, *thoſe* Adventures *are mere* witty Tricks, *below its Gravity and Nobleneſs.*

The Action ought to be marvellous.

The Author of Telemachus *has not only avoided the Intrigues of modern Romances, but likewiſe the* ſtrain'd Marvellous, *for which ſome find fault with the Ancients. He neither makes Horſes ſpeak, nor* Tripods *walk, nor Statues work. The* Epick *Action ought to be* marvellous, *but* probable *at the ſame time. We don't admire what we look upon as impoſſible: And therefore the Poet ought never to ſhock Reaſon, though he may ſometimes be allow'd to go beyond Nature. The Ancients have introduc'd the* Machinery *of the Gods into their Poems, not only in order to bring great Events about by their Interpoſition, and thereby unite* Probability

bability *with the* Marvellous; *but likewiſe to teach Men, that the moſt Couragious and the Wiſeſt can do nothing without the aſſiſtance of the Gods. In our Poem,* Minerva *conſtantly guides* Telemachus: *Whereby the Poet renders every thing poſſible to his Hero; and gives us to underſtand, that without Divine Wiſdom Man is not able to do any thing. But this is not the utmoſt of his Art: The* Sublime *lies in his concealing the Goddeſs under an human Form. 'Tis not only the* Probable, *but the* Natural *likewiſe, that unites here with the* Marvellous. *All is* Divine, *and yet all appears to be* Human. *Nor is this all: For if* Telemachus *had known that he was directed by a Goddeſs, his Merit would have been the leſs, as he had the more rely'd upon her.* Homer's *Heroes generally know what the Immortal Gods are doing for them: Whereas our Poet, by concealing from his Hero the* Marvellous *part of the Fiction, cauſes his Virtue and Courage to be the more admir'd.*

Of the Duration or Length of the Epick Poem.

The Duration *or* Time *of the* Epick *Action is longer than that of* Tragedy, *in which the Paſſions are predominant; and nothing that's violent can be of long Continuance. But Virtues and Habits, which are not to be acquired all of a ſudden, are proper for the* Epick *Poem, whoſe Action, conſequently, muſt have a greater Length. The* Epopœa *may contain the Actions of ſeveral Years; but, in the opinion*

of

of the Criticks, the Time of the principal Action from the Place where the Poet begins his Narrative, ought not to exceed the compaſs of one Year, as the time of a Tragick Action ought not, at moſt, to take up above one Day. However, Ariſtotle *and* Horace *are ſilent about it; and* Homer *and* Virgil *ſeem to have obſerv'd no fix'd rule in that reſpect. The Action of the whole* Iliad *takes up but fifty days; and that of the* Odyſſeis, *from the beginning of the Poet's Narrative, about two months; that of the* Æneis *is of about one Year; and* Telemachus *ſpends but one Summer from his ſailing from* Calypſo's *Iſland to his Return to* Ithaca. *Our Poet has choſen a middle way between the Impetuoſity and Vehemence with which the* Grecian *runs to his Concluſion, and the majeſtick and meaſur'd Proceeding of the* Latin *Poet, who ſometimes ſeems to flag, and too much to ſpin out his Narration.*

Of the Epick Narration.

When the Action of the Epick *Poem is of a conſiderable length, and not continu'd, the Poet divides his Fable into two Parts; the one, in which the Hero ſpeaks, and relates his paſt Adventures; the other, wherein the Poet only gives the Narrative of what afterwards befals his Hero. Thus* Homer *does not begin his Narration till after* Ulyſſes *is ſail'd from the Iſland of* Ogygia; *nor* Virgil *his, till after* Æneas *is arriv'd at* Carthage. *The Author of* Telemachus *has perfectly imitated thoſe two great Models: Like them*

them he divides his Action into two Parts; the principal of which contains what he himself relates, and begins where Telemachus *concludes the recital of his Adventures to* Calypso. *He takes little Matter in hand, but treats it at large, and beſtows no leſs than Eighteen Books upon it. The other Part is of far greater extent, both for the number of Incidents, and the length of Time: But is much more contracted as to Circumſtances; ſo that it takes up only the laſt ſix Books. By this Diviſion of what our Poet relates, and of what he makes* Telemachus *recount, he retrenches the Time void of Action, ſuch as his Captivity in* Egypt, *his Confinement at* Tyre, &c. *He does not ſtretch too far the length of his Narrative, but joins together both the* Variety *and* Continuity *of the Adventures. All is in Motion, all in Action in his Poem; neither are his principal perſons ever idle, nor do his Heroes ever diſappear.*

II. Of the MORAL.

1. Of the Manners.

Virtue *may be recommended both by* Examples *and* Inſtructions, *either by the* Manners *or by the* Precepts: *And in this our Author far ſurpaſſes all other Poets.*

We are certainly indebted to Homer's *vaſt* Invention, *for having perſonalized the divine Attributes, human Paſſions, and phyſical Cauſes:*

And

And thereby open'd a rich and inexhauſtible Fountain of noble Fictions, which animate and enliven every thing in Poetry. But his Religion *is little elſe but a heap of Fables, that have nothing in them that conduces to make the Deity either reverenced or beloved. The* Characters *of his Gods are even below thoſe of his Heroes: Nor have* Pythagoras, Plato, Philoſtrates, *tho' Heathens like himſelf, juſtify'd his having thus debaſed the* Divine Nature, *under pretence, that what he ſays of it, is an* Allegory, *ſometimes* Phyſical, *ſometimes* Moral. *For beſides that 'tis againſt the Nature of the Fable to make uſe of Moral Actions to expreſs Phyſical Effects, they thought it of dangerous Conſequence to repreſent the Conflicts of the Elements, and the common* Phænomenons *of Nature, by vicious Actions aſcribed to the Heavenly powers, and to teach* Morality *by* Allegories, *which litterally point out nothing but Vice.*

Characters of Homer's Gods.

Homer's *fault may, in ſome meaſure, be extenuated by conſidering the Darkneſs, Ignorance, and Manners of the Age he liv'd in, and the ſmall progreſs Philoſophy had made in his time. But, without entering into ſuch an Enquiry, let it ſuffice to obſerve, that the Author of* Telemachus, *in imitating what's beautiful in the Fables of the* Greek Poet, *has avoided two great faults for which he is blamed. Like* Homer *he perſonalizes the divine Attributes, and makes them ſubaltern*

Deities;

Deities; but he never brings them in, but upon ſuch Occaſions as merit their preſence; nor does he ever make them ſpeak or act, but in a manner worthy of themſelves. He artfully joins together *Homer's* Poetry with *Pythagoras's* Philoſophy. *He ſays nothing but what the Heathens might have ſaid; and yet he has made them ſay what's moſt ſublime in* Chriſtian Morality, *and thereby has ſhewn, that this Morality is written in indelible Characters in the heart of Man, and that he would infallibly diſcover them there, if he follow'd the Dictates of pure and ſimple Reaſon, in order to deliver himſelf entirely up to that Sovereign and Univerſal Truth, which enlightens all Spirits, juſt as the Sun enlightens all Bodies, and without which any Man's Reaſon is nothing but Darkneſs and Folly.*

His Notions of the Deity.

The Ideas our Poet gives of the Deity, are not only worthy of him, but likewiſe infinitely endearing and amiable to Men. Every thing inſpires Confidence and Love; a gentle Piety; a noble and free Adoration due to the abſolute Perfection of the Infinite Being; and not a ſuperſtitious, cloudy, and ſervile Worſhip, which ſeizes upon, and depreſſes the heart of Man, when he looks upon GOD only as a powerful Legiſlator, who puniſhes with Rigour and Severity the Breach of his Laws.

He repreſents GOD to us as a Lover of Mankind, and whoſe Love and Beneficence are not given up to the blind Decrees of a fatal deſtiny, nor merited

merited by the pompous appearances of an outward Worſhip; nor ſubject to the fantaſtick Caprice of the Heathen Deities; but ever govern'd and diſpenſed by the immutable Law of Wiſdom, which cannot but love Virtue, and deals with Men, not according to the number of the Animals, but of the Paſſions they ſacrifice.

Of the Manners of Homer's Heroes.

The Characters Homer gives to his Heroes are more eaſily juſtify'd than thoſe he aſcribes to his GODS: For 'tis certain, he paints Men with Simplicity, Strength, Variety, and Paſſion. Our Ignorance of the Cuſtoms of a Country, of the Ceremonies of its Religion, of the Genius of its Language; the general fault of Men in judging of all according to the Taſte of the Age they live in, and of their own Nation; the love of Pomp and falſe Magnificence, which has adulterated pure, primitive Nature: All theſe may lead us into error, and make us look upon as Inſipid, what was in Eſtimation in ancient Greece.

Of the two ſorts of Epick Poetry, the Pathetick and the Moral.

Although it ſeems more Natural and Philoſophical to diſtinguiſh Tragedy from the Epick Poem, by the difference of their reſpective Moral Views, as we did at firſt; yet we dare not determine, whether, as Ariſtotle ſuggeſts, there may not be two ſorts of Epick Poems, the one Pathetick, the other Moral; one, wherein the Paſſions are predominant, the other, wherein great Virtues bear ſway. The Iliad and Odyſſeis

may

may be brought in as Inſtances of thoſe two kinds: For in the one, Achilles *is naturally repreſented with all his faults, ſometimes ſo ſavage and intractable, as to preſerve no manner of dignity in his anger; and ſometimes ſo furious, as to be ready to ſacrifice his Country to his Reſentment. Although the Hero of the* Odyſſeis *be more regular than the youthful* Achilles, *warm and impetuous; yet nevertheleſs the wiſe* Ulyſſes *is often falſe and tricking; becauſe the Poet draws Men with Simplicity, and as they generally are. By this means, Valour is often ally'd with a fierce and brutiſh Revenge; and Policy is generally joyn'd with Lying and Diſſimulation. To paint after the Life, is painting like* Homer.

These two ſorts of Epick Poems are join'd in *Telemachus.*

Without criticizing upon the different Views of the Iliad *and* Odyſſeis, *the curſory Obſervation of their various Beauties may ſuffice to raiſe an admiration of the Art with which our Author joins together, in his Poem, thoſe two ſorts of* Epick *Poetry, the* Pathetick *and the* Moral. *One ſees in that wonderful Picture an admirable* Mixture *and* Contraſt *of* Virtues *and* Paſſions, *in which nothing is offer'd to the ſight that's exceſſive or too great; but which equally repreſents both the* excellence *and* meanneſs *of Man. It is dangerous to ſhew us one without the other: But nothing is more profitable than to lay them both together before our eyes; for perfect Juſtice and Virtue require, that a Man ſhould, at once,*

value

value and deſpiſe, love and humble himſelf. Our Poet does not raiſe Telemachus *above Humanity, but makes him only fall into thoſe Weakneſſes that are compatible with a ſincere Love of Virtue; and his very Weakneſſes ſerve to reform him, by inſpiring him with a diſtruſt of himſelf, and of his own ſtrength. He does not render our imitation of him impoſſible, by beſtowing an unblemiſh'd perfection upon him; but excites our Emulation, by ſetting before our Eyes the example of a young Man, who, with the ſame imperfections every Man finds about him, performs the moſt noble and virtuous Actions. He has united together, in the Character of his Hero, the Courage of* Achilles, *the Wiſdom of* Ulyſſes, *and the Piety of* Æneas: *For* Telemachus *is paſſionate like the firſt, without being ſavage and fierce; Politick like the ſecond, without being a* Trickſter; *and ſuſceptible of pleaſurable Impreſſions, without being Voluptuous.*

2. Of Moral Precepts and Inſtructions.

Another way of inſtructing, is by Precepts: The Author of Telemachus *joins together noble Inſtructions, with Heroick Examples;* Homer's *Moral, with* Virgil's *Manners. His Moral, however, has three Excellencies which were wanting in thoſe of the Ancients, whether Poets or Philoſophers: For it is* ſublime *in its Principles,* noble *in its Motives, and* univerſal *in its practical Uſes.*

Qualities of *Telemachus*'s Moral.

First,

1. Sublime in its Principles.

Firſt, Sublime *in its Principles, as it reſults from a profound knowledge of Man. The Poet brings his Hero back to himſelf; unfolds to him the ſecret Springs of his Actions, the latent windings of his Self-love, the difference between falſe and ſolid Virtues. From the knowledge of Man, the Author riſes to the knowledge of* GOD *himſelf: He makes us every where ſenſible, that the Infinite Being inceſſantly works within us, in order to render us both Good and Happy; that he is the immediate ſource of all our Knowledge, and of all our Virtues; that we are no leſs indebted to him for our Reaſon, than for Life it ſelf; that his ſovereign Truth ought to be our ſole Light and Guide, and his ſupream Will the Rule of all our Affections; that for want of conſulting that univerſal and immutable Wiſdom, Man ſees nothing but deluding Phantoms; and for want of hearkening to it, hears nothing but the confuſed noiſe of his Paſſions; that ſolid Virtues are only adventitious, as ſomething foreign to us, and are not the reſult of our own Endeavours, but the Work of a Power ſuperior to Man, which acts in us when we do not obſtruct it, and of whoſe Operation we are ſometimes inſenſible, by reaſon of its delicate Excellence. We are taught, at laſt, that without that firſt and ſovereign Power, which raiſes Man above himſelf, the moſt ſhining Virtues are but Refinements of Self-love, that makes it ſelf the Center of all, becomes its own Deity, and is, at once, both the* Idolater *and the*

Idol.

Idol. *Nothing is more to be admired, than th Picture of the Philosopher whom* Telemachus *sa in Hell, and whose only Crime was the havin idoliz'd his own Virtue.*

Thus our Author's Moral is calculated to mak us forget our own Being, in order to refer it wholl to the Sovereign Being, and to make us its Ado rers; as the design of Politicks is to make us prefe the Publick before the private Good, and render u beneficent to Mankind. The Systems of Ma chiavel *and* Hobbes, *and of two later Authors,* Puffendorf *and* Grotius, *are well known: The two first, under the vain and false pretence, that the good of Society has nothing in common with the essential Good of Man, which is Virtue, lay down no other Maxims of Government, but Craft, Artifice, Stratagems, Despotism, Injustice, and Irreligion. The other two Authors ground their Politicks only on Pagan Principles, which even fall short either of* Plato's *Commonwealth, or* Tully's *Offices. 'Tis true, these two Modern Philoso phers have labour'd to be profitable to humane So ciety; but they seem to have had no other view, than to consult the happiness of Man in a Civil Capacity; whereas the Author of* Telemachus *is an Original, in his uniting the most perfect Politicks, with the Notions of the most consummate Virtue. The great Principle on which his whole System turns, is, That the whole World is but an universal Commonwealth, and every Nation like a large Family; and from this great and bright*

Idea

dea result what the Politicians call the Laws of Nature, and of Nations, *equitable, generous, nd full of Humanity. Upon* these Principles, *very single Country is no more consider'd as independent from the rest; but all Mankind as an ndivisible Whole: Nor is a Man confined to the ove of his own Country alone; but his Affection larges, becomes universal, and a diffusive Benevonce to all Mankind. From hence arise the Love of oreigners or Hospitality; the mutual Confidence etween neighbouring Nations; Good Faith, Juice and Peace amongst the Princes of the Unierse, as well as between the private Men of each tate. Our Author teaches us likewise, that the lory of a Supreme Governor lies in making Men oth Good and Happy; that the Prince's authoity is never more firmly settled, than when it ands on the Affections of the People; and that the ue Riches of a Kingdom consist in retrenching all e Superfluities of Life, and in being contented ith a Competency, and plain and innocent Diverio is. By this, he shews, That Virtue not only ntributes to qualify Man for future Felicity; but lso actually renders Society as happy as it is caable to be, in this Life.*

Secondly, *The* Moral *of* Telemachus *is Noble in its* Motives: *His reat Principle is, That the Love of the air is to be preferr'd before the Love* f Pleasure, *as* Socrates *and* Plato *use to* peak; *or the* Honest *before the* Agreeable, *according*

2. The *Moral* of *Telemachus* is Noble in its Motives.

cording to Tully's *expreſſion: Which is the Source of noble Sentiments, Greatneſs of Soul, and all Heroick Virtues. 'Tis by theſe pure and elevated Ideas that he baffles and defeats, in a more affecting manner than by Diſputation, the vain Philoſophy of thoſe, who* make Pleaſure the only Spring of Mens Actions. *Our Poet ſhews, by the excellent Morality he makes his Heroes ſpeak, and the generous Actions he cauſes them to perform, how far the Love of the* Fair, *and of* Perfection, *may prevail with a noble Spirit, and make him ſacrifice his Pleaſure to the toilſome Duties of Virtue. I am not ignorant, that this Heroick Virtue paſſes for a* Chimera *among vulgar Souls, and that the Men of Fancy and Imagination have endeavoured to explode this ſublime and ſolid Truth by many frivolous Witticiſms; becauſe finding nothing in themſelves equal to thoſe great Sentiments, they therefore conclude, that humane Nature is not capable of them: But theſe are* Dwarfs, *who judge of the Strength of Giants by their own. Minds that are continually creeping and grovelling within the narrow bounds of* Self-love, *will never be able to reach and comprehend the Power and Extent of a Virtue that raiſes Man above himſelf. Some Philoſophers, who otherways have made uſeful diſcoveries, have yet been ſo far hurried away by Prepoſſeſſion and Prejudice, as not ſufficiently to diſtinguiſh between the* Love of Order, *and the* Love of Pleaſure; *and to deny, that the Will may be as ſtrongly moved and*

ctuated by the clear View of Virtue, *as* by he natural Reliſh of Pleaſure. *One cannot riouſly read* Telemachus *without being convinc'd f that great Principle: For there we ſee the ge-erous Sentiments of a noble Soul, which conceives othing but what's Great; of a diſintereſted Mind, hich continually forgets it ſelf; of a Philoſopher, ho is not confined either within himſelf, or his wn Nation, or indeed within any thing that is rticular: but who refers all things to the com-on Good of Mankind, and all Mankind to the upreme Being.*

3. The *Moral* of *Telemachus* is Universal in its Practical Uſes.

In the Third *Place, The* Moral Telemachus *is, in its Practical ſes, Univerſal, Extenſive, Fruitful, d Proportioned to all Times, Nati-s, Conditions, and Circumſtances. ere are taught the Duties of a Prince, ho is at once a King, a Warrior, a Philoſopher, d a Legiſlator. Here is diſplay'd the Art of verning different Nations; the Way of main-ining Peace Abroad with one's Neighbours; and t of having ſtill at Home a well train'd and diſ-plin'd Youth, always ready to defend the King-m; of enriching the Nation without falling in-Luxury; and of finding a Medium between the xceſſes of a* Deſpotick Power, *and the Diſor-rs of Anarchy. Here are diſpens'd wholeſome recepts for Agriculture, Commerce, Liberal Arts, vil Government, and the Inſtruction of Chil-en. In ſhort, our Author brings into his Poem,*

not

not only Heroick and Royal Virtues, but even ſuch as are proper for all Conditions; and while he informs the Mind of his Prince, he inſtructs no leſs every private Man in his Duty.

The End of the Iliad *is to repreſent the fatal Conſequences of Diviſions among the Generals of an Army; the* Odyſſeis *lets us know, what Prudence, join'd with Valour, may enable a King to do; and the* Æneis *deſcribes the Actions of a pious and couragious Hero. But all theſe particular Virtues do not render Mankind happy; and* Telemachus *goes far beyond all theſe Plans, by the Greatneſs, Number, and Extenſiveneſs of his Moral Views; ſo that we may ſay, with the Philoſopher who has criticized upon* Homer, * The moſt profitable Gift the Muſes ever beſtowed upon Men, is *Telemachus:* For if the Happineſs of Mankind could reſult from a Poem, it would be owing to That.

* The Abbot *Terraſſon.*

Of POETRY.

It is an excellent Obſervation of Sir William Temple, *That the Powers of* Muſick, *the Beauty of* Painting, *and the Force of* Eloquence *ought to be united in* Poetry: *But, as* Poetry *differs only from* Eloquence, *in that it paints with* Enthuſiaſm, *we rather chuſe to ſay, That* Poetry *borrows its* Harmony *from* Muſick, *its* Paſſions *from* Painting, *its* Force *and* Juſtneſs *from* Philoſophy.

The

Harmony of the Style of *Telemachus*.

The Style of Telemachus *is Polite, Clean, Flowing, Magnificent, and hath all the Fertility of* Homer, *without his Exuberance and Luxuriancy of Words. He never falls into* Tautology; *and when he ſpeaks of the ſame things, he does not call back the ſame Images, much leſs does he uſe the ſame Expreſſions over again. All his Periods fill the Ear with their* Numbers *and* Cadency; *nor is it ever ſhock'd with harſh Words, abſtruſe Terms, or affected Turns. He never ſpeaks merely for the ſake of ſpeaking, or only of pleaſing: All his Words carry a Thought, and all his Thoughts tend to the making of us Good.*

Excellence of the Paintings of *Telemachus*.

Our Poet's Images *are no leſs perfect, than his* Style Harmonious. *To paint, is not only to deſcribe Things, but to repreſent their Circumſtances in ſo lively and ſo affecting a manner, that we may fanſy we ſee them. As the Author of* Telemachus *has ſtudy'd the Heart of Man, and was acquainted with all its Springs, ſo he paints Paſſions with admirable Art. When we read his Poem, we can ſee nothing but what he ſets before our Eyes; we have no Ears but for thoſe he makes ſpeak: In ſhort, he warms, he ſtirs, he commands all our Faculties; and we feel all the Paſſions he deſcribes.*

Of the Similes and Deſcriptions of *Telemachus*.

The Poets generally make uſe of two Ways of Painting, viz. Similes *and* Deſcriptions. *The* Similes *of* Te-

Telemachus *are both* Juſt *and* Noble : *For, as the Author, on the one hand, does not raiſe the Mind too far above his Subject by bold Metaphors ; neither on the other hand, does he perplex it by too great a Variety of Images. He has imitated all that's beautiful and great in the Deſcriptions of the Ancients, the Fights, Games, Shipwrecks, Sacrifices, and the like, without dwelling on trifling things that make the Narrative flag ; and without debaſing the Majeſty of the* Epick *Poem by the Deſcription of low, trivial, and unpleaſant Things. Sometimes, indeed, he deſcends to Particulars : But then again he never ſays any thing that does not either deſerve attention, or contribute to the Idea he deſigns to give. He follows Nature in all its various forms ; for he knew perfectly well, That all manner of Diſcourſe ought to have* Inequalities ; *and be ſometimes* Sublime *without Bombaſt ; and ſometimes plain without being low. 'Tis a falſe Taſte, both in* Painting *and* Poetry, *the affecting to make every thing beautiful : His Deſcriptions are magnificent, but natural ; ſimple, and yet agreeable. He not only paints to the Life, but alſo makes pleaſing and beautiful Pictures ; by uniting together both true Deſign, and fine Colouring ; the Vivacity of* Homer, *and the Nobleneſs of* Virgil. *Nor is this all, for all the Deſcriptions in this Poem are not only calculated to pleaſe, but to inſtruct, at the ſame time. If the Author ſpeaks of a Rural Life, 'tis in order to recommend the amiable Simplicity of*

Manners

Manners. *If he deſcribes Games and Combats,* is not only to celebrate the Funeral of a Friend or of a Father, *as in the* Iliad *and* Æneis; *but in* order to chuſe a King who may ſurpaſs all other Men in ſtrength of Mind, *as well as* Body, *and* who may be equally capable of bearing the Fatigue of both. *If he repreſents to us the Horrors of a* Shipwreck, *'tis to inſpirit his Hero with Conſtancy* of Mind, *and with an entire Reſignation to the* GODS, *in the utmoſt Dangers. I might run over* all *thoſe Deſcriptions, and find in them the like* Beauties: *But I ſhall content my ſelf with obſerving,* that *in this* new Edition, *the ingrav'd Work on* the *dreadful* Ægid (*or* Shield) *which* Minerva gives to Telemachus, *is full of Art, and contains* this *ſublime Moral,* That Sciences and Agricul-ture are the Shield of a Prince, and the Sup-port of a Kingdom; That a King arm'd with Wiſdom always endeavours to procure Peace, and ever finds plentiful Reſources againſt all the Calamities of War in a well train'd and la-rious People, whoſe Minds and Bodies are nally inured to Labour.

Philoſophy of *Telema-chus.*

As Poetry *draws its Force and* Juſtneſs *from Philoſophy, ſo we ſee* every where *in* Telemachus, *a rich,* lively, *and agreeable Imagination,* and, *at the ſame time, a juſt and profound Diſ-*cernment. *Theſe two Qualities ſeldom meet in the* ſame *Perſon: For the Mind muſt be in an almoſt* continual *motion to invent, to expreſs the Paſſions,*

and to imitate; and, at the ſame time, in a perfect Tranquility, to judge as faſt as it invents, and, among a thouſand Thoughts that offer themſelves, pitch upon that which ſuits beſt. In this Caſe *the Imagination muſt be raptur'd into a kind of Enthuſiaſm, whilſt the Soul, peaceful in its Empire, curbs and turns it at its pleaſure. Without this Paſſion, which animates all, the Narration appears cold, languid, abſtracted, hiſtorical; and without that exquiſite and over-ruling Judgment, it is falſe and deceitful.*

Compariſon of the Poetry of *Telemachus* with *Homer* and *Virgil.*

The Fire * *of* Homer, *eſpecially in the* Iliad, *is impetuous and fierce, like a flaming Whirlpool that ſets all in Combuſtion; the Fire of* Virgil *has more Light than Warmth, but is every where equally bright; that of* Telemachus *warms and lights at once, according as there is occaſion*

* *Mr.* Pope, *in his Preface to his Tranſlation of* Homer's Iliad, *has this Obſervation,* Where this *Poetical Fire* appears, though attended with Abſurdities, it brightens all the Rubbiſh about it, till we ſee nothing but its own Splendor. This Fire is diſcern'd in *Virgil*, but diſcern'd as through a Glaſs, reflected and more ſhining than warm, but every where equal and conſtant: In *Lucan* and *Statius* it burſts out in ſudden, ſhort, and interrupted Flaſhes: In *Milton* it glows like a Furnace kept up to an uncommon Fierceneſs by the Force of Art: In *Shakeſpear* it ſtrikes before we are aware, like an accidental Fire from Heaven: But in *Homer*, and in him only, it burns every where clearly, and every where irreſiſtibly.

occaſion either to perſuade or to ſtrike the Paſſions. When this Flame lights, it gives, at the ſame time, a gentle and inoffenſive Heat; ſuch as we find in Mentor's diſcourſing upon Politicks, and in Telemachus's expounding the Laws of Minos. Theſe pure Ideas fill the Mind with their gentle Warmth, whereas Enthuſiaſm and Poetical Fire would offend, like the too fierce Rays of the Sun, that dazzle one's Eyes. When there is no more occaſion for Reaſoning, but only for Acting; when one clearly ſees Truth; and when Reflections proceed meerly from Irreſolution and Suſpence, then, indeed, the Poet ſtrikes a Fire and a Paſſion that determines, and even hurries on to a fixed Reſolution, a languiſh Soul, which had not the Courage to embrace Truth. The Epiſode of Telemachus's Amours in the Iſland of Calypſo, is full of this ſort of Fire.

This excellent and judicious Mixture of Brightneſs and Warmth, diſtinguiſhes our Poet from Homer and Virgil. The Enthuſiaſm of the firſt, makes him ſometimes forget the Rules of Art, neglect Order, and treſpaſs upon the Bounds of Nature: Which was owing to the ſtrength and rapid Flight of his great Genius, that hurry'd him on in ſpite of himſelf. The pompous Magnificence, the ſound Judgment, and Conduct of Virgil, ſometimes degenerate into a too nice and meaſur'd Regularity, wherein the Poet ſeems to dwindle into a Hiſtorian. The latter, however, is far better liked by our Philoſophical Modern Poets, than

the former ; undoubtedly, becauſe they are ſenſible, that 'tis far eaſier to imitate by Art *the great Judgment of the* Latin *Poet, than the Noble Fire of the* Grecian, *which Nature alone can beſtow.*

Our Author cannot but pleaſe all ſorts of Poets, whether they be Philoſophers, *or only Admirers of* Enthuſiaſm: *For he has united the Clearneſs and Solidity of the* Underſtanding, *with the Beauties and Charms of the* Imagination ; *he proves Truth as a Philoſopher ; he renders the Truth he has proved amiable by the Sentiments he excites. With him all is ſolid, true, perſuaſive, and engaging ; without any Witticiſms or glittering Thoughts, which are only deſign'd to make the Author admir'd. He has followed the great Precept of* Plato, *who ſays,* That whoever writes, ought to conceal himſelf, diſappear, and even forget himſelf, and only ſet forth the Truths he intends to perſuade, and the Paſſions he means to purify and refine.

In Telemachus *all is* Reaſon, *all* Sentiment, *or* Senſe, *which makes it a Poem of all Nations, and of all Ages. All Strangers are equally affected with it ; nor do the* Tranſlations *that have been made of it into Languages leſs nice and polite than the* French, *efface its original Beauties. The learned Defendreſs* * *of* Homer *aſſures us,* That the *Greek* Poet loſes infinitely by a Tranſlation, it being impoſſible to convey into it the Force, Noblenes,

* Madam Dacier.

bleneſs, and Spirit of his Poetry: *But we make bold to ſay, That* Telemachus *will ever preſerve, in all Languages, its Strength, Nobleneſs, Spirit, and eſſential Beauties. The Reaſon of it is, becauſe the Excellency of this Poem does not lie in the happy and harmonious ranging of the Words, nor even in the Beauties borrow'd from the Imagination; but in a ſublime Taſte of Truth, in noble and elevated Sentiments, and in the natural, delicate, and judicious manner of treating them. Such Beauties are of all Languages, Times, and Countries, and equally affect ſound Judgments, and great Souls, throughout the Univerſe,*

Several Objections have been rais'd againſt Telemachus, and firſt of all, *that it is not in Verſe or Rhime.*

First Objection against *Telemachus.*

Verſification, *according to* Ariſtotle, Dionyſius, Halycarnaſſeus, *and* Strabo, *is not eſſential* * *in an* Epick *Poem, which may be written in Proſe, as well as ſome Tragedies are written without Rhimes. A Man may make Verſes without* Poetry; *and, on the other hand, one may be a Poet, and yet not verſify.* Verſification *may be learn'd or imitated by Art, but a Man muſt be born a Poet: For 'tis not a fix'd Number, and the regular Cadency of Syllables that makes Poetry; but a lively Fiction, or Invention, bold Fi-*

Anſwer.

* This is beſt exemplify'd by our great *Engliſh* Poets, who have written in *Blank Verſe.*

gures, and Metaphors, and the Beauty and Varie-ty of Images: 'Tis the Enthuſiaſm, the Vivacity or Fire, the Impetuouſneſs, the Energy; ſomething in ſhort, in the Expreſſions and Thoughts which Nature alone can beſtow. All theſe Qualities are found in Telemachus, *whoſe Author therefore has perform'd what* Strabo *ſays of* Cadmus, Pherecides *and* Hecateus; He has perfectly imitated Poetry, only by breaking the Meaſure, but has preſerv'd all the other Poetical Beauties. *This Mr.* de la Motte *has happily expreſs'd in one of his Odes*, as follows;*

Nôtre Age retrouve un *Homere*,
Dans ce Poëme Salutaire,
Par la Vertu même inventé:
Les Nymphes de la double Cime,
Ne l'affranchirent de la Rime,
Qu'en faveur de la Verité.

That is,

In young Telemachus *old* Homer *lives*,
And all that's great in ancient Greece *revives*.
By VIRTUE's ſelf this Poem was deſign'd,
T' inſtruct the World and to reform Mankind.
And that true Senſe might brighten ev'ry Line,
Th' indulgent Muſe unfetter'd it from Rhime.

More

* Firſt Ode of Mr. *de la Motte* to the *French* Academy.

Moreover, I doubt, whether the Conſtraint of Rhimes, and the ſcrupulous Regularity of our European *Conſtruction* of Periods, *together with the fixed and meaſured Number of Feet* in our *French* Poetry, *would not very much ſlacken the Flight and Vehemence of Heroick Poetry. In order effectually to ſtrike and raiſe the Paſſions, Order and Connection muſt often be diſregarded; and therefore the ancient* Greek *and* Roman *Poets, who painted and deſcribed every thing with Vivacity and Taſte, made uſe of* inverted Phraſes, *and their Words having no fix'd Place, they marſhall'd them as they thought convenient for the purpoſe. The* European *Languages are a Compound of the* Latin, *and of the* Jargons *of all the barbarous Nations that over-ran and ſubdued the* Roman *Empire. Thoſe* Northern *People, like the bleak Climate from whence they came, froze-up every Thing by the cold Regularity of their* Syntax; *being unacquainted with that fine Variety of long and ſhort Syllables, which ſo well expreſſes the nice Motions of the Soul. They pronounc'd every Thing with the ſame Coldneſs, and knew no other Harmony in Words, than the vain-gingle of final Syllables of the ſame Sound. Some* Italians, *and a few* Spaniards *have endeavour'd to free their* Verſification *from the conſtraint of Rhime; in which Attempt an* Engliſh **Poet has had wonderful ſucceſs; and has likewiſe very happily begun to introduce* Inverſions *of Phraſes into his Language. Who*

* I ſuppoſe the Author means *Milton.*

knows but the French *may one day reſume that noble Liberty of the* Greeks *and* Romans?

Second Objection againſt *Telemachus*.

There are thoſe, who through a groſs Ignorance of the noble Freedom of the Epick *Poem, have found fault with* Telemachus, *for being full of* Anachroniſms.

Anſwer.

The Author of this Poem has herein imitated the Prince of the Latin *Poets, who could not be ignorant, that* Dido *was not Cotemporary with* Æneas. Pygmalion, *in* Telemachus, *Brother to the ſame* Dido; Seſoſtris, *who is ſuppoſed to have lived about the ſame time,* &c. *are no more faults than the* Anachroniſm *of* Virgil. *Why ſhould we blame a Poet for failing ſometimes in Chronology, when 'tis ſometimes a Beauty to fail in the Order of Nature? I own, it would not be allow'd to contradict a Hiſtory in a Matter of Fact not far off from the preſent time; but as to remote Antiquity, whoſe Annals are ſo uncertain, and wrapt up in ſo great Obſcurity, a Poet, in the Opinion of* Ariſtotle *and* Horace, *ought ſometimes to follow Probability rather than Truth. Some Hiſtorians have written, that* Dido *was Chaſte;* Penelope *Looſe; that* Helen *was never in* Troy, *or* Æneas *in* Italy; *and yet* Homer *and* Virgil *have not ſcrupled to deviate from Truth, in order to render their Fables more inſtructive. Why ſhould the Author of* Telemachus, *whoſe Deſign was to inſtruct a young Prince, be deny'd the Liberty of bringing together the Heroes of Antiquity,*

Telemachus,

Telemachus, Seloſtris, Neſtor, Idomeneus, Pygmalion, *and* Adraſtus, *in order to expreſs in the ſame Picture, the Characters of good and bad Princes, whoſe Virtues were to be imitated, and whoſe Vices to be avoided.*

Third Objection againſt *Telemachus.*

Some few find fault with the Author of Telemachus, *for having related in his Poem the Story of the Amours of* Calypſo *and* Eucharis, *and ſeveral other Deſcriptions of that nature, which ſeem too paſſionate.*

Anſwer.

The beſt Anſwer to this Objection is, the Effect which Telemachus *wrought on the Mind of the Prince, for whoſe Inſtruction it was written. Perſons of an inferior Condition ſtand not ſo much in need of being caution'd againſt the Dangers to which the higheſt Elevation and Authority expoſe them who are deſtin'd to wear a Crown. If our Poet had written for a Man who was to paſs away his Life in Obſcurity, ſuch Deſcriptions would, indeed, have been of no great Uſe to him; but for a young Prince, in the midſt of a Court where Gallantry paſſes for Politeneſs, where every Object is a Bait and an Incentive to Pleaſure, and where all that ſurround him, are buſy to ſeduce him: Nothing, certainly, was more neceſſary than to repreſent to him, with that amiable Modeſty, Innocence and Wiſdom, that are conſpicuous in* Telemachus, *all the inveigling Arts of fond Love; than to paint to him that Vice in his imaginary Beauty, in order to make him*

ſenſible

ſenſible afterwards, of its real Deformity; than to ſhew him the whole Depth of the Abyſs, to prevent his falling into it, and even to keep him from coming near the Brink of ſo horrid a Precipice. 'Twas therefore a Piece of Wiſdom worthy our Author, to caution his Diſciple againſt the fond Paſſions of Youth, by Calypſo's *Fable; and to give him, in the Story of* Antiope, *the Example of a chaſte and lawful Love. By repreſenting to us, in this manner, that Paſſion, ſometimes as a Weakneſs unworthy of a great Soul, ſometimes as a Virtue worthy of a Hero, he ſhews us, that Love is not below the Majeſty of the* Epopœa, *and thereby he reconciles, in his Poem, the tender Paſſions of modern Romances, with the Hiſtorical Virtues of antient Poetry.*

Fourth Objection againſt *Telemachus.*

Some are of Opinion, that the Author of Telemachus *exhauſts his Subject too much, through the Luxuriancy and Richneſs of his Genius; that he ſays all, and leaves nothing for others to think of; and that, like* Homer, *he ſets whole Nature before our Eyes; whereas, we are generally better pleaſed with an Author, who, like* Horace, *comprehends a great deal of Matter in few Words, and gives his Readers the Satisfaction of unfolding his Hints.*

Anſwer.

'Tis certain, that 'tis not poſſible for the Imagination to add any thing to our Poet's Pictures: But as the Mind attends his Notions, it both opens and extends it ſelf. When

he

he draws, his Paintings are finiſh'd and perfect; and when he inſtructs, his Knowledge is fruitful, and proves to us a rich Source of noble Thoughts, which did not at firſt appear, and which even all his fertile Eloquence did not expreſs. He leaves nothing for Fancy to imagine, and yet affords the Mind a great deal of Matter for Reflection; which became the Character of the Prince for whom alone this Work was deſign'd. There ſhone in him through his Infancy, a fruitful and happy Imagination; and elevated and extenſive Genius, which made him reliſh the Beauties of Homer *and* Virgil; *which great natural Parts ſuggeſted to our Author the Deſign of a Poem proper to cultivate them, and which ſhould comprehend the Excellencies of thoſe two Poets. This Affluence of fine Images was eſſential in ſuch a Work, in order to employ the Imagination, and form the Taſte of the Prince; and by that means enable him to receive, as it were of his own accord, the Truths prepared for his Mind, and to turn them into Nouriſhment. 'Tis plain enough, that thoſe Beauties might as eaſily have been ſuppreſs'd, as brought forth, and that they reſult from Deſign as well as from a rich Source, in order to ſerve both the Occaſions of the Prince, and the Views of the Author.*

Fifth Objection againſt *Telemachus.*

It has alſo been objected, That neither the Hero, nor the Fable of this Poem have any relation to the French *Nation; whereas* Homer *and* Virgil,

gil, *by chuſing* Actions *and* Actors *out of the Hiſtories of their reſpective Countries, have raiſed a Concern in the* Greeks *and* Romans.

Anſwer. *If our Author has not affected the* French *Nation in particular, he has ſtill done more, for he has affected all Mankind. His Plan is much more extenſive than either of the two ancient Poets: For it is far greater to inſtruct all Men at once, than to confine one's Precepts within a particular Country. Self-love makes every Thing center in it ſelf, and ſubſiſts even in the Love of one's Country; but a generous Mind ought to have larger Views.*

Yet, after all, France *had a particular Concern and Satisfaction in a Work calculated to form a King who might one day govern her, according to her* Exigencies *and* Deſires, *like a Father of the People, and a Chriſtian Hero. The Dawning of that Prince's Life, gave at once both the Hopes and the Firſt Fruits of his riper Years: The Neighbours of* France *began already to ſhare in it, as an univerſal Felicity, and ſo the Fable of the* Greek *became the Hiſtory of the* French *Prince.*

The Author had ſtill a more excellent Deſign, than that of pleaſing his own Nation; for he meant to ſerve her, without her Knowledge, by contributing towards the forming of a Prince, who even in his youthful Sports, ſeem'd to be born to compleat her Felicity and Glory. That auguſt young Prince reliſh'd Fables and Mythology, and therefore, it was

fitting

fitting to improve his Taſte, and to let him perceive what's Simple, Natural, and Great, in what he thought Solid and Beautiful; and by affecting Examples, imprint in him the general Principles, which might caution him againſt the Dangers that attend the higheſt Elevation and Supream Power.

With this View, a Greek *Hero, in imitation of* Homer's *and* Virgil's *Poetry, and the Stories of Foreign Countries, Times and Events, ſuited perfectly well; and were, perhaps, the only Means to ſet the Author at full Liberty to draw and paint with Truth and Force, all the Dangers that threaten Sovereigns in all ſucceeding Ages.*

By a natural and neceſſary Conſequence, theſe univerſal Truths happen to have ſome Relation to the Hiſtories of the Times, and to the preſent Circumſtances: For theſe Fictions, *abſtracted from all Application, and intended to inform the Infancy of a young Prince, contain Precepts for all the Moments and Periods of his Life.*

This Agreement and Conformity of general Moralities, with all manner of private Circumſtances, cauſes the Author's fruitful Fancy, Penetration and Wiſdom to be admir'd; but yet does not excuſe the Injuſtice of his Enemies, who have malicioufly endeavour'd to find in his Telemachus *certain* odious Allegories; *and who, to turn his wiſeſt and moſt moderate Counſels, into injurious Satyrs againſt thoſe for whom he had the higheſt Veneration, had inverted*

inverted the Characters, fix'd imaginary Reſemblances to them, and poiſon'd his pureſt Intentions. Now, could the Author, in this Caſe, ſuppreſs thoſe fundamental Maxims of wholſome Morality and Politicks, becauſe the moſt cautious Manner of delivering them that could be thought of, was not able to skreen them from the Malice of Criticks, without betraying his Truſt and Conſcience?

Upon the whole Matter, our illuſtrious Author has united in his Poem the greateſt Beauties of the Ancients: For he has both all the Enthuſiaſm and Richneſs of Homer, *and all the Magnificence and Regularity of* Virgil. *Like the* Greek *Poet, he paints every Thing with Force, Simplicity, and Life: There is Variety in his Fable, and Diverſity in his Characters; his Reflections are moral; his Deſcriptions lively; his Imagination fruitful; and every where one meets that Spirit and Fire which Nature alone can beſtow. Like the* Latin *Poet, he perfectly obſerves the Unity of the Action, the Uniformity of the Characters, the Order and Rules of Art: His Judgment is profound, and his Thoughts lofty and elevated; whilſt he unites the Natural with the Noble, and the Simple with the Sublime. Every where the* Art *becomes* Nature: *But our Poet's Hero is more perfect than either the* Greek's *or the* Latin's; *for his Morality is more pure, and his Sentiments more noble. From all theſe we may conclude, That the Author of* Tele-

machus

machus *has ſhewn by this Poem, That the* French *are capable of all the Delicacy of the* Greeks, *and of all the great Sentiments of the* Romans; *and that the Elogy of the Author, is the Elogy of his own Nation.*

The End of the Diſcourſe on the *Epick* Poem.

THE ADVENTURES OF *TELEMACHUS* The SON of *ULYSSES.*

BOOK I.

The ARGUMENT.

Telemachus, *led by* Minerva *under the Shape of* Mentor, *having ſuffer'd Shipwreck, lands in the Iſland of the Goddeſs* Calypſo, *who was ſtill lamenting the Departure of* Ulyſſes. *She gives him a kind Reception, is ſmitten with Love of him, offers to make him Immortal, and deſires to know his Adventures. He relates his Voyage to* Pylos *and* Sparta; *his being ſhipwreck'd on the Coaſt*

ITALY
Rome
Ostia
Terracina
Capua
Naples
Nola
Ravenna
Apulia
Dauma
Adarwalis
Parthenope I
Salernum
Cyrea I
Calabria
Lametia
Vulcanum I
Lipara I
Messina
Rhegium
Locri
Syracuse I P
Pachinum Pr.
Lilybæum
Segesta
Sicily I
Egypt
Cape of Good Hope
Ethiop
Malta I
Lampadusa I
R. of Egyptian
Here Telemachus leaves his Ship
ADRIATICK S.
Epidaurus
Horma
Thessalonica
Dirachium
Apollonia
Anton
Chaona
Buthrotum
Berœa
Europus
Zaridus
Thessaly
Cenæ
Nicopolis
Actium
Ellas
Phocis
Locris
Delphi
Thebes
Argos
Mycenæ
Sparta
Zacynthe I
Pylos
Modon
Coron
Cape Malea
Tænarus
Cape Matapan
PELOPONESUS
Zeita
Tripoli
Cyrene
Ptolemais
Pentapolis
Barca
Zuara
Hippon
Antimalax
Mamarica
Explanation of ye Letters
I. isle. S. Sea.
P. port. Te. tempest
Pr. Promontory R. rencounter
T. town. G. gulf

A MAP
of the
TRAVELS
of
TELEMACHUS.
Misia
Troas
Phrygia
Lidia
Asia
Caria
Licia
Pamphilia
Cilicia
Rhodes I
Cyprus I.
Cretel.
Lybian S
Lybia
Judea
Arabia Petres
Red S

BRITISH
170C71
MUSEUM

B. Cole Sculp.

Telemachus *is driven by the Waves upon the Shore of* Calypso's *Island.*

Coaſt of Sicily; *the Danger he run of being ſacrific'd on the Tomb of* Anchiſes; *how* Mentor *and he aſſiſted* Aceſtes *in repelling an Incurſion of* Barbarians; *and how that King acknowledged that Service, by giving them a* Phœnician *Ship to return home.*

CALYPSO continu'd diſconſolate for the Departure of *Ulyſſes*: Her Grief was ſo violent, that ſhe thought her ſelf unhappy in being immortal: Her *Grotto* no more eccho'd to her uneful Voice: The Nymphs that ſerv'd her, urſt not venture to ſpeak to her: She often alk'd alone on the flowry Turf, with which n everlaſting Spring had edg'd her Iſland ound. But theſe beautiful Walks were ſo far om aſſwaging her Grief, that they ſerv'd only to revive the killing Remembrance of *Ulyſſes*, whoſe Company ſhe had ſo often enjoy'd n thoſe places. Sometimes ſhe ſtood ſtill and ept, watering the Shore with her Tears, nd always turning her Eyes to that ſide here ſhe had ſeen *Ulyſſes*'s Ship ploughing the Waves; when, on a ſudden, ſhe perceiv'd he broken Pieces of a Veſſel that was juſt hen ſplit upon the Rocks, the Oars and Seats f the Rowers ſcatter'd here and there upon he Sands; the Maſt, Rudder and Cables loating near the Shore.

Immediately

Immediately after this, she descry'd two Men at a distance, one of them appearing to be aged, and the other, tho' young, resembling *Ulysses*; the same sweetness and dignity in his Looks, the same noble Mien and majestick Port. The Goddess presently knew him to be *Telemachus*, the Son of that Hero. But tho' the Deities of this Order far surpass all Men in knowledge, yet she could not discover who was the venerable Person that accompany'd *Telemachus*: For the superior Gods conceal from the inferior whatever they please; and *Minerva*, who in the shape of *Mentor*, accompany'd *Telemachus*, would not be known to *Calypso*.

In the mean time, *Calypso*, overjoy'd at this Shipwreck that had brought the Son of *Ulysses*, and so like his Father, into her Island, advanc'd towards him; and without seeming to know who he was, How had you, said she, the Confidence to enter my Island? Know, young Stranger, that none unpunish'd come within my Dominions: Under such menacing Language she endeavour'd to cover the Joy of her Heart, which for all this appear'd in her Face.

Telemachus answer'd, Oh! whoever you are, whether a Mortal or a Goddess, (though sure your Aspect speaks you a Deity) can you be insensible of a Son's Misfortune, who seeking his Father, thro' the Dangers of Winds and Seas,

Seas, has ſeen his Ship daſh'd in Pieces againſt your Rocks? Who, I pray, reply'd the Goddeſs, is that Father you ſeek? He is call'd *Ulyſſes*, ſaid *Telemachus*, and is one of thoſe Kings, who after a Siege of ten Years, deſtroy'd the famous City of *Troy*. His Name is celebrated in all Parts of *Greece* and *Aſia*, for his Valour in Fight, and much more for his Wiſdom in Council: But now he wanders in unknown Seas, and has paſt moſt aſtoniſhing Dangers. His Country ſeems to fly from him: His Wife *Penelope*, and I, who am his Son, have loſt all hopes of ſeeing him again. I run the ſame hazards he has done, to learn where he is. But, what do I ſay! It may be he is now bury'd in the profound Abyſs of the Sea. Oh Goddeſs! pity our Misfortunes; and if you know what the Fates have done, either to ſave or deſtroy *Ulyſſes*, diſdain not to inform his Son *Telemachus*.

Calypſo, fill'd with Amazement and Compaſſion to find ſo much Wiſdom and Eloquence in ſo much Youth, could not ſatiate her Eyes with looking on him, and ſtood for ſome time ſilent. At laſt ſhe ſaid to him, We will inform you, Oh *Telemachus!* what has happen'd to your Father; but the Story is long to tell, and 'tis high time to repoſe, after all the Fatigues you have endur'd. Come into my Habitation, and I will receive you as my Son: Come, you ſhall be my Comfort

in

in this Solitude, and I will make you happy, if you know how to be ſo.

Telemachus follow'd the Goddeſs, who was ſurrounded by a Crowd of young Nymphs, and ſurpaſs'd them all in Stature, as a well grown Oak of the Foreſt raiſes his lofty head above the reſt of the Trees. He admir'd the luſtre of her Beauty, the rich Purple of her long and floating Robes; her Hair careleſly, but gracefully ty'd behind her Neck; the Fire that darted from her Eyes, and the ſweetneſs that temper'd this Vivacity. *Mentor*, with a modeſt ſilence, and looking towards the ground, follow'd *Telemachus*.

Arriving at the entrance of *Calypſo*'s Grotto, *Telemachus* was ſurpriz'd to ſee whatever might charm the Eye, cover'd under the appearance of rural ſimplicity. There was neither Gold nor Silver to be ſeen, no Marble nor Pillars of Stone, no Painting nor Statues: But the Grotto was cut into divers Vaults within the Rock, which were incruſted with Shells and Rock-work. The Tapiſtry was a young Vine, extending its tender Branches equally on every ſide. The gentle *Zephyrs* preſerv'd a refreſhing Coolneſs in this place, ſecure from the ſcorching heat of the Sun. Springs of pure Water ran ſweetly, whiſpering through the Meadows, that were painted with Violets and Amaranthus, and form'd divers natural Baths, as clear and as bright as Chryſtal.

Chryſtal. A thouſand Flowers enamell'd the green Turf that ſurrounded the Grotto. There was an entire Wood of thoſe Trees that bear Golden Apples, and put forth Flowers in all Seaſons, yielding the ſweeteſt of all Perfumes. This Wood ſeem'd to crown the beautiful Meadows, and made an artificial Night, which the Beams of the Sun could not penetrate. Here nothing was ever hear'd, but the ſinging of Birds, or the Noiſe of Waters impetuouſly precipitating from the Rocks, and gliding away through the Meadow.

The Grotto of the Goddeſs was on the deſcent of a Hill, from whence ſhe had a view of the Sea, one while clear and ſmooth as Glaſs, at another time, vainly angry with the Rocks, ſwelling into Waves, and breaking to pieces againſt them. From another ſide, ſhe might ſee a River, in which were many little Iſlands, border'd with flowering Lime-trees, and lofty Poplars that rear'd their ſtately heads to the Clouds. The ſeveral Chanels that form'd theſe Iſlands, ſeem'd to play and ſport between the Banks, ſome rowling their Waters with Rapidity, others more gently and quietly; and others, after many Windings, returning as it were to the Spring from whence they came, ſeem'd unwilling to leave the charming place. One might ſee, afar off, many Hills and Mountains hiding their heads

in

in the clouds, and forming ſuch odd and unuſual figures, as yielded a moſt agreeable proſpect. The Hills, that ſtood at leſs diſtance, were cover'd with Vines that hung in *Feſtoons*, the Grapes of which ſurpaſs'd the richeſt Purple in colour, and could not conceal themſelves under the Leaves of the Trees, that bow'd under the weight of their Fruit. The Fig-tree, the Olive, and the Pomegranate, with all kinds of other Trees, cover'd the reſt of the Country, and made it one entire Garden.

Calypſo, having ſhew'd *Telemachus* all theſe Beauties of Nature, ſaid to him, It is time for you to repoſe, and ſhift your wet Garments; after which, we will ſee one another again, and I will tell you ſome things that ſhall affect your heart. Having ſaid this, ſhe caus'd them both to enter into the moſt private and retir'd part of a Grotto, adjoining to that in which ſhe dwelt. Her Nymphs had taken care to light in it a Fire of Cedar, which fill'd the Apartment with an agreeable Scent, and had left all neceſſary Apparel for the two Strangers. *Telemachus*, finding that the Goddeſs had deſign'd him a Tunick of the fineſt Wool, and white as Snow, with a Gown of Purple, richly embroider'd with Gold, was, like a young Man, infinitely pleas'd with this magnificence: Hereupon *Mentor* told him, with a grave and ſevere Voice,

Voice, 'Are these, O *Telemachus!* the thoughts that ought to possess the heart of the Son of *Ulysses?* Think rather to maintain the Reputation your Father has acquir'd, and to overcome the Persecutions of Fortune. A young Man, who loves to dress like a Woman, is unworthy of Wisdom and Glory. The heart that knows not how to suffer Pain, and despise Pleasure, is unfit to possess those glorious Advantages.

Telemachus with a deep Sigh answer'd, May the Gods destroy me, rather than suffer me to fall under the Power of effeminate Pleasures. No, the Son of *Ulysses* shall never be subdu'd by the Charms of a soft and unworthy Life. But what favour of Heaven has brought us, after our Shipwreck, to this Goddess, or Mortal, who receives us with so much Goodness?

'Tremble, reply'd *Mentor*, lest in the end she overwhelm you with evil; be more afraid of her insinuating Charms, than of the Rocks that split your Ship. Death and Shipwreck are less dreadful than the Pleasures that attack Virtue. Be upon your Guard, and beware of believing any thing she shall say to you, Youth is full of Presumption and Arrogance, tho' nothing in the world be so frail; it fears nothing, and vainly relies upon its own strength; believing

'ving all things with the utmoſt Levity, and 'without any Precaution. Beware of hear-'kening to the ſoft and flattering words of '*Calypſo*, which will ſlide into your Heart 'with pleaſure. Fear the conceal'd Poiſon, 'diſtruſt your ſelf, and determine nothing 'without my Counſel.

After this, they return'd to *Calypſo*, who waited for them: and preſently her Nymphs, dreſs'd in white, with their plaited hair, brought in a plain, but exquiſite Repaſt, conſiſting of Birds that they had taken with Nets, and of Veniſon that they had kill'd with their Bows. Wine ſweeter than Nectar, flow'd from the Jars of ſilver into golden Bowls, that were crown'd with Flowers. All ſorts of Fruit that the Spring promiſes, and Autumn ripens, were in profuſion brought in Baskets, and four young Nymphs began to ſing. Firſt, they ſung the War of the Gods againſt the Giants; then the Amours of *Jupiter* and *Semele*; the Birth of *Bacchus*, and his Education under the Care of old *Silenus*; the Race of *Atalanta* and *Hippomenes*, who was overcome by the means of the Golden Apples, gathered in the Garden of the *Hesperides*. Laſt of all they ſung the War of *Troy*, and extolled the Valour and Wiſdom of *Ulyſſes* to the Heavens. The chief of the Nymphs, whoſe Name was *Leucothoe*, accompany'd their ſweet Voices with her tuneful Lute

Lute. When *Telemachus* heard the Name of his Father, the Tears that flow'd down his Cheeks gave a new Luſtre to his Beauty. But *Calypſo* perceiving that he could not eat, and that he was ſeiz'd with Grief, made a ſign to the Nymphs, and preſently they began to ſing the Fight between the *Centaurs* and *Lapithæ*, and the deſcent of *Orpheus* into Hell, to bring back from thence his dear *Eurydice*.

The Repaſt being over, the Goddeſs took *Telemachus* aſide, and ſaid to him, You ſee, O Son of the great *Ulyſſes!* with what Favour I receive you: I am Immortal, and no Mortal can enter into this Iſland, without being puniſh'd for his raſh Attempt; nay, even your Shipwreck ſhould not ſecure you from the Effects of my Indignation, if I did not love you. Your Father had the ſame Happineſs you now enjoy; but, alas! he knew not how to uſe it. I detain'd him a long time in this Iſland, and, had he been contented, he might have liv'd with me in an immortal Condition: But a fond Paſſion to return to his wretched Country, made him reject all theſe Advantages. You ſee what he has loſt for the ſake of the Iſle of *Ithaca*, which he could not ſee again. He reſolv'd to leave me; he went away, and I was revenge'd by a Storm. After his Veſſel had driv'd for Sport to the Winds, it was bury'd

under the Waves. Make a right use of so sad an Example; for after his Shipwreck, you can neither hope to see him again, nor ever to reign in the Island of *Ithaca*. Forget this Loss, and remember you have found a Goddess, that offers to make you happy, and to present you with a Kingdom. To these Words, *Calypso* added many more, to shew him, how happy *Ulysses* had been with her. She related his Adventures in the Cave of the *Cyclop Polyphemus*, and the Disaster that befel him in the Country of *Antiphates*, King of the *Lestrigons*; not forgetting what happen'd to him in the Island of *Circe*, Daughter to the Sun; nor the Dangers he pass'd between *Scylla* and *Charybdis*. She represented the last Storm that *Neptune* had rais'd against him, when he left her, intimating that he had perish'd in that Shipwreck; but conceal'd his Arrival in the Island of the *Pheacians*.

Telemachus, who at first had too easily abandon'd himself to Joy, upon his being so well receiv'd by *Calypso*, now began to perceive her Artifices, and the Wisdom of those Counsels that *Mentor* had just given him. He answer'd in a few words, O Goddess, pardon my Grief, which at present I cannot overcome; it may be, hereafter I may have more Force to relish the Fortune you offer me. Give me leave at this time to mourn for my Father; for you know better than

, how much he deſerves to be regretted. *Calypſo*, not daring to preſs him any farther on that Subject, feign'd to ſympathize with him in his Affliction, and to ſhew her ſelf paſſionately concern'd for the Loſs of *Ulyſſes*; but that ſhe might the better find the way to his Heart, ſhe ask'd him, in what manner he had ſuffer'd Shipwreck, and by what Adventures he was brought to her Iſland? The Relation of my Misfortunes, ſaid he, would be too long. No, no, reply'd ſhe, I am in pain to know them, and therefore give me that Satisfaction. After much Sollicitation, ſhe prevail'd with him, and he began thus:

I parted from *Ithaca*, with intention to enquire of thoſe Kings that are return'd from the Siege of *Troy*, what they knew concerning my Father: The Lovers of my Mother *Penelope*, were ſurpriz'd at my Departure, which I had taken care to conceal from them, becauſe I was well acquainted with their Perfidiouſneſs. But neither *Neſtor*, whom I ſaw at *Pylos*, nor *Menelaus*, who received me with Affection at *Lacedemon*, could inform me whether my Father were ſtill alive. Weary with living always in Suſpence and Uncertainty, I reſolv'd to go into *Sicily*, where I had hear'd my Father had been driven by the Winds: But the ſage *Mentor*, who is here preſent, oppos'd this raſh Deſign, repreſenting to me on the one hand, the *Cyclops*, who are monſtrous

ſtrous Giants that deſtroy Men; on the other, the Fleet of *Eneas* and the *Trojans*, who were upon that Coaſt. Theſe *Trojans*, ſaid he, are highly incens'd againſt all the *Greeks*, and they would take a ſingular Pleaſure to ſhed the Blood of the Son of *Ulyſſes*. Return therefore to *Ithaca*, it may be your Father, who is a Favourite of Heaven, may arrive there as ſoon as you. But if the Gods have reſolv'd his Deſtruction, and he is nevermore to ſee his County, at leaſt it becomes you to revenge him againſt his Rivals, to deliver your Mother, and to give ſuch Proofs of your Wiſdom to all the People of *Greece*, that they may know you are as worthy to reign, as ever *Ulyſſes* was. This Counſel was wholſome and honourable, but I had not Prudence enough to follow it, and hearken'd only to my own Paſſion; yet the wiſe *Mentor* lov'd me to ſuch a Degree, that he condeſcended to accompany me in that Voyage, which I raſhly undertook againſt his Advice; and the Gods permitted that I ſhould commit a Fault, which was to cure me of my Preſumption.

Whilſt he ſpoke, *Calypſo* look'd earneſtly, and not without Aſtoniſhment, upon *Mentor*. She thought ſhe perceiv'd ſomething Divine in him, but could not diſintangle the Confuſion of her Thoughts; which cauſed her to continue apprehenſive and diffident in the

Preſence

Preſence of this unknown Perſon; But fearing, above all things, to diſcover the Diſorder of her Mind, proceed, ſaid ſhe to *Telemachus*, and ſatisfy my Curioſity; which he did in this manner.

We ſteer'd for ſome time with a favourable Wind for *Sicily*; but then, a violent Storm ariſing, depriv'd us of the Sight of Heaven, and involv'd us in the Obſcurity of Night: But, by ſome Flaſhes of Lightning, we perceiv'd other Ships expos'd to the ſame danger, which, when we underſtood to be the Fleet of *Eneas*, we thought them no leſs formidable to us than the Rocks themſelves. In that Moment I comprehended, tho' too late, what the heat of imprudent Youth had hinder'd me from conſidering before. *Mentor*, in the midſt of this Danger, appear'd not only reſolute and intrepid, but more chearful than he us'd to be. 'Twas he that inſpir'd me with Reſolution, and I felt the extraordinary Force of his Encouragements. He gave out all neceſſary Orders, when the Pilot was beſide himſelf. I ſaid to him, my dear *Mentor*, why did I refuſe to follow your Counſels? Am I not unhappy, to act by my own Advice, at ſuch an Age, as has no Foreſight of Futurity, no Experience of Things paſt, nor Moderation to govern the preſent? Oh! if ever we eſcape this Storm, I reſolve to diſtruſt my ſelf, as I would my moſt dange-

rous Enemy, and to believe you alone for ever.

To this *Mentor* answer'd smiling, I shall not blame you for the Fault you have committed: 'Tis enough that you are sensible of it, and make it serve hereafter to moderate your Desires. Perhaps, when the Danger is past, Presumption will return; but however, Courage must support you. Before we launch into Danger, we must foresee, and ever dread it; but when once in it, we have nothing left but a generous Contempt. Shew yourself, therefore, worthy of the Son of *Ulysses*, and let your Courage be greater than the Dangers that threaten.

I was charm'd with the Sweetness and Magnanimity of the wise *Mentor*, but I was much more surpriz'd when I saw with what Dexterity he brought about our Deliverance. The *Trojans* were so near, that they could not fail to discover who we were, as soon as the Light should appear; which *Mentor* knowing, and in that instant, perceiving one of their Ships which was separated from the rest of the Fleet to be something like ours, except certain Garlands of Flowers that she carry'd at her Stern, he hung up the same sorts of Flowers on the same part of our Ship, and fasten'd them himself with Ribbands of the same Colour with those of the *Trojans*. He order'd the Rowers to bow themselves as low as

s the Oar would permit, that they might ot be diſcover'd by the Enemy. In this anner he paſs'd through the midſt of their leet, whilſt they ſhouted for Joy to ſee us, uppoſing we were their Companions, whom ey thought to be loſt. We were forc'd along ith them by the Violence of the Weather, r a conſiderable time; but at laſt we found eans to lag a little behind, and whilſt they ere driven by the Winds towards the Shore f *Africa*, we exerted our utmoſt efforts to ake the neareſt Coaſt of *Sicily*.

We arriv'd as we deſign'd; but that which e ſought, prov'd almoſt as fatal to us, as he Fleet we avoided; we found more *Trojans*, nd conſequently Enemies to all *Greeks*; for ld *Aceſtes* reign'd in theſe Parts. As ſoon s we got aſhore, the Inhabitants taking us to e either ſome other People of the Iſland ome to ſurprize them, or elſe Strangers hat deſign'd to ſeize their Country, burnt ur Ship, kill'd our Companions, and reſerv'd nly *Mentor* and me to be preſented to *Ace-es*, that we might inform him of our Deſigns, nd whence we came. We were brought nto the Town with our Hands ty'd behind ur Backs, and our Death was defer'd only o make us a Spectacle to a cruel People, s ſoon as they ſhould know we were *Greeks*.

We were ſtraightway preſented to *Aceſtes*, who ſat with a golden Scepter in his Hand, diſtributing Juſtice, and preparing himſelf for a great Sacrifice. He ask'd us, with a ſevere Voice, of what Country we were, and the Occaſion of our Voyage? *Mentor* immediately anſwer'd, We come from the Coaſt of *Great Heſperia*, and our Country is not far from thence. By this means he avoided to ſay that we were *Greeks*. But *Aceſtes* would hear no more, and taking us for Perſons that conceal'd ſome bad Deſign, he commanded us to be ſent into a neighbouring Foreſt, there to ſerve as Slaves to thoſe who look'd after the Cattle. This Condition ſeem'd more terrible to me than Death. I cry'd out, O King! order us rather to ſuffer Death, than to be treated ſo unworthily. Know, that I am *Telemachus*, the Son of wiſe *Ulyſſes*, King of the *Ithacians*. I ſeek my Father in all Parts of the World; and if I can neither find him, nor return to my own Country, nor avoid Servitude, take that Life from me which I cannot bear.

Scarce had I pronounc'd theſe Words, when all the People in a Rage cry'd out, *That the Son of the cruel* Ulyſſes *muſt die, whoſe Artifices had deſtroy'd the City of* Troy. O Son of *Ulyſſes!* ſaid *Aceſtes*, I cannot refuſe your Blood to the *Manes* of ſo many *Trojans*, that your Father precipitated to the Banks of the black

black *Cocytus*. You and your Conductor ſhall die. At the ſame time, an old Man of the Company propos'd to the King, that we ſhould be ſacrific'd upon the Tomb of *Anchiſes*. Their Blood, ſaid he, will be grateful to the Soul of that Hero. *Æneas* himſelf, when he hears of the Sacrifice, will be over-joy'd to ſee how much you love what was dearer to him than all other Things in the World. Every one applauded his Propoſition, and nothing remain'd but to put it in execution. We were led to the Tomb of *Anchiſes*, where two Altars were erected, and the ſacred Fire kindled. The Knife was brought, we were crown'd with Garlands, and no Mercy could ſave our Lives. Our Fate was determin'd, when *Mentor* calmly deſir'd to ſpeak with the King; and having receiv'd Permiſſion, ſaid, O *Acceſtes!* If the Misfortunes of young *Telemachus*, who never carry'd Arms againſt the *Trojans*, may not plead for him, at leaſt let your own Intereſt move you. The Knowledge I have acquir'd to preſage, and foretel the Will of the Gods, informs me, That before the End of three days, you will be attack'd by a barbarous People, who will come down like a Torrent from the Mountains, to deſtroy your City, and ravage your whole Country. Haſten to prevent them; arm your People, and from this Moment begin to ſecure within theſe

Walls

Walls the rich Herds and Flocks you have in the Fields. If my Prediction be falſe, you may ſacrifice us when the three Days are expir'd; but if, on the contrary, it prove true, remember, that no one ought to take away the Lives of thoſe, by whom his own was preſerv'd.

Aceſtes was aſtoniſh'd at theſe Words, which *Mentor* ſpoke with more aſſurance than he had ever found in any Man. I ſee, ſaid he, O Stranger! that the Gods who have granted you ſo ſmall a Share in the Favours of Fortune, have, in recompence, given you ſuch Wiſdom as is more valuable than the higheſt Proſperity. At the ſame time he put off the Sacrifice, and iſſu'd out all neceſſary Orders, with the utmoſt Diligence, to prevent the Attack that *Mentor* had foretold. On all ſides were to be ſeen old Men and Women trembling for fear, and accompany'd with great numbers of young Children, bath'd in Tears, and retiring into the City. The lowing Oxen and bleating Sheep left the rich Paſtures, and came along in Confuſion; but their Numbers were too great to find places to contain them all. The noiſe and tumult of People preſſing to get in was ſuch, that no one could underſtand another. In this diſorder, ſome took an unknown Perſon for their Friend, and others ran, tho' they knew not whither. But the principal Men of the City, thinking

thinking themſelves wiſer than the reſt, ſuſpected *Mentor* to be an Impoſtor, who had predicted a falſhood to ſave his Life.

Before the third day was expir'd, whilſt they were full of theſe Imaginations, a cloud of duſt was ſeen riſing upon the deſcent of the neighbouring Hills; and an innumerable Multitude of *Barbarians* appear'd in Arms: Theſe were the *Hymerians*, a ſavage People, together with thoſe who inhabit the *Nebrode* High-lands, and the ſummit of *Agragas*, where a Winter reigns which the Zephyrs never cou'd aſſwage. All thoſe who had deſpis'd the wiſe Predictions of *Mentor*, loſt all their Slaves and their Cattle. Upon this, the King ſaid to *Mentor*, I forget that you are *Greeks*; our Enemies are become our faithful Friends; the Gods have ſent you to ſave us; I expect no leſs from your Valour, than from the Wiſdom of your Counſels; haſten therefore to aſſiſt us.

Mentor ſhews in his Eyes a Boldneſs that damps the Spirits of the fierceſt Warriors. He takes up a Shield, a Helmet, a Sword, and a Launce; he draws up the Soldiers of *Aceſtes*, puts himſelf at their Head, and advances in good Order towards the Enemy. *Aceſtes*, tho' full of Courage, could not follow him, but at a diſtance, by reaſon of his Age. I follow'd him more cloſe: But nothing can equal his Valour. In the Fight, his Helmet

reſembled

reſembled the immortal *Ægid* of *Minerva*. Death flew from Rank to Rank, where-ever his Blows fell. He was like a Lyon of *Numidia*, provok'd by cruel Hunger, which falling upon a Flock of unreſiſting Sheep, kills, tears, and ſwims in Blood, whilſt the Shepherds, far from aſſiſting their Flock, fly trembling away from his Fury.

Theſe *Barbarians*, who hop'd to ſurprize the City, were themſelves ſurpriz'd and defeated. The Subjects of *Aceſtes* were animated by the Example and Voice of *Mentor*, and felt a Vigour which they thought not to be in them. With my Launce I kill'd the Son of the *Barbarian* King. He was of my Age, but much taller than I; for theſe People are deſcended from Giants, and of the ſame Race with the *Cyclops*. He deſpis'd ſo weak an Enemy; but I, not at all daunted with his prodigious Strength, or his fierce and ſavage Looks, puſh'd my Launce againſt his Breaſt, and made his Soul guſh out at the Wound, in a torrent of black and reaking Gore. As he fell, he was like to cruſh me in pieces by his Fall. The Sound of his Arms eecho'd in the Hills. I took the Spoil, and return'd to *Aceſtes*. *Mentor* having intirely broken the *Barbarians*, cut them in pieces, and purſu'd the Runaways to the Woods. So unexpected a Succeſs made *Mentor* to be regarded, as one cheriſh'd and inſpir'd by the Gods; and *Ace-*

ſtes

ſtes, from a Senſe of Gratitude, ſhew'd his Concernment for us, if the Fleet of *Æneas* ſhould return to *Sicily*. He gave us a Ship to carry us to our own Country; made us many rich Preſents, and preſs'd us to haſten our departure, that we might prevent any Miſchief. But he would not give us either a Pilot or Mariners of his own Nation, for fear they might be expos'd to too much hazard upon the Coaſts of *Greece*. He committed us to the Care of certain *Phenician* Merchants, who trading with all the People of the World, had no occaſion to fear; and order'd them to bring back the Ship, when they had landed us ſafe in *Ithaca*. But the Gods, who ſport with the Deſigns of Men, had ſtill reſerv'd us for farther Calamities.

The End of the Firſt BOOK.

THE

THE ADVENTURES OF *TELEMACHUS.*

BOOK II.

The ARGUMENT.

Telemachus *relates how he was taken in the* Tyrian *Ship, by* Sesostris's *Fleet, and carried Prisoner into* Egypt: *and gives a Description of that fine Country, and of their King's wise Government. He adds, That* Mentor *was sent into Slavery to* Æthiopia; *That himself,* Telemachus, *was reduced to the Condition of a Shepherd in the Desart of* Oasis; *That* Termosiris, *a Priest of* Apollo, *comforted him, by persuading him to imitate that God, who had once been a Cowherd to King* Admetes; *That* Sesostris *having, at last, been inform'd of his Beha-*

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B: Cole Sculp.

Telemachus *meets* Termosiris *in ye Desarts of Egypt*

Behaviour among theſe who tended his Flocks and Herds, had recall'd him, being convinc'd of his Innocence, and promiſed to ſend him back to Ithaca: *But that* Seſoſtris's *death involv'd him in new Misfortunes; and that he was confined in a Tower on the Sea-ſhore, from whence he ſaw the new King* Boccoris *periſh in a Fight againſt his rebellious Subjects, aſſiſted by the* Tyrians.

THE *Tyrians*, by their Inſolence, had highly provok'd the King of *Egypt*, whoſe Name was *Seſoſtris*, and who had conquer'd many Kingdoms. The Riches they had acquir'd by Trade, and the impregnable Strength of *Tyre*, which ſtands in the Sea, had render'd this People ſo proud, that they not only refus'd to pay the Tribute which *Seſoſtris* impos'd upon them in his Return from the Conqueſts he had made, but aſſiſted his Brother, who had conſpir'd to murther him on the Feſtival that was appointed to be celebrated on account of his great Victories. In order therefore to humble their Pride, *Seſoſtris* reſolv'd to diſturb their Commerce at Sea; and commanded all his Ships to ſeek out and aſſault the *Phenicians*. One of his Fleets met with us, as ſoon as we loſt ſight of the *Sicilian* Mountains, when the Harbour and Land ſeem'd to fly from be-

had

hind us, and loſe themſelves in the Clouds. At the ſame time we ſaw the *Egyptian* Ships advancing towards us like a floating City. The *Phenicians* perceiv'd, and endeavour'd to avoid them, but 'twas too late; their Ships were better Sailers, their Mariners more numerous, the Wind favour'd them, they boarded us, took us, and carry'd us Priſoners to *Egypt*. I told them, but in vain, that I was no *Phenician*; they hardly vouchſafed to hear me; they look'd upon us as Slaves, in which Merchandiſe they knew the *Phenicians* traded, and thought only of making the beſt of their Prize. We already took Notice that the Waters of the Sea began to have a whitiſh caſt from the mixture of thoſe of the *Nile*; and we ſaw the Coaſt of *Egypt* almoſt level with the Sea. We arrived ſoon after in the Iſland of *Pharos*, not far from the City of *No*; and from thence were carry'd up the *Nile* to *Memphis*. If the Grief we felt, by reaſon of our Captivity, had not render'd us inſenſible of all pleaſure, our Eyes would have been charm'd with the fruitful Country of *Egypt*, like a delicious Garden, every where water'd with numberleſs Streams. We could not turn our Eyes on either ſide of the River, without diſcovering many wealthy Iſlands; great numbers of fine Country-Houſes; Lands richly covered every Year with a Golden Harveſt: Meadows full ſtock'd with

with Cattle; Husbandmen bowing under the Weight of the Fruits which the teeming Earth had brought forth; and Shepherds that made the Eccho's on every ſide repeat the ſweet ſound of their Pipes and Flutes.

'Happy, ſaid *Mentor*, is the People who 'are govern'd by a wiſe King: They live in 'Plenty and Contentment, and love him to 'whom they owe their Felicity. Thus ſaid 'he, O *Telemachus!* you ought to reign, and 'be the Delight of your People. If ever the 'Gods give you the poſſeſſion of your Fa-'ther's Kingdom, love your People as your 'Children; reliſh the Pleaſure of being be-'lov'd by them, and carry your ſelf ſo, that 'all the Tranquility and Pleaſure they en-'joy, may lead them to remember, that they 'are rich Preſents of a good King. Kings 'who make it their only Buſineſs to render 'themſelves dreaded, and to bring their 'Subjects low, in order to make them more 'ſubmiſſive, are the Plagues of Mankind. 'They are, indeed, fear'd, as they deſire; 'but they are hated, deteſted, and have 'more Reaſon to be afraid of their Subjects, 'than their Subjects have to fear them.

I anſwer'd, Alas! *Mentor*, 'tis not now the Queſtion, by what Maxims a King ought to reign: We ſhall never ſee *Ithaca* again: We ſhall never ſee our Country, or *Penelope* more; and though *Ulyſſes* ſhould return full of Glory

Glory to his Kingdom, he would never have the Satisfaction of seeing me there, nor I of obeying him, and learning the Rules of Government from him. No, let us die, dear *Mentor*, for we must have no other Thoughts: Let us die, since the Gods have no Compassion for us.

As I thus spoke, my Words were interrupted with deep Sighs. But *Mentor*, tho' he could be apprehensive of apporaching Evils, knew not what it was to fear them when they had happen'd. Unworthy Son of the wise *Ulysses*, cry'd he, dost thou suffer thy self to be over-come by thy Misfortunes? Know that you shall one Day see both *Ithaca* and *Penelope*. You shall even see him in his former Glory, whom you never knew: The invincible *Ulysses*, whom Fortune cannot conquer, and who, in greater Misfortunes than your own, admonishes you never to despair. O! if he should hear, in the Regions where he is driven by the Winds and Sea, that his Son knows not how to imitate him, either in Patience or Courage, such News would overwhelm him with Shame, and prove more heavy than all the Misfortunes he has yet suffer'd!

After this, *Mentor* caus'd me to observe the Fertility and Happiness that was seen over all the Country of *Egypt*, which contain'd two and twenty thousand Cities. He admir'd the regular

regular Government of these Places; the distribution of Justice which was every where exercis'd with regard to the Poor, against the Oppression of the Rich; the good Education of Children, who were inur'd early to Obedience, Labour, Sobriety, Arts or Learning; the due observation of all the Ceremonies of Religion, a generous and disinterested Spirit, a great desire of Reputation, an universal sincerity in their Dealings with Men, and a just Reverence of the Gods, which every Father took care to infuse into his Children. He thought he could never enough admire this beautiful Order. He would often cry out, O! how happy is that People, that is thus govern'd by a wise King! But yet more happy is that King, who, when he has provided for the Happiness of so great a People, can find himself happy in his own Virtue. Such a one is more than fear'd; he is beloved; Men not only obey him, but they obey him with pleasure. He reigns universally in their Hearts; and every Man is so far from desiring his Death, that he fears it above all Misfortunes, and would readily sacrifice his own Life for him.

I hearken'd with Attention to what *Mentor* said; and as he spoke, I found my Courage to revive in the bottom of my Heart. As soon as we were arriv'd at the rich and magnificent City of *Memphis*, the Governour com-

commanded us to be ſent to *Thebes*, in order to be preſented to the King *Seſoſtris*, who being highly incens'd againſt the *Tyrians*, had reſolv'd to examine us himſelf. So we proceeded in our Voyage up the River *Nile*, till we came to the famous *Thebes*, which has an Hundred Gates, and was the Reſidence of that great King. This City appear'd to us of a vaſt Extent, and more populous than the moſt flouriſhing Cities of *Greece*. The Orders are excellent, in all that regards the Neatneſs and Conveniency of the Streets; the Courſe of the Publick Waters, the Baths, the Improvement of Arts and Sciences, and the common Safety. The Piazza's are adorn'd with Fountains and Obelisks. The Temples are Marble, of a plain, but majeſtick Architecture. The Palace of the Prince is like a great City; 'tis full of Marble Pillars, Pyramids, Obelisks, and vaſt Statues, with Furniture of ſolid Gold and Silver.

They who took us, inform'd the King, that they found us on board a *Phenician* Ship. For he had allotted certain Hours of every Day, in which he regularly heard all his Subjects that had any thing to ſay to him, either by way of Complaint or Advice. He neither deſpis'd nor rejected any Man, and knew he was King for no other end, than to do good to his Subjects, whom he lov'd as his Children. As for Strangers, he receiv'd them with

with Kindneſs, and was always deſirous to ſee them, becauſe he thought it a uſeful and advantageous Thing to be inform'd of the Cuſtoms and Manners of remote Nations; and this Curioſity of the King, was the principal Cauſe that we were brought before him. He was upon a Throne of Ivory, with a golden Scepter in his Hand. He was aged, but comely, full of Sweetneſs and Majeſty. He daily diſtributed Juſtice to the People with ſuch Patience and Wiſdom, as made him admir'd without Flattery. After he had ſpent the whole day in doing Juſtice, and taking Care of the publick Affairs, he refreſhed himſelf in the Evening in hearing Diſcourſes of learned Men, or converſing with the beſt of his People, whom he knew how to chuſe and admit into his Familiarity. During his whole Life, he could not be blam'd for any Thing, except for triumphing with too much Pomp, over the Kings he had conquer'd, and truſting a Man whoſe Picture I ſhall draw by and by.

When he ſaw me, he was mov'd with my Youth, and my Affliction, and ask'd me my Country and my Name, whilſt we wonder'd at the Wiſdom that ſpoke by his Mouth. I anſwer'd, You have undoubtedly heard, O Great King! of the Siege of *Troy*, which laſted ten years, and the Deſtruction of that City, which coſt ſo much *Grecian* Blood.

Ulyſſes,

Ulysses, my Father, was one of the principal Kings who ruin'd that Place. He now wanders through all the Seas, without being able to return to the Island of *Ithaca*, which is his Kingdom. I seek my Father, and by a Misfortune, equal to his own, have been taken Prisoner. Restore me to my Father and Country, and may the Gods preserve you to your Children, and make them sensible of the Pleasure of living under so good a Father.

Sesostris continu'd to look upon me with an Eye of Compassion; but being desirous to know if I spoke the Truth, he referr'd us to be examin'd by one of his Officers, commanding him to enquire of those that took our Ship, whether we were *Greeks* or *Phenicians?* If they are *Phenicians*, said the King, they must be doubly punish'd; first, because they are our Enemies, and then because they have endeavour'd to deceive us by a Falshood: But if, on the contrary, they are *Greeks*, I will have them to be treated favourably, and sent back into their own Country in one of my Ships, for I love the *Greeks*, who have received many Laws from the *Egyptians*. I am not ignorant of the Virtues of *Hercules*; the Glory of *Achilles* has reach'd our Ears; and I admire what I have heard of the Wisdom of the unhappy *Ulysses*. I have no greater Pleasure than to relieve Virtue in distress.

The

The Officer, who was by the King entrusted with the Examination of our Affair, was as corrupt and knavish, as *Sesostris* was sincere and generous. The Name of this Man, was *Metophis*. He endeavour'd to ensnare us by artful Questions, and when he saw that *Mentor* answer'd with more Wisdom than I, he looked upon him with Aversion and Diffidence; for ill Men are always Enemies to the good. He caus'd us to be separated, and from that time I knew not what became of *Mentor*. This Separation was to me, as if I had been struck with Thunder. *Metophis* was not without hopes, that by a separate Examination, we might be drawn to contradict one another. At least, he thought to dazzle my Eyes with his flattering Promises, and make me acknowledge what *Mentor* had conceal'd from him. In a word, he sought not to find out the Truth, but by any means to get a Pretence to tell the King we were *Phenicians*, that he might keep us for his Slaves.

In effect, notwithstanding our Innocence, and all the Wisdom of the King, he found out a way to deceive him. 'Alas; how are Kings expos'd! The wisest are often abus'd by Men of Artifice and Interest, that are about them. Good Men retire from Courts, because they are neither forward, nor Flatterers. They wait till they are sent for; and

'Princes seldom know how to send for
'them. On the contrary, ill Men are bold,
'deceitful, impudent, and insinuating; dex-
'terous at dissembling, and ready to do any
'thing against Honour and Conscience, to
'gratify the Passions of the Person that reigns.
'O! how unhappy is that King, who is
'open to the Artifices of bad Men? He is
'lost, if he does not suppress Flattery, and
'love those who speak the Truth with Con-
'fidence.' These were the Reflections I
made in my Misfortunes, when I call'd to
mind the Things that I had heard from *Men-*
tor.

In the mean time, *Metophis* sent me to-
wards the Mountains in the Desart with his
Slaves, that I might serve with them to look
after his numerous Flocks. Here *Calypso* in-
terrupted *Telemachus*, and said, Well! and
what did you then? You that in *Sicily* had
perferr'd Death before Servitude? *Telemachus*
answer'd, My Misfortunes encreas'd daily:
I had no longer the wretched Liberty of cho-
sing between Slavery and Death: I was com-
pelled to be a Slave, and to undergo all the
Rigours of Fortune. I had lost all hope,
and could not say one word in order to my
Deliverance. *Mentor* has since told me, That
he was sold to certain *Ethiopians*, and that he
follow'd them to *Ethiopia*.

As for me, I arriv'd in a horrid Desart,
wh

where nothing but burning Sands was to be ſeen upon the Plains; and Snow that never melted, made an eternal Winter on the tops of the Hills: Only ſome ſcatter'd Paſture for the Cattle was here and there found among the Rocks. Towards the middle of the Declivity of thoſe rugged and craggy Mountains, the Valleys are ſo deep, that the Sun can ſcarce let fall a Beam upon them.

I found no other Men in theſe Places, but Shepherds, as ſavage as the Country it ſelf. There I paſs'd the nights in bewailing my Misfortunes, and the days in following my Flock, to avoid the brutal Rage of *Butis*, who was Chief among the Slaves, and who, hoping to obtain his Liberty, never ceas'd from calumniating the reſt, that he might perſuade *Metophis* of his Zeal and Induſtry in his Service. It was almoſt impoſſible for me to hold out any longer. In the Anguiſh of my Heart, I one day forgot my Flock, and lay down upon the Graſs by a Cave, where I expected Death to relieve me from the Evils I was not able to beat. In that inſtant, I perceiv'd the Mountains to tremble, the Oaks and Pines ſeeming to deſcend from the Summit of the Hill. The Winds ſuppreſs'd their Breathing, and a hollow Voice iſſuing out of the Cave, pronounc'd theſe Words, 'O! Son of the wiſe *Ulyſſes*, thou are to become like him, Great by Patience. Princes who

'have always been happy, are ſeldom worthy
'to be ſo. They are corrupted by unmanly
'Pleaſures, and intoxicated with the Pride of
'Proſperity. Happy ſhalt thou be, if thou
'canſt ſurmount and never forget theſe Mis-
'fortunes. Thou ſhalt ſee *Ithaca* again, and
'thy Glory ſhall aſcend the Skies. When
'thou ſhalt command Men, remember that
'thou haſt been like them, in Poverty,
'Weakneſs and Calamity. Take a Pleaſure
'in relieving them; love thy People, deteſt
'Flatterers, and know, that there is no o-
'ther way to be truly Great, but by Mode-
'ration and Fortitude to overcome thy Paſ-
'ſions.

Theſe divine Words penetrated to the bot-
tom of my Heart, renew'd my Joy, and re-
viv'd my Courage. I felt none of that hor-
ror, which makes Men's hair ſtand upright,
and chills the Blood in their Veins, when
the Gods communicate themſelſelves to Mor-
tals. I roſe from the Ground with chearful-
neſs; I fell upon my Knees, and lifting up
my Hands to Heaven, ador'd *Minerva*, who,
I doubted not, had ſent me this Oracle. In
that moment I found my ſelf a new Man.
Wiſdom enlighten'd my Mind; I felt a gentle
force reſtraining all my Paſſions, and check-
ing the Impetuoſity of my Youth. I gain'd
the Love of all the Shepherds in the Deſart.
My Patience, Sweetneſs, and Diligence af-
ſwag'

ſwag'd at laſt the cruel *Butis*, who commanded the reſt of the Slaves, and had made it his Buſineſs to torment me.

I endeavour'd to procure ſome Books, to enable me to ſupport the Tediouſneſs of my Captivity and Solitude; for I was exceedingly uneaſy for want of ſome Inſtructions to nouriſh and ſuſtain the Faculties of my Soul. 'Happy, ſaid I, are they, who being diſguſted with all violent Pleaſures, know how to content themſelves with the Sweets of an innocent Life. Happy are they, who are diverted at the ſame time that they are inſtructed, and pleaſe themſelves in enriching their Minds with Knowledge. Whereſoever they are driven by croſs Fortune, they carry their own Entertainment with them; and the Uneaſineſs that lies upon all other Men, even in the midſt of the greateſt Pleaſure, is unknown to thoſe, who know how to employ themſelves in Reading. Happy are they who love Books, and are not, like me, deprived of them.' Revolving theſe Thoughts in my Mind, I penetrated into the thickeſt of the Foreſt, and on a ſudden, perceiv'd an aged Man, holding a Book in his hand. His Forehead was large and high, bare of hair. His white Beard deſcended to his Girdle. He was tall, and of a maeſtick Port. His Complexion was freſh and ſanguine. His Eyes lively and piercing. His

Voice ſweet, and his Diſcourſe plain, but agreeable. I never ſaw ſo venerable an old Man. His Name was *Termoſiris*. He was a Prieſt of *Apollo*, and the Temple where he officiated, was of Marble, dedicated in the Foreſt to that God, by the Kings of *Egypt*. The Book he held in his hand, was a Collection of Hymns in Honour of the Gods.

He accoſted me in a friendly manner, and ſo we fell into diſcourſe. He related Things paſt with ſuch Clearneſs, that they ſeemed preſent; and yet with ſuch Brevity, that I never was tired with them. He could foreſee Futurity, by his profound Wiſdom, which gave him a thorough Knowledge of Men, and of the Deſigns they are capable of forming. With all this Prudence, he was chearful and complaiſant; and the gayeſt Youth does nothing with ſo much Grace, as this aged Man did: He lov'd thoſe that were young, if he found them docile, and that they had a Taſte of Vertue. He ſoon conceiv'd a tender Affection for me, and gave me Books for my Conſolation. He call'd me his Son; and I often ſaid to him, Father, the Gods that took *Mentor* from me, have pity'd my Solitude, and ſent me, in you, another ſupport. This Man, like *Orpheus* or *Linus*, was doubtleſs inſpir'd by the Gods. He would ſometimes read to me the Verſes he had made, and give me the moſt excellent Compoſitions

poſitions of ſeveral Poets who had been favourites of the Muſes. When he put on his long Robes of pureſt White, and took his golden Harp in his hand, the Tygers, the Bears, and the Lions came fawning to him, and lick'd his Feet. The Satyrs abandon'd the Woods, to come and dance before him. The Trees themſelves ſeem'd to move; and you would have thought that the Rocks had been touch'd with the Charms of his melodious Accents, and were going to deſcend from the Tops of the Mountains. He ſung nothing but the Majeſty of the Gods, the Virtue of Heroes, and the Wiſdom of thoſe who prefer Glory before Pleaſure.

He often told me, That I ought to take Courage, and that the Gods would not abondon either *Ulyſſes*, or his Son. In ſhort, he perſuaded me to imitate *Apollo*, and to teach the Shepherds to apply themſelves to the Muſes. *Apollo*, ſaid he, conſidering with Indignation, that the brighteſt days were frequently diſturb'd by *Jupiter*'s Thunder, reſolv'd to be reveng'd upon the *Cyclops*, who made the Bolts, took up his Bow, and pierc'd them with his Arrows. Upon this Mount *Ætna* ceas'd to vomit flaming Hurricanes; and Men no longer heard the terrible Hammers ſtriking upon the Anvil, and ecchoing in Groans from the deep Caverns of the

Earth, and the Abyſſes of the Sea. The Iron and Braſs, being no longer poliſh'd by the *Cyclops*, began to gather Ruſt. *Vulcan*, in fury, quits his Forge, and notwithſtanding his Lameneſs, mounts *Olympus* with expedition; comes cover'd with black Duſt and Sweat into the Aſſembly of the Gods, and makes a moſt bitter Complaint. *Jupiter* incens'd againſt *Apollo*, drives him from Heaven, and precipitates him down to the Earth. His empty Chariot perform'd the uſual Courſe of it ſelf, and gave Men Night and Day, with a regular Change of Seaſons. *Apollo*, depriv'd of his glorious Beams, was forc'd to turn Shepherd, and keep the Sheep of King *Admetus*. He play'd on the Flute, and all the other Shepherds came down to the ſhady Elms and Silver Streams, to hear his Songs. To that time they had liv'd a ſavage and rude Life: They knew only how to tend their Flocks, to ſheer them, to draw their Milk, and to make Cheeſes. The whole Country was one frightful Deſart.

Apollo, in a ſhort time, made all the Shepherds acquainted with the Pleaſures of a Rural Life. He ſung the Flowers that compoſe the Garland of the Spring; the beautiful Greens, and the ſweet Perfumes of that agreeable Seaſon. He ſung next the delicious Nights of Summer, when the Zephyrs refreſh Mankind, and the Dews allay the Thirſt

Thirſt of the Earth. He forgot not, in his Songs, the golden Harveſt and Autumnal Fruits, which recompenſe the Toil of the Husbandman; nor the Repoſe of Winter, when the wanton Youth dance before the Fire. In the laſt place, he deſcrib'd the gloomy Foreſts, and ſhady Groves that cover the Hills; the hollow Vallies, and the Rivers that with a thouſand Windings, ſeem to ſport in the lovely Meadows. He taught the Shepherds what are the Charms of a Country-life, when Men know how to reliſh the Preſents of pure and bountiful Nature. The Shepherds, with their Flutes ſoon ſaw themſelves more happy than Kings, and their Cottages were fill'd with variety of untainted Pleaſures, which fly from gilded Palaces. Harmleſs Sports, unaffected Graces, and innocent Joys, accompany'd the Shepherdeſſes whereſoever they went. Every Day was a Feſtival; nothing was heard but the warbling of Birds, or the ſoft whiſpering of the Zephyrs, as they were playing about the Branches of the Trees, or the murmur of Waters falling from the Rocks, or Songs that were inſpir'd by the Muſes, and ſung by the Shepherds that follow'd *Apollo*. This God taught them alſo to be victorious in Races, and to pierce the Bucks and Stags with their Arrows. The Gods themſelves became jealous of the Shepherds. This ſort of Life appear'd to them more delightful than all

their Glory. They call'd *Apollo* back again to Heaven.

My Son, this Story may ſerve for your Inſtruction, ſince you are in the ſame Condition *Apollo* was in. Break up and manure this uncultivated Ground; make a Deſart flouriſh as he did; like him, teach the Shepherds what are the Charms of Harmony, ſoften their fierce Natures, ſhew them the Beauty of Virtue, and make them feel how ſweet it is to enjoy, in this Solitude, thoſe innocent Pleaſures that nothing can take away from Shepherds. A Time will come, my Son, a Time will come, when the Toils and Cares that encompaſs a Throne, will make you regret a Paſtoral Life.

Termoſiris, having ſaid this, preſented me with a Flute, ſo melodious, that the Ecchoes of the Hills, which carry'd the ſound on every ſide, drew all the neighbouring Shepherds preſently about me. My Voice was divinely harmonious; I felt my ſelf mov'd, as by a ſuperior Power, to ſing the Beauties that Nature has beſtow'd upon the Country. We paſs'd the Days, and part of the Nights, in ſinging together. All the Shepherds, forgetting their Cottages and their Flocks, ſtood attentive and in Admiration round me, whilſt I gave them Leſſons. The ſavage Rudeneſs of our Deſarts diſappear'd, all things look'd gay and ſmiling, and the Politeneſs of the Inhabitants

ſeem'd

ſeem'd to ſoften the Ruggedneſs of the Country.

We frequently met to ſacrifice in the Temple of *Apollo*, where *Termoſiris* officiated as Prieſt. The Shepherds went thither crown'd with Lawrel, in honour of the God; and the Shepherdeſſes follow'd after them, dancing along with Garlands of Flowers, and carrying on their heads Baskets full of Sacred Gifts. After the Sacrifice, we made a Country Feaſt; and the moſt delicious of our Fare, was the Milk of our Goats and Sheep, with various Fruits, freſh gathered with our own hands, ſuch as Dates, Figs and Grapes. Our Seats were the green Turf, and our ſpreading Trees afforded us a Shade more pleaſant than the gilded Roofs in the Palaces of Kings.

But that which above all other things made me famous among our Shepherds, was, that one day a hungry Lyon ruſh'd-in upon my Flock; already he had begun a dreadful Slaughter; I had nothing in my Hand but my Crook, and yet I advanc'd boldly. The Lyon erects his Mane, gnaſhes his Teeth, unſheaths his dreadful Claws, and opens his parch'd and enflam'd Throat. His Eyes ſeem'd full of Blood and Fire; and he laſhed his ſides with his long Tail. I *took him by the Throat*, and threw him upon the Ground. The little Coat of Mail that I wore, according to the Cuſtom of the *Egyptian* Shepherds, hinder'd him from tearing my Body. Thrice I threw

threw him upon his Back, and thrice he rais'd himself again, roaring so loud, that he was heard through all the Forests. At last, I grasp'd him so close that I stifled him. The Shepherds, who were Witnesses of my Victory, oblig'd me to wear the Skin of this terrible Animal.

The Fame of this Action, and the wonderful Alteration that had happen'd among our Shepherds, spread through *Egypt*, and even came to the ear of *Sesostris*. He was inform'd, that one of the two Captives, who had been taken for *Phenicians*, had restor'd the Golden Age to his inhospitable Deserts. He resolv'd to see me, for he lov'd the Muses, and his great Soul was affected with whatsoever might be useful to Mankind. He saw me, he heard me with Pleasure, and discover'd that *Metophis* had deceiv'd him through Covetousness. He condemn'd him to perpetual Imprisonment, and seiz'd his Riches, which he unjustly possess'd. O! said he, 'how unhappy is the Man, who is plac'd 'above the rest of Men! he can seldom see 'the Truth with his own Eyes: He is sur-'rounded by those who keep the Truth from 'approaching him: Their Interest leads them 'to deceive him. Every one conceals his 'Ambition under the Appearance of Zeal. 'They pretend to love the King, but indeed 'love only the Riches he can give. Nay,

'they

'they love him ſo little, that in order to 'obtain his Favours, they flatter and betray 'him.

From this Time, *Seſoſtris* treated me with a tender Friendſhip, and reſolv'd to ſend me back to *Ithaca*, with a powerful Aſſiſtance of Ships and Troops, to deliver *Penelope* from the Perſecutions of her Lovers. The Fleet was ready, and we thought of nothing but Embarking. I admired the ſtrange Viciſſitudes of Fortune, which exalts thoſe on a ſudden whom ſhe has moſt depreſſed. This Experience made me hope, that *Ulyſſes* might return at laſt to his Kingdom, after his long Sufferings; and I thought it not impoſſible to ſee *Mentor* again, tho' he had been carry'd into the remoteſt and moſt unknown Parts of *Ethiopia*. Whilſt I delay'd my departure to enquire after him, *Seſoſtris*, who was very aged, dy'd ſuddenly, and his Death brought all my Misfortunes back upon me.

All *Egypt* was deeply affected with this Loſs. Every Family thought they had loſt their beſt Friend, their Protector, their Father. The old Men lifting up their Hands to Heaven, cry'd out, *Egypt* never had ſo good a King, and never will have one like him. O! ye Gods, you ſhould never have ſhewn him to Men, or never have taken him away. Why muſt we ſurvive the Great *Seſoſtris*? The young Men ſaid, the hopes of

Egypt

Egypt are vaniſhed. Our Fathers were happy in living under ſo good a King. But as for us, we only ſaw him to be ſenſible of the Loſs of him. His Domeſticks wept night and day. And when the King's funeral was performed, multitudes of People, from the remoteſt parts, came running to *Thebes*, during forty days. Every one was deſirous to ſee the Body of *Seſoſtris*, to preſerve the Idea of him; and many to be bury'd with him.

But their Grief was yet farther aggravated; for they knew that his Son *Bocchoris* had neither Humanity for Strangers, nor Taſte for Knowledge, nor Eſteem for virtuous Men, nor Deſire of Glory. The Greatneſs of his Father had contributed to make him unworthy to reign. He had been educated in an effeminate Softneſs and brutal Pride. He accounted Men as nothing, believing them made only to be his Slaves, and himſelf to be of a Nature different from them. He thought of nothing but how he might gratify his Paſſions, waſte the vaſt Treaſures his Father had husbanded with ſo much Care, oppreſs the People, ſatiate himſelf with the Blood of the Unfortunate, and follow the flattering Counſels of young Fools, whom he kept about him; whilſt he treated with the utmoſt Contempt all the old wiſe Men, who had been entruſted by his Father. In a word, he was a Monſter, and not a King.

All

All *Egypt* groan'd under him; and though the Name of *Seſoſtris*, which was ſo dear to the *Egyptians*, made them bear with the baſe and cruel Conduct of his Son, yet he made haſte to Ruin; for 'twas impoſſible that a Prince ſo unworthy of the Throne ſhould enjoy it long.

As for me, I thought no more of returning to *Ithaca*; I was confin'd to a Tower that ſtands by the Sea, near *Peluſium*, where I ſhould have embark'd, if *Seſoſtris* had not dy'd. *Metophis* had the Cunning to get out of Priſon, and to be receiv'd into Favour by the new King. 'Twas he that caus'd my Confinement, to revenge the Diſgrace I had brought upon him. I paſs'd the Days and Nights in the profoundeſt Melancholy. All the things which *Termoſiris* had foretold, and thoſe that I had heard from the Cave, appear'd to me to be but Dreams. I was overwhelm'd with the moſt bitter Grief: I ſaw the Waves beating at the Foot of the Tower, where I was Priſoner. I often employ'd my Time in obſerving the Ships that were toſs'd by Storms, and in danger to be ſplit againſt the Rocks upon which the Tower was built; and inſtead of pitying thoſe who were threaten'd with Shipwreck, I envy'd their Condition. In a ſhort time, ſaid I to my ſelf, they will either ſee an end of all their Misfortunes, or arrive in their own Country;

try; but, alas! I can hope for neither.

Whilſt thus I conſum'd away in fruitleſs Regrets, I perceiv'd, as it were, a Foreſt of Maſts, the Sea was cover'd with Ships, and the Winds ſwell'd all their Sails. The Waters foam'd under the ſtroke of innumerable Oars. I heard a confus'd Noiſe on every ſide. I ſaw one part of the *Egyptians* upon the ſhore, terrify'd and running to their Arms, whilſt others ſeem'd going to receive the Fleet which they ſaw approaching. I ſoon perceiv'd, that part of theſe Ships were of *Phenicia*, and the reſt of the Iſland of *Cyprus*: for my Misfortunes began to render me experienc'd in every thing that relates to Navigation. The *Egyptians* appear'd to me to be divided among themſelves; and I doubted not that the fooliſh King *Bocchoris* had, by his Violences, cauſed his Subjects to revolt, and rais'd a Civil War. I was Spectator of a bloody Battle from the top of my Tower.

That part of the *Egyptians*, who had invited theſe Foreigners to their aſſiſtance, having favoured their Deſcent, fell upon the other *Egyptians*, who had the King at their Head. I ſaw this King animating his Men by his own Example. He appear'd like the God of War. Streams of Blood ran down by his ſide. The Wheels of his Chariot were dy'd with black, thick and foaming Gore, and could hardly move for the heaps of dead Men that lay in the way. This

This young King, comely, vigorous, fierce and haughty in his Looks, had Rage and Deſpair painted on his Face. He was like a beautiful but ungovernable Horſe. His Courage puſhed him on to Danger; but he had no Prudence to moderate his Valour. He knew neither how to repair a Fault, nor to give neceſſary Orders, nor to foreſee the Dangers that threaten'd, nor to manage his Men to the beſt advantage. Not that he wanted a Genius, for his Knowledge was equal to his Courage, but he had never been inſtructed by Adverſity. His Maſters had poiſoned his good Nature with their Flattery. He was intoxicated with his own Power and Felicity. He thought every Thing muſt yield to his impetuous Deſires. The leaſt reſiſtance put him in a Rage; and then he conſulted his Reaſon no longer; his Pride transform'd him into a Savage Beaſt; his innate Good-nature and Equity forſook him in an inſtant; the moſt faithful of his Servants were forc'd to fly from him, for he liked none but thoſe who flattered his Paſſions. By this means, he always fell into Extremities againſt his true Intereſt, and made all honeſt Men deteſt his fooliſh Conduct. His Valour ſuſtained him for a long time againſt the Multitude of his Enemies; but at laſt he was borne down with numbers. I ſaw him periſh; the Arrow of a *Phenician* pierc'd

pierc'd his Breaſt: Not being able to hold the Reins any longer, he fell from his Chariot, and was trampled under foot by the Horſes. A Soldier of *Cyprus* cut off his Head; and holding it up by the Hair, ſhewed it in triumph to the victorious Army.

I ſhall ever remember the ſight of that Head ſmeared with Blood; the Eyes ſhut and extinguiſh'd; the Face pale and disfigured; the Mouth half open, and ſeeming to attempt to utter ſome broken Words; a fierce and menacing Air, which Death it ſelf could not efface. This Image will be always before my Eyes to the laſt day of my Life; and if ever the Gods permit me to reign, I ſhall never forget, after this fatal Example, 'That no King is worthy to 'command, or can be happy in the Poſſeſ-'ſion of his Power, unleſs he himſelf be go-'verned by Reaſon; and that 'tis the ut-'moſt of all Misfortunes, for a Man, who 'is created for the Publick Good, to be 'Maſter of ſuch vaſt Numbers of Men, for 'no other end than to render them miſera-'ble!

THE

BRITISH
MUSEUM

Telemachus *instructs himself in ye Commerce of y^e* Tyrians

THE ADVENTURES OF *TELEMACHUS.*

BOOK III.

The ARGUMENT.

Telemachus *relates how he was ſet at Liberty by the Succeſſor of* Bocchoris, *with all the* Tyrian *Priſoners, and with them carried to* Tyre, *on board the Ship of* Narbal, *who commanded the* Tyrian *Fleet; That* Narbal *gave him the Character of their King* Pygmalion, *whoſe cruel Avarice was to be dreaded; That afterwards he learn'd from* Narbal *all the Regulations obſerved in the Commerce of* Tyre; *and that he was going to embark on Board a* Cyprian *Ship, in order to go by the Iſland of* Cyprus *to* Ithaca, *when* Pygmalion *diſcover'd him to be a Stranger, and had a mind to have him ſecur'd; That he was then upon the Point of being deſtroy'd; but that* Aſtarbe, *that Tyrant's Miſtreſs, had ſaved him, in order to put to Death in his room a young Man, whoſe Diſdain had provok'd her Anger.*

CALYPSO heard with Aſtoniſhment theſe wiſe Reflections; and what charm'd her moſt, was to ſee how ingenuouſly the young *Telemachus* related the Faults he had committed, thro' precipitation, and diſregard of the Counſels of the ſage *Mentor* She was ſurpriz'd with the Greatneſs and Generoſity of his Mind; who accuſed himſelf, and made ſo good uſe of his own Overſights, to become wiſe, ſagacious and moderate. Continue, ſaid ſhe, my dear *Telemachus*; I long to know how you left *Egypt*, and where you found the wiſe *Mentor*, whoſe Loſs was ſo irkſome to you.

Telemachus reſuming his Diſcourſe, ſaid, The beſt of the *Egyptians*, who were moſt faithful to the King, finding themſelves overpower'd, and the King dead, were compell'd to ſubmit to the reſt, and another King, call'd *Termutis*, was ſet up. The *Phenicians* and the Troops of *Cyprus* departed from *Egypt*, after they had made an Alliance with the new King. All the *Phenicians*, that were Priſoners, were ſet at Liberty, and as I was accounted one of them, I departed from the Court; embark'd with the reſt, and my Hopes began to revive in the bottom of my heart.

Already

Already a favourable Gale fill'd our Sails; our Oars cut the foaming Waves; the wide Sea was cover'd with our Ships; the Mariners shouted for Joy; the Shores of *Egypt* fled from us; the Hills and Mountains diminished; we began to see nothing but the Heavens and the Waters, whilst the Sun, surrounded with sparkling Flames, seem'd to rise from the Bosom of the Sea; his Rays gilded the tops of the Mountains, which we could still discover upon the Horizon, and the whole Face of Heaven, painted with a deep Azure, gave us hopes of a happy Navigation.

Though I had been set at liberty, as one of the *Phenicians*, yet none of them knew who I was. *Narbal*, who commanded the Ship I was in, ask'd me my Name and my Country. Of what City, said he, in *Phenicia* are you? I am not a *Phenician*, said I, but the *Egyptians* took me at Sea in a *Phenician* Ship. I have been a long time Prisoner in *Egypt* as a *Phenician*; under that Name have I long suffer'd, and under that Name I am deliver'd. Of what Country art thou then, said *Narbal*? I am, said I, *Telemachus*, Son to *Ulysses* King of *Ithaca*, in *Greece*. My Father made himself famous among the Kings who besieged the City of *Troy*, but the Gods have not permitted him to return to his own Country. I have sought him in many Climates, but For-

Fortune perſecutes Me alſo. You ſee an unfortunate Perſon, who deſires no other Happineſs than to return to his own Country, and to find his Father.

Narbal look'd upon me with Aſtoniſhment, and thought he ſaw in my Face ſome marks of Happineſs, that proceeded from the Favour of Heaven, and are not in the reſt of Men. He was, by nature, ſincere and generous. He was mov'd with my Misfortunes, and put a Confidence in me, which the Gods inſpir'd him with, for my Preſervation.

Telemachus, ſaid he, I neither do nor can doubt the Truth of what you ſay: The lively Images of Good-nature and Virtue drawn upon your Face, will not give me leave to diſtruſt you. I perceive that the Gods, whom I have always ſerv'd, love you, and will have me to love you, as if you were my Son. I will give you ſafe and uſeful Advice, and for my Recompence deſire nothing of you, but ſilence. Fear not, ſaid I, for I can, without difficulty, keep any thing ſecret that you can truſt to my Diſcretion. Though I am young, yet I have grown up in the habit of not diſcovering my own Secret, and much more of not betraying, under any pretext, the Secret of another. How have you been able, ſaid he, to accuſtom your ſelf to keep Secrets in ſuch tender years? I ſhall be glad to know by what Means you have acquir'd this

this admirable Quality, which is the Foundation of the wiſeſt Conduct, and without which, all other Talents are uſeleſs.

When *Ulyſſes*, ſaid I, departed to repair to the Siege of *Troy*, he took me upon his Knees, and embrac'd me, (for thus I have been told the Story) and after he had kiſſed me in the tendereſt manner, he ſaid theſe words to me, though I could not then underſtand them: 'O my Son! may the Gods 'never let me ſee thee again; let rather the 'fatal Sciſſors cut the Thread of thy early 'Days, as the Reaper cuts down with the 'Sickle the tender Flower that begins to blow; 'let my Enemines daſh thee in pieces, before 'the Eyes of thy Mother and me, if ever 'thou art to be corrupted, and abandon Virtue. O! my Friends, continu'd he, I leave 'my dear Son with you; take care of his 'tender years; if you love me, baniſh all 'pernicious Flatterers from about him; inſtruct him how to overcome his Paſſions; 'and let him be like a tender Plant, that 'Men often bend, in order to make it grow 'upright. Above all, forget not to render 'him juſt, beneficent, ſincere, and faithful 'in keeping a Secret. Whoever is capable 'of a Lye, is unworthy to be counted a Man; 'and whoever knows not how to be ſilent, is 'unworthy to govern.

I am exact in the Repetition of theſe words, becauſe

becauſe Care was taken to inculcate them often into me, and they have made a deep Impreſſion in my Heart; for I often repeat them to my ſelf. My Father's Friends made it their Buſineſs to exerciſe me early in keeping Secrets. I was yet in my Infancy, when they truſted me with all their Uneaſineſſes and Diſturbances of Mind, to ſee my Mother expos'd to the Perſecutions of ſo many bold Suitors who offer'd to marry her. Thus they began early to treat me as a Man of Reaſon, and one that could be truſted. They entertain'd me privately with the moſt important Affairs, and acquainted me of all the Meaſures they took to remove thoſe Pretenders.

I was overjoy'd to be truſted in this manner, for thereby I look'd upon my ſelf as a grown Man. I never abus'd the Confidence repos'd in me; I never let fall one ſingle word, that might diſcover the leaſt Secret. The Pretenders often endeavour'd to make me talk, expecting that a Child, who had ſeen or heard any thing of Importance, would not have been able to conceal it. But I knew how to anſwer them without Lying, and without informing them of any Thing that I ought not to diſcover.

Upon this *Narbal* ſaid to me, you ſee, *Telemachus*, the power of the *Phenicians*: They are formidable to all their Neighbours, by their

their mighty Shipping. The Trade they drive as far as the Pillars of *Hercules*, procures them Riches ſurpaſſing thoſe of the moſt flouriſhing Nations. The Great *Seſoſtris*, who could never have ſubdu'd them by Sea, did, with great difficulty, defeat them by Land, with thoſe Armies that had conquer'd all the Eaſt, and impos'd a Tribute upon us, which has not continu'd long. The *Phenicians* found themſelves too rich and too potent, to wear the Yoke of Servitude with Patience. We recover'd our Liberty. *Seſoſtris* was prevented by Death from finiſhing the War againſt us. 'Tis true, we had Reaſon to fear the Event, and that, rather on account of his Wiſdom, than his Power. But as ſoon as his Power, without his Wiſdom, had paſs'd into the Hands of his Son, we concluded we had no more to fear. In effect, the *Egyptains* have been ſo far from returning in Arms, to make an entire Conqueſt of our Country, that they have been conſtrain'd to call us to their aſſiſtance, to deliver them from the Fury of an impious and outragious King. We have been their Deliverers, and have added the Glory of this Action to the Liberty and Riches of our Country.

But whilſt we deliver others, we our ſelves are Slaves. O *Telemachus!* beware of falling into the cruel hands of *Pygmalion*, our King. He has already embrued them in the Blood

of *Sychæus*, his Sister *Dido*'s Husband. *Dido*, full of Horror and Revenge, is fled from *Tyre* with many Ships. Most of those who are best affected to Liberty and Virtue, have attended her. She has founded a magnificent City upon the Coast of *Africk*, and call'd it *Carthage*. *Pygmalion*, tormented with an insatiable Thirst of Wealth, renders himself every day more wretched and odious to all his Subjects. 'Tis a Crime at *Tyre* to be rich. His Avarice fills him with Suspicion, Distrust, and Cruelty. He persecutes the Wealthy, and fears the Poor. 'Tis still a greater Crime at *Tyre* to be virtuous: For *Pygmalion* supposes that Good Men cannot bear with his Injustice and Baseness. As Virtue condemns him, so is he exasperated and incensed at it. Every thing disturbs him, affrights him, and preys upon him. He trembles at his own Shadow; he sleeps neither by Night nor by Day. The Gods, to confound him, load him with Treasures which he dares not enjoy. The Things he covets to make him happy, are precisely those that make him miserable. He regrets whatever he gives; dreads to lose, and torments himself with hopes of Gain. He is seldom seen. He shuts himself up in the remotest parts of his Palace, sad, lonely and disconsolate. His very Friends dare not approach him, for fear of being suspected. A Guard, terrible to see, stand round

round his Palace, with Swords drawn, and erected Pikes. Thirty Chambers on a Floor, with Doors of Iron, and ſix maſſy Bolts on each, make up the dreadful Apartment where he hides himſelf. No one ever knows in which of theſe Chambers he lies. 'Tis ſaid, he never lies in any of them two Nights together, for fear his Throat ſhould be cut. He knows no ſweet Enjoyments, nor the ſweeter Delights of Friendſhip. If any one ſpeak to him of Joy, he finds it will not come near him, nor ever enter into his Heart, His hollow Eyes are full of a fierce and ſavage Fire, and inceſſantly rolling on every ſide. He hearkens to the leaſt noiſe, and is all over in a Sweat, becomes pale and dejected; and anxious Care ſits pictur'd upon his wrinkled Face. He ſighs, is ſient, and fetches deep Groans from the bottom of his Heart. He is unable to conceal the Remorſe that rends his Soul. He nauſeates the moſt delicious Food. His Children, inſtead of being the hopes of his Age, are the Subjects of his fear. He looks upon them as his moſt dangerous Enemies. He never thought himſelf ſecure one Moment of his Life. He preſerves himſelf only by ſhedding the Blood of every one he fears. Fooliſh Man! who ſees not that his Cruelty, which he ſo much relies upon, will be his Deſtruction! Some domeſtick Servant, as ſuſpicious as he, will

ſoon deliver the World from this Monſter. As for me, I fear the Gods, and will be faithful to the King they have ſet over me, let the Conſequence be what it will. I had rather die, than take away his Life, or fail to defend him. For your part, O *Telemachus!* let him not know that you are the Son of *Ulyſſes*, for he would make you a Priſoner, in Expectation of a great Ranſom, when *Ulyſſes* returns to *Ithaca*.

When we arriv'd at *Tyre*, I follow'd his Counſel, and found every thing he had ſaid to be true. I could not comprehend how a Man could make himſelf ſo miſerable as *Pygmalion* appear'd to be. Surpriz'd with a thing ſo aſtoniſhing, and ſo new to me, I ſaid thus to my ſelf: This Man deſign'd to be happy, and perſuaded himſelf, that Riches and Arbitrary Power would make him ſo. He poſſeſſes all he can deſire, and yet is made miſerable even by his Power, and his Riches. If he were a Shepherd, as I lately was, he would be as happy as I have been: He would enjoy the innocent Pleaſures of the Country, nay, enjoy them without remorſe. He would not fear either Dagger or Poiſon. He would love Men, and be belov'd by them. He would not indeed be Poſſeſſor of thoſe vaſt Treaſures, which are as inſignificant to him as Sand, ſince he dares not touch them; but he would really enjoy the Fruits

Fruits of the Earth, and ſuffer no manner of Want. This Man ſeems to do whatever pleaſes him; but the Caſe is far otherwiſe, for he does all that his fierce Paſſions command. He is compell'd to follow whereſoever his Covetouſneſs and Suſpicions lead. He ſeems to be Maſter of all other Men, but is not Maſter of himſelf; and has as many Maſters and Tormentors, as he has violent Deſires.

Thus I reaſon'd concerning *Pygmalion*, without ſeeing him; for he was not to be ſeen. Men only beheld with Awe, thoſe lofty Towers that were ſurrounded Night and Day with dreadful Guards, where he ſhut himſelf up, as it were in a Priſon, with his belov'd Treaſures. I compar'd this inviſible King with *Seſoſtris*, who was ſo good, ſo eaſy of Acceſs; ſo affable, ſo ready to hear any Stranger, ſo attentive in giving Audience to all Men, and to find out the Truth, which is always conceal'd from Kings. *Seſoſtris*, ſaid I, fear'd nothing, and had nothing to fear. He ſhew'd himſelf to all his Subjects, as to his own Children. This Man fears all, and has all to fear. This wicked King is always expos'd to the danger of a violent Death, even within his inacceſſible Palace, and in the midſt of his Guards. On the contrary, the good King *Seſoſtris* was always ſafe in the midſt of the greateſt numbers

of his People, as a gentle Father in his own Houſe, with all his Family about him.

Pygmalion gave Orders to ſend home the Forces of *Cyprus*, that came to his Aſſiſtance, by virtue of an Alliance that was between the two Nations. *Narbal* took this Occaſion to ſet me at Libetty. He caus'd me to be muſtered among the *Cyprian* Soldiers; for the King was jealous even in the minuteſt Things. The common Fault of too eaſy and lazy Princes, is blindly to give themſelves up to the Conduct of crafty and corrupt Miniſters: Whereas on the contrary, it was this Man's Fault to diſtruſt the beſt and moſt virtuous. He knew not how to diſtinguiſh Men of Probity and Uprightneſs, who always act without diſguiſe. He had never ſeen an honeſt Man, for ſuch will never flatter a corrupt King. Beſides, he had found, in all thoſe who had ſerv'd him ſince his Acceſſion to the Crown, ſo much diſſimulation and perfidiouſneſs, which ſo many horrid Vices diſguis'd under the Appearances of Virtue, that he look'd upon all Men, without exception, as living under a Mask, and concluded there was no real Virtue in the World: Therefore he look'd upon all Men to be much alike; and upon this Suppoſition, when he found a Servant tricking and corrupt, he took not the pains to look out for another, becauſe he reckon'd that he could not better

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ter his Choice. Nay, good Men appear'd to him worſe than the barefac'd Wicked, becauſe he thought them as bad and more deceitful.

But to return to my ſelf. I paſs'd in the Muſter for a *Cyprian*, and eſcap'd the watchful Jealouſy of the King. *Narbal* trembled for fear I ſhould be diſcover'd, which would have coſt his Life, and mine alſo. He was under great impatience to ſee us embark'd; but contrary Winds detain'd us at *Tyre*.

I made uſe of this time to inform my ſelf of the Manners of the *Phenicans*, ſo famous in all Parts of the known World. I admired the happy ſituation of their City, which is built upon an Iſland in the midſt of the Sea. The neighbouring Coaſt is delightful by its Fertility, abounding in exquiſite Fruits, and ſo cover'd with Towns and Villages, that they ſeem to be contiguous to one another. The Air is ſweet and temperate, for the Mountains ſhelter that Coaſt from the ſcorching Winds which come from the South. The Country is every where refreſhed by the North Wind that blows from the Sea. It lies at the foot of Mount *Libanus*, whoſe ſummit pierces through the Clouds, and advances to meet the Stars. His brow is cover'd with an eternal Ice; and Rivers, mingled with Snow, fall down like Torrents from the Rocks that ſurround his Head.

Beneath is ſeen a vaſt Foreſt of ancient Cedars, which appear as old as the Earth on which they grow, and ſhoot their ſpreading Branches to the Clouds. Under this Foreſt, are rich Paſtures, leaning on the deſcent of the Mountain. Here one may ſee the bellowing Bulls wandering up and down, and the bleating Ewes with their tender Lambs, skipping upon the Graſs. A thouſand Streams of the cleareſt Water run down theſe charming Fields. Below theſe Paſtures, is the foot of the Mountain, which appears like a Garden on every ſide. Here *Spring* and *Autumn* reign together, and joyn the Fruits of the one to the Flowers of the other. Neither the peſtilent Breath of the South-Wind, that parches and burns up all, nor the cruel blaſt of the North-Eaſt, have ever dared to deface the lively Colours that adorn t is Garden.

Hard by this beautiful Coaſt, an Iſland riſes in the Sea, where the City of *Tyre* is built. This great City ſeems to float upon the Waters, and to be Queen of all the Sea. The Merchants reſort thither from all Parts of the World; and its Inhabitants are the moſt famous Merchants in the Univerſe. When Men enter into this City, they cannot think it to be a Place belonging to a particular People, but rather to be a City common to all Nations, and the Center of all Trade.

Trade. Two great Moles, advancing their Arms into the Sea, embrace a vaſt Port, where the Winds cannot enter. In this Harbour, one may ſee, as it were, a Foreſt of Maſts; and the Ships are ſo numerous, that the Sea which carries them, can hardly be diſcover'd. All the Citizens apply themſelves to Commerce, and their vaſt Riches never divert them from that Labour which is neceſſary to increaſe their Treaſure. In every part of the City, one may ſee the fine Linnen of *Egypt*, and the *Tyrian* Purple, twice dy'd, and of a noble luſtre. This double Tincture is ſo lively, as not to be defaced by time. 'Tis us'd upon the fineſt Cloth, which is uſually embroider'd with Gold and Silver. The *Phenicians* drive a Trade with all People, as far as the Straits of *Gades:* Nay, they have penetrated into the vaſt Ocean that encompaſſes the Earth. They have made long Voyages upon the *Red-Sea*, and viſited unknown Iſlands, from whence they bring Gold, and all ſorts of Perfumes, with various Animals, no where elſe to be ſeen.

I could not ſatiate my Eyes with the ſight of this great City, where every thing was in motion. I did not ſee, as in the Iſlands of *Greece*, idle and inquiſitive Perſons, going about to hear News in the publick places, and to gaze upon Strangers as they arrive in

the Ports. The Men are employ'd in unloading their Ships, ſending home their Goods, putting their Ware-houſes in order, ſelling their Merchandiſe, and keeping an exact Account of what is due to them from foreign Merchants. The Women are always buſy in ſpinning of Wool, in folding up the richeſt Stuffs, and in various Works of Embroidery.

Whence comes it, ſaid I to *Narbal*, that the *Phenicians* are Maſters of the Trade in all Parts of the World, and enrich themſelves at the expence of all other Nations? You ſee, ſaid he, the ſituation of *Tyre*, how conveniently it lies for Trade: Our Country has the honour of having invented Navigation; the *Tyrians* were the firſt (if we may believe what is told us concerning obſcure Antiquity) who tam'd the boiſterous Waves, long before the times of *Typhis* and the *Argonauts*, ſo fam'd in *Greece*. They were the firſt who in a feeble Ship durſt commit themſelves to the Mercy of the Waves and Storms; who ſounded the Depths of the Sea; who obſerv'd the Stars that are ſo far from the Earth, according to the knowledge they had learn'd from the *Egyptians* and *Babylonians*; and who, by theſe means, reunited ſo many People, that the Sea ſeem'd to have ſeparated for ever. The *Tyrians* are induſtrious, patient, laborious, cleanly, ſober and frugal; exact in

in their Civil Government, and united among themſelves. No Nation has ever been more conſtant, more ſincere, more faithful, more honeſt, and more kind to all Strangers.

Theſe, theſe are the Things that have given them the Empire of the Sea, and all the Advantages of Trade. If they ſhould fall into Diviſions and Jealouſies; if they ſhould emaſculate themſelves with Pleaſures and Idleneſs; if the principal Citizens ſhould come to deſpiſe Labour and Frugality; if Arts ſhould ceaſe to be accounted honourable among them; if they ſhould violate their Faith with Strangers, and in the leaſt tranſgreſs the Rules of Free-trade; if they neglected their Manufactures, and ceaſed to make the neceſſary Advances to Artificers, in order to enable them to make their Goods perfect, each in its kind; you would ſoon ſee the Ruin of that Power you admire.

But pray, ſaid I, inſtruct me how I may hereafter eſtabliſh the like Commerce in *Ithaca*. Do, ſaid he, as you ſee done here: Receive all Strangers kindly; let them find ſafety in your Ports, with conveniency, and entire liberty. Suffer not your ſelf to be poſſeſs'd with Covetouſneſs or Pride. The true way to gain much, is never to deſire to gain too much, and to know how and when to loſe; acquire the love of all Strangers, and

and even ſuffer ſmall Wrongs from them. Beware of exciting their ſuſpicions by inſolent behaviour. Be conſtant to the Rules of Trade: Let them be plain and eaſy: Accuſtom your Subjects to obſerve them inviolably: Puniſh Fraud with Severity: Correct the negligence and pride of Merchants, who ruin Trade by ruining thoſe that carry it on: Above all, never go about to reſtrain Trade, or govern it by your own fancy. The Prince muſt not intermeddle with it, for fear of diſcouraging his People; who, as they have the Pains, ought to have all the Profit. He will find ſufficient Advantages by the vaſt Riches that will be brought into his Kingdom. Commerce is like certain Springs, if you force them to alter their courſe, you dry them up. 'Tis only Profit and Conveniency that invite Strangers. If you render their Trade leſs eaſy and leſs beneficial, they will inſenſibly withdraw themſelves, and return no more; becauſe other Nations, taking Advantage of your Imprudence, will invite them thither, and accuſtom them to live without you. I muſt own, that for ſome time paſt, the Glory of *Tyre* has been much clouded. O! if you had ſeen it, my dear *Telemachus*, before the Reign of *Pygmalion*, you would have been much more ſurpriz'd. You find only here the diſmal remains of a Grandeur that tends

to its Ruin. O unhappy *Tyre!* into what hands art thou fallen? The Sea formerly brought Thee the Tribute of all the Nations in the World. *Pygmalion* is afraid of all, both Strangers and Subjects. Inſtead of opening his Ports with an entire liberty to all People, however remote, he requires conſtantly to be informed what number of Ships arrive, and from what Country, the names of the Men on Board, the Trade they drive, the nature and price of their Merchandiſe, and the time they deſign to ſtay. He does yet worſe; for he uſes all manner of Artifices to ſurprize the Merchants, and to confiſcate their Goods: He contrives to enſnare the moſt Wealthy, under various Pretences: He burdens Trade with innumerable Impoſts: He will be a Merchant himſelf, and all Men are afraid to deal with him. Thus our Commerce languiſhes: Foreigners, by degrees, forget the way to *Tyre*, which was once ſo agreeable to them; and if *Pygmalion* will not alter his Conduct, our Glory and our Power muſt in a ſhort time be transferr'd to ſome other People who are under a better Government.

I then demanded of *Narbal*, by what means the *Tyrians* had render'd themſelves ſo powerful at Sea; for I was not willing to be ignorant of any Thing that might contribute to the good Government of a Kingdom.

dom. We have, ſaid he, the Foreſts of *Libanus*, which furniſh us with Timber for the building of Ships, and we preſerve them with Care, for that uſe. We never fell the Trees but for the publick Service; and as for the building of Ships, we are provided with very able Shipwrights. How came you, ſaid I, to find theſe excellent Artiſts? 'They 'grew up, ſaid he, by degrees in the Coun-'try. When thoſe who excel in Arts, are 'liberally rewarded, Men will quickly be 'found, who ſhall carry them to the utmoſt 'perfection: For Men of the beſt Talents 'and Underſtanding, never fail to apply 'themſelves to thoſe Arts that are attended 'with the greateſt Recompences.' In this City, we honour all ſuch Perſons as excel in any of thoſe Arts and Sciences which are uſeful to Navigation. We reſpect a Man ſkill'd in Geometry; we eſteem an able Aſtronomer; and bountifully reward a Pilot who ſurpaſſes the reſt of his Profeſſion. We deſpiſe not a good Carpenter; on the contrary, he is well paid, and well us'd. Men dextrous at the Oar, are ſure of a reward proportion'd to their Service: They are fed with wholſome Proviſions; they are carefully attended when ſick; Care is taken of their Wives and Children in their abſence; if they periſh by Shipwreck, their Families are indemnified; every Man is ſent home to his habitation,

tation, after he has ſerv'd a certain time. By theſe means, the *Tyrians* have as many Sea-men as they will. Fathers are glad to bring up their Children in ſo good an Employment, and haſten to teach them in their tender years to handle an Oar, manage the Tackle, and ſcorn a Storm. Theſe Rewards, and this good Order, lead Men to be uſeful to the Publick, without Compulſion. 'Authority never does well alone; 'the Submiſſion of Inferiors is not enough; 'their Hearts muſt be won, and they ought 'to find their own Account in ſerving the 'State.'

After this diſcourſe, *Narbal* conducted me to ſee all the Magazines, the Arſenals, and the ſeveral Trades that ſerve for the building and fitting out of Ships. I enquired into all Particulars, even the minuteſt things, and wrote down all that I had learn'd, for fear of forgetting any uſeful Circumſtance.

In the mean time, *Narbal* who knew *Pygmalion*, as well as he lov'd me, was impatient for my departure, fearing I might be diſcover'd by the King's Spies, who went up and down the Town day and night; but the Winds would not permit us yet to embark. One day, as we ſtood viewing the Port, and asking Merchants divers Queſtions, an Officer of *Pygmalion* came up to us, and ſaid to *Narbal*, The King is juſt now inform'd, by a

Captain

Captain of one of thoſe Ships which return'd with you from *Egypt*, that you have brought a certain Stranger, who paſſes for a *Cyprian*. 'Tis the King's pleaſure to have him ſeiz'd, and examined, that he may know who he is: And for this you are to anſwer with your Head.

In that moment I was at ſome diſtance from *Narbal*, in order to take a nearer view of the Proportions which the *Tyrians* had obſerv'd in building a Ship, that was then almoſt new, and accounted, by reaſon of the exact proportion of all its parts, the beſt Sailor that had ever been ſeen in the Harbour. I ask'd the Builder, who he was that had drawn the Plan of that Ship?

Narbal, ſurpriz'd and terrify'd with this Meſſage, anſwered, I will make it my buſineſs to find out that *Cyprian* ſtranger; but as ſoon as the Officer was gone out of his ſight, he ran to me, and inform'd me of the danger I was in. I too well foreſaw, ſaid he, what would happen: My dear *Telemachus*, we are both undone; the King, who is night and day tormented with diffidence, ſuſpects you not to be a *Cyprian*. He will have you ſeiz'd, and will take away my Life, if I do not put you into his hands. What ſhall we do? O Gods! give us Wiſdom to eſcape this danger! I muſt, *Telemachus*, carry you to the King's Palace, where you ſhall affirm, that

that you are a *Cyprian* of the City of *Amathonte*, and Son to a Statuary of *Venus*. I will declare, that I formerly knew your Father; and perhaps the King may let you depart without any further Examination. I ſee no other way to ſave your Life and mine.

I anſwered, O *Narbal!* ſuffer me to periſh, ſince Fate has decreed my deſtruction. I know how to die, and am too much indebted to you, to draw you into my Misfortune. I cannot perſuade my ſelf to tell a Lie; I am not a *Cyprian*, I cannot ſay that I am. The Gods ſee my ſincerity; to them it belongs to preſerve my Life by their Power, but I will not ſave it by Falſhood.

Narbal anſwered me, This Falſhood, O *Telemachus!* is in all reſpects innocent; it cannot be diſapprov'd by the Gods themſelves; it does no Injury to any one; it ſaves the Lives of two innocent Perſons, and deceives the King, only to prevent him from committing a great Crime. You carry the Love of Virtue too far, and are too ſcrupulous in your Fears of offending Religion.

But, ſaid I, Falſhood is Falſhood ſtill; and on that account, unworthy of a Man, who ſpeaks in the preſence of the Gods, and owes the higheſt reverence to Truth. He that offends the Truth, offends the Gods, and injures himſelf, becauſe he ſpeaks againſt his

his Conſcience. Propoſe no more, O *Narbal!* that which is unworthy of us both. If the Gods have any pity for us, they know how to deliver us; but if they ſuffer us, to periſh, we ſhall fall the Victims of Truth, and leave an Example to inſtruct Men, to prefer unblemiſh'd Virtue before long Life. My own is already too long, and too unhappy. 'Tis you alone, my dear *Narbal*, that grieve my heart: Why muſt your kindneſs to an unfortunate Stranger, prove ſo fatal to you?

We continu'd long in this kind of Conflict, till at laſt we ſaw a Man quite out of Breath, running towards us. He was another of the King's Officers, and ſent to *Narbal* by *Aſtarbe*. This Woman was beautiful as a Goddeſs: To the Charms of her Body were added thoſe of a refined Wit; ſhe was gay, inſinuating, flattering: But under the appearance of Gentleneſs, ſhe, *Syren* like, had a Heart fill'd with Malice and Cruelty. Yet ſhe knew how to conceal her deſigns with the profoundeſt Art. She had conquer'd the Heart of *Pygmalion*, by her Wit and Beauty, and by the Charms of her Voice and Lute: And *Pygmalion*, blind with Love, had abandon'd *Tapha*, his legitimate Wife. He thought of nothing ſo much, as how to gratify the Paſſions of the ambitous *Aſtarbe*. His Love for this Woman was little leſs pernicious to him, than

his

his infamous Covetouſneſs. But tho' he had ſo great a Paſſion for her, ſhe deſpis'd and loath'd him in her Heart; yet underſtood ſo well how to cover her private Sentiments, that ſhe ſeem'd to live only for him, at the ſame time, that ſhe could not endure him. There was in *Tyre* a young *Lydian*, call'd *Malachon*, of admirable Beauty, but voluptuous, effeminate, and drown'd in Pleaſures. His chief buſineſs was to preſerve the delicacy of his Complexion; to comb his Hair, that fell down in curls upon his Shoulders, to perfume, to dreſs nicely, to ſing amorous Songs, and play upon the Lute. *Aſtarbe* ſaw him, fell in love with him, and became furiouſly tranſported with her Paſſion. He deſpis'd her, becauſe he was in love with another Woman: and beſides, he dreaded to expoſe himſelf to the cruel Jealouſy of the King. *Aſtarbe*, finding ſhe was ſcorn'd, abandon'd her ſelf to Reſentment. In her deſpair, ſhe imagin'd it poſſible to make *Malachon* paſs for the Stranger whom the King had ſent for, and who was ſaid to have come with *Narbal*. In effect, ſhe ſoon perſuaded *Pygmalion* as ſhe deſir'd, and corrupted all thoſe who were able to undeceive him. For having no affection for virtuous Men, whom he neither knew, nor valu'd, he was always ſurrounded by ſuch only as were Covetous, full of Artifice, addicted to their Intereſt,

and

and ready to execute his unjuſt and bloody Orders. Theſe Men fear'd the authority of *Aſtarbe*, and help'd her to deceive the King, that they might not offend this haughty Woman, who entirely poſſeſs'd his Confidence. Thus the young *Malachon*, though known by all the City to be of *Crete*, paſs'd for the young Stranger that *Narbal* had brought from *Egypt*. He was ſeiz'd and ſent away to Priſon.

Aſtarbe, who fear'd *Narbal* might go to the King, and diſcover her Impoſture, had diſpatch'd this Officer in haſte, and commanded him to ſay theſe Words: *Aſtarbe* forbids you to diſcover your Stranger to the King; ſhe requires nothing of you but ſilence, and promiſes to ſatisfy him concerning you. In the mean time, take care that the young Stranger, who came with you from *Egypt*, may imbark among the *Cyprians* with all expedition, and be no longer ſeen in the City. *Narbal*, overjoy'd to ſave his own Life and mine, promis'd to be ſilent; and the Officer, pleas'd with having obtain'd what he demanded, immediately return'd to *Aſtarbe*, with an Account of his Commiſſion.

Narbal and I admir'd the Goodneſs of the Gods, who had rewarded our ſincerity, and taken ſuch care of thoſe who had hazarded all for the ſake of Virtue. We reflected with horror upon a King given up to Voluptuouſneſs

luptuouſneſs and Avarice. He deſerves to be deceiv'd, ſaid we, who dreads it ſo exceſſively: And he is ſo, moſt frequently and groſsly; for he truſts not Men of Honeſty, but abandons himſelf to Villains. He is the only Perſon who knows nothing of what is doing. See how *Pygmalion* is made the ſport of an immodeſt Woman, whilſt the Gods make uſe of wicked Men to ſave the good, who chuſe to part with Life, rather than tell a Lie. As we were making theſe Reflections, we perceiv'd the Wind to turn, and become favourable to the *Cyprian* Fleet. The Gods declare themſelves, ſaid *Narbal*; they reſolve to take care of your ſafety; my dear *Telemachus*, fly from this unfortunate, accurs'd Land. Happy he, that can follow you to the remoteſt parts of the Earth! Happy, who may live and die with you! But my cruel Fate ties me to my unhappy Country. I muſt ſuffer with her, and perhaps be buried in her Ruins. No matter, provided I may always ſpeak the Truth, and my Heart love nothing but Juſtice. As for you, O my dear *Telemachus!* I pray the Gods, who lead you as it were by the hand, to grant you the moſt precious of all their Gifts, a pure and unblemiſh'd Virtue to the laſt moment of your Life. Live, return to *Ithaca*, comfort *Penelope*; deliver her from the Perſecutions of her raſh Lovers. May your Eyes

ſee,

ſee, and your Arms embrace the wiſe *Ulyſſes*; and may he find in you, a Son equal to him in Wiſdom. But in the midſt of your felicity, remember the unhappy *Narbal*, and continue always to love me.

When he finiſh'd theſe words, my Tears ran down ſo faſt, that I was not able to anſwer him. My Sighs, which I drew from the bottom of my Heart, would not ſuffer me to ſpeak. We embrac'd in ſilence: He brought me to the Ship. He ſtay'd upon the Shore; and when the Veſſel put off, we continu'd looking upon each other, till we loſt ſight of one another.

THE

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MUSEUM

Minerva *guards* Telemachus *from ỹ Arrows of* Cupi

THE ADVENTURES OF *TELEMACHUS.*

BOOK IV.

The ARGUMENT.

Calypso, *interrupts* Telemachus's *Narrative, that he may repose himself.* Mentor *blames him privately for having undertaken the Recital of his Adventures; but however, since he has begun, he advises him to go through. Then* Telemachus *relates that in his Voyage from* Tyre *to the Isle of* Cyprus, *he had a Dream wherein he saw* Venus *and* Cupid, *against whom he was protected by* Minerva; *that afterwards he thought he saw* Mentor *likewise, who exhorted him to fly from the Isle of* Cyprus; *that as he waked, they fell into a Storm in which they must have perish'd, had he not himself got hold of the Rudder, the drunken*

Cyprians

Cyprians *not being in a condition to ſteer the Ship; that upon his Arrival in the Iſland, he ſaw with Horror the Voluptuouſneſs and Effeminacy of the Inhabitants; but that the* Syrian Hazael, *to whom* Mentor *was ſold as a Slave, happening to be then in* Cyprus, *taking a liking to* Telemachus, *brought him and his former Companion together, and put them on Board his Ship, to carry them to* Crete; *and that in their Paſſage, they ſaw the glorious Show of* Amphitrite, *drawn in her Chariot by Sea-Horſes.*

CALYPSO, who all this while had hearken'd with the utmoſt Attention and Pleaſure to the Adventures of *Telemachus*, interrupted the purſuit of his Narration, that ſhe might perſuade him to take ſome reſt. It is time, ſaid ſhe, after ſo many Toils, to taſte the ſweetneſs of Sleep. In this place, you have nothing to fear: All that's here, is favourable to you: Abandon your heart to Joy and Tranquility, and enjoy all the Bleſſings which Heaven is going to ſhower down upon you. To morrow when *Aurora* has open'd the golden Gates of the Eaſt with her roſy Fingers, and the Horſes of the Sun, ſpringing from the briny Main, ſpread the Flames of Light, and drive away the Stars before them,

them, we will, my dear *Telemachus*, reſume the Hiſtory of your Misfortunes. No, your Father never equall'd you in Wiſdom and Courage. *Achilles*, who conquer'd *Hector*; *Theſeus*, who return'd from Hell; the great *Alcides* himſelf, who purg'd the Earth from Monſters, never ſhew'd ſo much Conſtancy and Virtue. May the ſofteſt and profoundeſt Sleep make the Night ſeem ſhort to you. But alas! how tedious will it be to me! How I ſhall long to ſee you again! To hear your Voice! To make you to repeat what I know already, and to ask you what I know not yet! Go, my dear *Telemachus*, with the wiſe *Mentor*, whom the favour of the Gods has reſtor'd to you; go into the Grotto, where every thing is prepar'd for your repoſe. May *Morpheus* ſhed the ſweeteſt of his Charms upon your heavy Eye-lids; may he infuſe a Divine Vapour through all your weary'd Limbs, and ſend you eaſy Dreams, which hovering about you, may flatter your Senſes with the moſt delightful Images, and chaſe away whatever might diſturb your reſt, or awaken you too ſoon.

The Goddeſs brought *Telemachus* to the Grotto, which was ſeparated from her own, but not leſs agreeable, nor leſs ruſtick. A Fountain of liquid Chryſtal ran down in one corner, and ſweetly murmuring, ſeem'd contriv'd to invite ſleep. The Nymphs had pre-

par'd there two Beds compos'd of the softest Greens, and had cover'd them with two large Skins, the one of a Lyon for *Telemachus*, and the other of a Bear for *Mentor*.

Before slumber had clos'd their Eyes, *Mentor* spoke thus to *Telemachus*. The pleasure of relating your Adventures, has carry'd you too far; you have charm'd the Goddess with the History of those Dangers, from which your Courage and Industry have deliver'd you. By this means, you have added to the flames of her heart, and are preparing to your self a most dangerous Captivity. How can you hope she should suffer you to depart from her Island; you, who have charm'd her with the relation of your story? A vainglorious levity has caused you to speak without caution. She had promis'd to tell you stories, and to acquaint you with the destiny of *Ulysses*; she has found the way to speak long and say little, but she has engaged you to tell her all she desires to know; such is the Art of flattering and passionate Women! When will you be wise enough, O *Telemachus!* never to speak with vanity? And when will you know how to conceal what may be for your Reputation, if it be not fit to be said? Others admire your Wisdom at such years as may want it without blame; but for me, I can forgive you nothing; I alone know and love you enough to tell you of all your faults.

How

How far yet do you come ſhort of your Father's Wiſdom!

But, ſaid *Telemachus*, could I refuſe to relate my Misfortunes to *Calypſo?* No, reply'd *Mentor*, 'twas abſolutely neceſſary; but you ought ſo to have related them, as might only excite her Compaſſion. You might have told her, that you had been ſometimes wandring in Deſarts, then a Priſoner in *Sicily*, and afterwards in *Egypt*. This had been enough; and all the reſt has only ſerv'd to inflame the Poiſon, that has already ſcorch'd her heart. May the Gods grant, that your's may be untouched.

But what ſhall I do now, ſaid *Telemachus*, in a modeſt and ſubmiſſive manner? It is now in vain, reply'd *Mentor*, to conceal the reſt of your Adventures; ſhe knows enough to ſecure her from being deceiv'd in that which is to come; any reſerve on your part, would only ſerve to provoke her. Finiſh therefore your relation to morrow; tell her all that the Gods have done for you, and learn for the future to ſpeak with more reſerve of all things that may tend to your own praiſe. *Telemachus* kindly receiv'd this good advice; and both lay down to ſleep.

As ſoon as *Phœbus* had ſpread the firſt Rays of his glory upon the earth, *Mentor*, hearing the voice of the Goddeſs, who call'd to her

Nymphs in the Wood, awaken'd *Telemachus*. It is time, ſaid he, to ſhake off ſleep. Come, let us return to *Calypſo*; but beware of the Charms of her bewitching tongue: never open your Heart to her, dread the inſinuating Poiſon of her Praiſes. Yeſterday ſhe exalted you above your wiſe Father, above the invincible *Achilles*, the renowned *Theſeus*, or even *Hercules* himſelf, who has obtain'd Immortality by his glorious Actions. Could you not perceive the exceſs of theſe Commendations? Or did you believe what ſhe ſaid? Know, that ſhe believes it not herſelf: She only commends you, becauſe ſhe thinks you weak and vain enough to be deceiv'd with Praiſes far exceeding your Actions.

After this diſcourſe, they went to the Place where the Goddeſs expected them. She ſmil'd when ſhe ſaw them approaching, and, under an appearance of Joy, conceal'd the fears and ſuſpicions that diſturb'd her Heart: for ſhe foreſaw, that *Telemachus*, under the conduct of *Mentor*, would eſcape her hands, as *Ulyſſes* had done. Go on, ſaid ſhe, my dear *Telemachus*, and ſatisfy my curioſity. I thought all the night, I ſaw you departing from *Phœnicia*, and going to ſeek a new Deſtiny in the Iſland of *Cyprus*. Tell me then the ſucceſs of this Voyage, and let us not loſe one moment. They ſat down in a ſha-

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dy Grove, upon the green Turf, enamell'd with Violets.

Calypso could not refrain from looking upon *Telemachus* with Tenderneſs and Paſſion: nor ſee, without Indignation, that *Mentor* obſerv'd even the leaſt motion of her Eyes. In the mean time, the Nymphs ſtood ſilent, forming a half Circle, and leaning ſomewhat forward, that they might both hear and ſee with more advantage. The Eyes of all the Aſſembly were immovably fix'd upon the young Man. *Telemachus*, looking down, and gracefully bluſhing, thus reſum'd the thread of his Diſcourſe:

Scarce had the breath of a favourable Wind fill'd our Sails, when the Coaſt of *Phœnicia* entirely diſappear'd from us. And becauſe I was with the *Cyprians*, whoſe Manners I knew not, I reſolv'd to be ſilent, and to obſerve all, keeping my ſelf within the ſtricteſt Rules of Diſcretion, that I might acquire their eſteem. But during my ſilence, a ſoft and powerful ſlumber ſeiz'd upon me; my Senſes were raviſh'd and ſuſpended; my Heart was quiet and full of Joy. On a ſudden, I thought I ſaw *Venus* launching down from the Clouds in her flying Chariot drawn by a pair of Doves. She had the ſame ſhining Beauty, the ſame lively Youth, and thoſe blooming Graces that appear'd in her, when ſhe aroſe from the foam of the Ocean,

and dazzled the Eyes of *Jupiter* himſelf. She deſcended with extream rapidity, plac'd her ſelf by me, laid her Hand upon my Shoulder, call'd me by my Name, and ſmiling, pronounc'd theſe words: Young *Greek*, thou art going into my peculiar Empire; thou ſhalt ſoon arrive in that fortunate Iſland, where Pleaſures, Sports, and wanton Joys attend my Steps: There thou ſhalt burn Perfumes upon my Altars: There I will plunge thee into a River of Delights: Open thy Heart to the moſt charming hopes, and beware of reſiſting the moſt powerful of all the Goddeſſes, who reſolves to make Thee happy.

At the ſame time, I ſaw young *Cupid*, gently moving his little Wings, and hovering about his Mother. He had the tendereſt Graces in his Face, and the ſmiles of an Infant; yet there was ſomething ſo fierce in his Eyes, as to make me afraid. He ſmil'd when he look'd upon me, but his ſmiles were malicious, ſcornful, and cruel. He took the ſharpeſt of his Arrows from his golden Quiver; he drew his Bow, and was going to pierce my Heart, when *Minerva* appear'd, and cover'd me with her immortal Shield. The Face of this Goddeſs had not the ſame effeminate Beauty, nor that paſſionate languiſhing, which I had obſerv'd in the Face and Poſture of *Venus*. On the contrary, her Beauty was natural, unaffected, modeſt; all

was

was grave, vigorous, noble, full of Force and Majeſty. The Arrow, too weak to pierce the Shield, fell down upon the ground. *Cupid*, in a rage, ſigh'd bitterly, and was aſham'd to ſee himſelf overcome. Be gone, cry'd *Minerva*, raſh Boy, be gone; thou canſt conquer none but the Baſe, who prefer diſhonourable Pleaſures before Wiſdom, Virtue and Glory. At theſe words, *Cupid*, fired with Indignation, flew away; and as *Venus* re-aſcended towards *Olympus*, I ſaw her Chariot and Doves, rowling in a Cloud of Gold and Azure, a long time before ſhe diſappear'd. When I turn'd my Eyes towards the Earth, I could no where ſee *Minerva*.

Methought, I was tranſported into a delicious Garden, ſuch as Men paint the *Elyſian* Fields. There I found *Mentor*, who ſaid to me, Fly from this cruel Country, this peſtilent Iſland, where the Inhabitants breathe nothing but Pleaſure. The boldeſt Virtue ought to tremble, and cannot be ſafe, but by Flight. As ſoon as I ſaw him, I endeavour'd to throw my Arms about his Neck, and to embrace him; but I found my Feet unable to move, my Knees ſunk under me, and my Hands, attempting to lay hold on *Mentor*, followed an empty Phantom that ſtill mock'd my graſp. As I was making this effort, I awak'd, and perceiv'd, that this myſterious Dream was no leſs than a Divine Admoni-

tion. I found in my ſelf a firm Reſolution againſt the Allurements of Pleaſure, a watchful Jealouſy of my own Conduct, and a juſt abhorrence of the diſſolute Manners that reign'd in *Cyprus*. But that which wounded me to the Heart, was, that I thought *Mentor* dead; that he had paſs'd the *Stygian* Lake, and was become an Inhabitant of thoſe fortunate Fields, where the Souls of the Juſt reſide.

This Thought made me ſhed a flood of Tears. The *Cyprians* ask'd me, Why I wept? Theſe Tears, ſaid I, are but too ſuitable to the Condition of an unhappy Stranger, who has loſt all hopes of ever ſeeing his Country more. In the mean time, all the *Cyprians* that were in the Ship, abandon'd themſelves to the moſt extravagant Follies; the Rowers, who hated to take Pains, fell aſleep upon their Oars. The Pilot put a Garland of Flowers on his Head, quitted the Rudder, and held a vaſt Flaggon of Wine in his Hands, which he had almoſt empty'd. He, and all the reſt of the Crew, inflam'd with the Furies of *Bacchus*, ſung ſuch Verſes in honour of *Venus* and *Cupid*, as ought to ſtrike a Horror into all that love Virtue.

Whilſt they thus forgot the Dangers of the Sea, a ſudden Tempeſt aroſe: The Elements ſeem'd to mix: The Winds let looſe, roar'd in every Sail: The Waves beat furiouſly againſt the ſide of the Ship, which groan'd under

under the weight of their ſtrokes. One while, we mounted upon the back of the ſwelling Waters; another while the Sea ſeem'd to ſteal from under the Veſſel, and to precipitate us into the dark Abyſs. We ſaw the Rocks cloſe by our ſide, and the angry Waves breaking upon them with a dreadful noiſe. Then I found, by experience, the truth of what I had heard from *Mentor*, that Men of diſſolute Lives, and abandon'd to Pleaſure, always want Courage in the time of Danger. All our *Cyprians* ſunk into Deſpair, and wept like Women. I heard nothing but lamentable Exclamations; bitter Regrets upon the Pleaſures of Life; vain and inſignificant Promiſes of large Sacrifices to the Gods, if they ſhould arrive ſafe in the Harbour. No one had ſufficient Preſence of Mind, either to give neceſſary Orders, or to work the Ship. In this condition, I thought my ſelf obliged to ſave my own Life, and the Lives of thoſe that were with me. I took the Rudder into my hand, becauſe the Pilot, like a raving *Bacchanal*, was utterly incapable of knowing the Danger we were in. I cheer'd the aſtoniſh'd Mariners; I made them take down the Sails; they ply'd their Oars vigorouſly; we ſteer'd by the Rocks and Quick-ſands, and ſaw all the Horrors of Death ſtaring us in the Face.

This Adventure ſeem'd like a Dream to all thoſe who ow'd the Preſervation of their Lives to my Care. They look'd upon me with Aſtoniſhment. We landed at *Cyprus* in that Month of the Spring which is conſecrated to *Venus*. This Seaſon, ſay the *Cyprians*, is moſt ſuitable to this Goddeſs, becauſe ſhe ſeems to revive the whole Syſtem of Nature, and to give Birth to Pleaſures and Flowers at the ſame time.

As ſoon as I arriv'd in the Iſland, I perceiv'd an unuſual ſweetneſs in the Air, rendering the Body ſlothful and unactive, but infuſing a jovial and wanton Humour. I obſerv'd the Country, though naturally fruitful and delightful, to be almoſt every where uncultivated, through the Idleneſs and Negligence of the Inhabitants. I ſaw great numbers of Maids and Women, vainly and fantaſtically dreſs'd, ſinging the Praiſes of *Venus*, and going to devote themſelves to the Service of her Temple. Beauty, Graces, Joy, and Pleaſure, were equally conſpicuous in their Faces and Geſture: But their Graces were too much affected; there was not that noble Simplicity, nor that lovely Modeſty, which makes the greateſt Charm of Beauty. A certain Air of Wantonneſs, and artful way of adjuſting their Looks, their vain Dreſs, and languiſhing Geſtures, their Eyes that ſeem'd in pain to find out the Eyes of Men;

Men; the mutual Jealouſy, who ſhould raiſe the greateſt Paſſions: In a word, all that I ſaw in theſe Women, appear'd vile and contemptible to me. By endeavouring to pleaſe me immoderately, they excited my Averſion.

I was conducted to a Temple of the Goddeſs, who has ſeveral in this Iſland; for ſhe is particularly ador'd at *Cythera*, *Idalia* and *Paphos*; it was to that of *Cythera* I was brought. The Temple is built with Marble; it is a perfect Periſtylium; the Pillars are lofty, and ſo well proportion'd, that they give a majeſtick Air to the whole Fabrick. At each Face of the Temple above the Architrave and Friſe, are large Pediments, in which the moſt agreeable Adventures of the Goddeſs are curiouſly repreſented in *Baſſo-Relievo*. Great numbers of People are always at the Gate, attending to make their Offerings. No Victim ever ſuffers the Knife within the Precinct of the ſacred ground. The fat of Bulls and Heifers is not burnt here, as in other Places. No Blood is ever ſhed. The Cattle to be offer'd, are only preſented before the Altar; and no Beaſt may be offer'd, unleſs it be young, white, without Blemiſh or Defect. They are adorn'd with Purple Fillets, embroider'd with Gold; their Horns are garniſh'd with Bunches of the moſt fragrant Flowers; and when they have been pre-

This Adventure seem'd like a Dream to all those who ow'd the Preservation of their Lives to my Care. They look'd upon me with Astonishment. We landed at *Cyprus* in that Month of the Spring which is consecrated to *Venus*. This Season, say the *Cyprians*, is most suitable to this Goddess, because she seems to revive the whole System of Nature, and to give Birth to Pleasures and Flowers at the same time.

As soon as I arriv'd in the Island, I perceiv'd an unusual sweetness in the Air, rendering the Body slothful and unactive, but infusing a jovial and wanton Humour. I observ'd the Country, though naturally fruitful and delightful, to be almost every where uncultivated, through the Idleness and Negligence of the Inhabitants. I saw great numbers of Maids and Women, vainly and fantastically dress'd, singing the Praises of *Venus*, and going to devote themselves to the Service of her Temple. Beauty, Graces, Joy, and Pleasure, were equally conspicuous in their Faces and Gesture: But their Graces were too much affected; there was not that noble Simplicity, nor that lovely Modesty, which makes the greatest Charm of Beauty. A certain Air of Wantonness, and artful way of adjusting their Looks, their vain Dress, and languishing Gestures, their Eyes that seem'd in pain to find out the Eyes of Men;

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preſented at the Altar, they are led to a private Place without the Wall, and kill'd for the Table of the Prieſts that belong to the Goddeſs.

Here alſo are offer'd all ſorts of perfum'd Liquors, and Wines more delicious than Nectar. The Prieſts are cloath'd in long white Robes, with Girdles of Gold, and Fringes of the ſame. The moſt exquiſite Perfumes of the Eaſt, are burnt night and day upon the Altars, and form a curling Cloud, as they mount up the Sky. All the Pillars are adorn'd with Feſtoons of wreathed Flowers; all the Veſſels for the Service of the Altar, are of pure Gold; a ſacred Wood of Myrtle encompaſſes the Building; none but Boys and Girls of admirable Beauty may preſent the Victims to the Prieſts, or kindle the Fire upon the Altars. But Diſſolution and Impudence diſhonour this magnificent Temple.

At firſt, I deteſted what I ſaw, but it ſoon began to grow familiar to me. I was no longer afraid of Vice; all Companies inſpir'd me with an Inclination to Intemperance. They laugh'd at my Innocence, and my Modeſty became the Sport of this diſſolute People. They forgot nothing that might enſnare me, excite my Paſſions, and awaken in me an Appetite to Pleaſure; I found my ſelf loſing ground every day. The good Education I had

had receiv'd, could ſupport me no longer; all my beſt Reſolutions vaniſh'd away; I found not in me Strength to reſiſt the Evil that preſs'd me on every ſide; I grew even aſham'd of Virtue. I was like a Man ſwimming in a deep and rapid River: At firſt, he cuts the Waters, and vigorouſly goes up againſt the Stream; but if the Banks are ſo ſteep that he can find no Place to reſt on either ſide, he, at laſt, tires by degrees; his Force abandons him; his exhauſted Limbs grow ſtiff, and the Torrent carries him down. So my Eyes began to grow dim, my Heart fainted, I could no longer recall either my Reaſon, or the Remembrance of my Father's Misfortunes. The Dream that ſhew'd me *Mentor* in the *Elyſian* Fields utterly diſcourag'd me. An eaſy and ſecret Languiſhing ſeiz'd upon me; I already began to love the flattering Poiſon that crept into my Veins, and penetrated through the Marrow of my Bones. Yet, for all this, ſometimes I would ſigh; I ſhed bitter Tears; I roar'd like a Lyon in my Fury. O! unhappy Youth! ſaid I. O Gods! that divert your ſelves ſo cruelly with the Fate of Men! Why do you cauſe them to paſs through that Age, which is a time of Folly, and reſembles a burning Fever? O! why am not I cover'd with grey Hairs, bow'd down and ſinking into the Grave, like my Grandfather *Laertes*? Death would

would be more welcome to me, than the ſhameful Weakneſs I now feel.

Scarce had I utter'd theſe words, when my Grief began to abate, and my Heart, drunk with a fooliſh Paſſion, ſhook off almoſt all Shame. After this, I found my ſelf plung'd into an Abyſs of Remorſe. Whilſt I was under theſe Diſorders, I went raving up and down the ſacred Wood, like a Hind that has been wounded by a Hunter; ſhe croſſes va[illegible] Foreſts to aſſwage her Pain, but the fatal Arrow ſticks faſt in her ſide, and follows her whereſoever ſhe flies. Where-ever ſhe goes, ſhe carries the murd'rous Shaft. Thus I endeavour'd to run away from my ſelf, but nothing could allay the Wound of my Heart.

In that very moment, I perceiv'd, at ſome diſtance from me, under the moſt ſhady part of the Wood, the figure of the wiſe *Mentor*; but his Face appear'd to me ſo pale, ſo ſad, and ſo ſevere, that I knew not how to rejoice. Is it you then, O my dear Friend? My laſt, and only hope, is it you? Is it you your ſelf? Or is it a deceitful Image come to abuſe my Eyes? Is it you, O *Mentor*? Or is it your Ghoſt, ſtill ſenſible of my Misfortunes? Are you not among the bleſſed Spirits that poſſeſs the Reward of their Virtue, and, by the Bounty of the Gods, enjoy an eternal Peace, and uninterrupted Pleaſures in the *Elyſian* Plains? Speak, *Mentor*, do you yet

yet live? Am I ſo happy to ſee you? Or is it only the Shadow of my Friend? With theſe words, I ran to him ſo tranſported, that I was quite out of Breath. He ſtood ſtill unmov'd, and made not one ſtep towards me. O Gods! you know with what Joy I felt him in my Arms. No, 'tis not an empty Shadow, I hold him faſt; I embrace him; my dear *Mentor!* Thus I cry'd out; I ſhed a flood of Tears upon his Face; I hung about his Neck, and was not able to ſpeak. He look'd ſadly upon me, with Eyes full of tender Compaſſion.

At laſt, I ſaid, Alas! where have you been? To what Dangers have you abandon'd me, by your abſence? And what ſhould I now do without you? But he, without anſwering my Queſtions, with a terrible Voice, cry'd out, Fly, fly, without delay: The Soil produces nothing but Poiſon: The Air you breathe, is infected with the Plague: The Men are contagious, and converſe with each other only to ſpread the fatal Venom: Baſe and infamous Voluptuouſneſs, the worſt of all thoſe Evils that iſſued out of *Pandora's* Box, diſſolves them in Luxury, and ſuffers no Virtue in this Place. Fly, ſtay not a moment; look not once behind you, and as you run, ſhake off the very Remembrance of this execrable Iſland.

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He ſaid, and immediately I felt as it were a thick Cloud, diſperſing from about my Eyes, and perceiv'd a more pure and beautiful Light. A ſweet and noble Serenity, accompany'd with Reſolution and Courage, reviv'd in my Heart. This Joy was very different from that looſe and wanton Pleaſure which had before poiſon'd my Senſes. The one is diſorderly and unquiet, interrupted with extravagant Paſſions and cruel Remorſe; the other is a Joy of Reaſon, attended with a kind of celeſtial Happineſs. 'Tis always pure, equal, inexhauſtible. The deeper we drink, the more delicious is the Taſte. It raviſhes the Soul, without the leaſt Diſorder. I began to ſhed Tears of Joy, and found a Sweetneſs in Weeping. Happy, ſaid I, are thoſe Men, who can ſee the Beauty of Virtue! Is it poſſible to ſee her without loving her? Is it poſſible to love her without being happy?

Here *Mentor* ſaid, I muſt leave you; I muſt depart this Moment; I am not allow'd to ſtay any longer. Where, ſaid I, are you going? Into what Deſart will I not follow you? Don't think you can leave me; for I will rather die than not attend you. Whilſt I ſpoke theſe Words, I held him faſt, with all my ſtrength. It is in vain, ſaid he, for you to hope to detain me. The cruel *Metophis* ſold me to certain *Æthiopians*, or *Arabs*. Theſe

These Men going to *Damascus* in *Syria*, on the account of Trade, resolv'd to sell me, supposing they should get a great Sum of Money for me of one *Hazael*, who wanted a *Greek* Slave, to inform him of the Customs of *Greece*, and instruct him in our Arts and Sciences. This *Hazael* purchas'd me at a dear rate. What he has learn'd from me concerning our Manners, has given him a Curiosity to go into the Island of *Crete*, to study the wise Laws of *Minos*. During our Voyage, the Weather has forc'd us to put in at *Cyprus*; and in expectation of a favourable Wind, he is come to make his Offerings in the Temple; see there he is going out; the Winds call; our Sails are aloft: Adieu, dear *Telemachus*; a Slave that fears the Gods, ought faithfully to serve his Master. The Gods do not permit me to dispose of my self: If I might, they know it, I would be only yours. *Farewell*; remember the Labours of *Ulysses*, and the Tears of *Penelope*: Remember that the Gods are just. O Gods, the Protectors of Innocence! in what a Country am I constrain'd to leave *Telemachus!*

No, no, said I, my dear *Mentor*, it shall not be in your power to leave me here; I'll rather die, than see you depart without me. Is this *Syrian* Master inexorable? Was he suckled by a Tygress? Would he tear you out of my Arms?

Arms? He muſt either kill me, or ſuffer me to follow you. You exhort me to fly, and will not permit me to fly with you. I'll go to *Hazael*, perhaps he may compaſſionate my Youth and my Tears. Since he loves Wiſdom, and goes ſo far in ſearch of it, he cannot have a ſavage and inſenſible Heart. I will throw my ſelf at his Feet, I will embrace his Knees, I will not let him go, till he has given me leave to follow you. My dear *Mentor*, I will be a Slave with you, I will offer my Service to him; if he refuſes me, it is decreed, I will eaſe my ſelf of this burthenſom Life.

In this very moment, *Hazael* call'd *Mentor*: I proſtrated my ſelf before him; he was ſurpriz'd to ſee an unknown Perſon in this poſture. What is it you deſire, ſaid he? Life, reply'd I; for I cannot live, unleſs you ſuffer me to follow *Mentor*, who belongs to you. I am the Son of the great *Ulyſſes*, the moſt wiſe of all thoſe *Grecian* Kings that deſtroy'd the great City of *Troy*, which was ſo famous throughout all *Aſia*. It is not out of Vanity that I acquaint you with my Birth, but only to inſpire you with ſome Pity of my Misfortunes. I have ſought my Father in all the Seas, accompany'd by this Man, who has been to me another Father. Fortune, to compleat my Miſeries, has taken him away from me; ſhe has made him your Slave;

Slave; let me beg of you to be ſo too. If it be true, that you are a Lover of Juſtice, and that you are going to *Crete*, to learn the Laws of the good King *Minos*, harden not your Heart againſt my Sighs and Tears. You ſee the Son of a King reduc'd to deſire Servitude, as his only Refuge. Formerly I would have choſen Death in *Sicily* to avoid Slavery; but my firſt Misfortunes were only the weak Eſſays of Fortune's Outrages; now I tremble leſt I ſhould not be receiv'd among Slaves. O Gods! ſee my Calamity: O *Hazael!* remember *Minos*, whoſe Wiſdom you admire, and who will judge us both in the Kingdom of *Pluto*.

Hazael, looking upon me with Mildneſs and Humanity, ſtretch'd forth his Hand and rais'd me up. I am not ignorant, ſaid he, of the Wiſdom and Virtue of *Ulyſſes*. *Mentor* has often told me of the Glory he has acquir'd among the *Greeks*; and beſides, ſwift-wing'd Fame has not been wanting to ſpread his Name over all the Nations of the Eaſt. Follow me, Son of *Ulyſſes*, I will be your Father, till you find him who gave you Life. Though I were not mov'd with the Glory of your Father, his Misfortuues, and your own; yet the Friendſhip I have for *Mentor*, would engage me to take care of you. It is true, I bought him as a Slave, but I keep him as a faithful Friend; the Money he coſt, has acquir'd

quir'd me the deareſt and moſt valuable Friend that I have in the world: In him I have found Wiſdom; I owe all the Love I have for Virtue to his Inſtructions. From this moment he is free, and you ſhall be ſo too; I ask nothing of either but your Heart.

In an inſtant, I paſs'd from the bittereſt Grief, to the moſt lively Joy that Men can feel; I ſaw my ſelf deliver'd from the worſt of Dangers; I was drawing near to my Country; I had found one to aſſiſt me in my return; I had the Comfort of being with a Man, who lov'd me already for the ſake of Virtue. In a word, I found every thing in finding *Mentor*; whom I fear'd not to loſe again.

Hazael advances to the Shore; we follow; we embark with him; our Oars cut the gentle Waves; the Zephyrs play in our Sails; give Life and eaſy Motion to the Ship; the Iſland of *Cyprus* ſoon diſappears. *Hazael*, impatient to know my Sentiments, ask'd me, what I thought of the Manners of that Iſland? I told him ingenuouſly to what Dangers my Youth had been expos'd, and the Conflict I had ſuffer'd within me. He was tenderly mov'd with my abhorrence of Vice, and ſaid theſe words: O *Venus!* I acknowledge your Power, and that of your Son; I have burn'd Incenſe upon your Altars; but give me leave to deteſt the infamous Effeminacy of

of the Inhabitants of your Iſland, and the brutal Impudence, with which they celebrate your Feſtivals.

After this, he diſcourſed with *Mentor* of that firſt Being, which form'd the Heavens and the Earth: of that pure, infinite and unchangeable Light which communicates it ſelf to all, without being divided; of that ſupream and univerſal Truth, which enlightens the ſpiritual World, as the Sun enlightens the corporeal. He who has never ſeen this Light, ſaid he, is as blind as one born without ſight; he paſſes his Life in a diſmal Night, like that of thoſe Regions, where the Sun never ſhines for many Months of the Year. He thinks himſelf wiſe, and is a Fool; he fancies he ſees all, and ſees nothing; he dies, without ſeeing any thing; at the moſt he perceives only falſe and obſcure Glimmerings, vain Shadows, Phantoms that have no reality. Of this kind are all thoſe, who are carry'd away by ſenſual Pleaſures, and the Inchantments of Imagination. There are no true Men upon the Earth, but thoſe who conſult, love, and obey this eternal Reaſon. It is ſhe that inſpires us when we think well: It is ſhe that reproves us when we think ill. Our Reaſon, as well as our Life, is her Gift. She is like a vaſt Ocean of Light; the Reaſon of Men is like little Rivulets which flow from her, and which return and loſe themſelves in her again.

Though

Though I did not yet perfectly apprehend the Wiſdom of this Diſcourſe, I taſted nevertheleſs ſomething in it ſo pure and ſo ſublime, that my Heart grew warm, and Truth ſeemed to ſhine in every word he utter'd. They continued to ſpeak of the Original of the Gods, of the Heroes, of the Poets, of the Golden Age, of the Deluge, of the firſt Hiſtories of the World, of the River of Oblivion, into which the Souls of the Dead are plung'd, of the eternal Puniſhments prepar'd for the Impious in the dark Gulph of *Tartarus*, and of that bleſſed Tranquility which the Juſt enjoy in the *Elyſian* Fields, without any Apprehenſions of ever loſing it.

Whilſt *Hazael* and *Mentor* were converſing together, we ſaw great numbers of Dolphins cover'd with Scales, that ſeem'd to be of Gold and Azure. They play'd in the Sea, and laſh'd the Floods into a Foam. After them, came the *Tritons* ſounding their wreath'd Trumpets, made of Shells: They ſurrounded the Chariot of *Amphitrite*, that was drawn by Sea-Horſes, whiter than Snow, and which, cutting the briny Flood, left vaſt Furrows behind them. Their Eyes darted Fire, and Smoak iſſued from their Noſtrils. The Chariot of the Goddeſs was a Shell of a wonderful Figure; it was more white than the fineſt Ivory, and the Wheels were all of Gold. This Chariot ſeem'd to fly upon the Surface

Surface of the Waters. A Shoal of Sea-Nymphs came ſwimming after the Chariot: Their lovely Hair hung looſe upon their Shoulders, and wanton'd with the Winds. With one Hand the Goddeſs held a Golden Scepter, with which ſhe commanded the Waves; with the other, ſhe held upon her Knee, the little God *Palemon*, her Son, who hung upon her Breaſt. Her Face was ſo ſerene, and ſo ſweetly majeſtick, that the black Tempeſts, and all the ſeditious Winds fled from before her. The *Tritons* guided the Horſes, and held the Golden Reins. A large Sail of the richeſt Purple hung floating in the Air, above the Chariot; a Multitude of little Zephyrs hover'd about it, and labour'd to fill it with their Breath. In the midſt of the Air, *Æolus* appear'd diligent, reſtleſs, and vehement; his ſtern and wrinkled Face, his menacing Voice, his thick Eye-brows hanging down to his Beard, his Eyes, full of a dim and auſtere Fire, diſpers'd the Clouds, and kept the fierce Aquilons ſilent. The vaſt Whales, and all the Monſters of the Sea, came out of their profound Grotto's to gaze upon the Goddeſs, and with their Noſtrils made the briny Waters ebb and flow.

THE

THE ADVENTURES OF *TELEMACHUS.*

BOOK V.

The ARGUMENT.

Telemachus *relates that, upon his Arrival in* Crete, *he learn'd, that* Idomeneus, *the King of that Island, had ſacrific'd his only Son to perform a raſh Vow; that the* Cretans, *in order to avenge the Son's Blood, had compell'd the Father to fly their Country; and that after various Conſultations, they were actually aſſembled in order to elect a new King.* Telemachus *adds, that being admitted into that Aſſembly, he carried the Prize of ſeverall Games, and explain'd the Queries left by* Minos, *in the Book of his Laws, whereupon the old Men, the Judges of the Iſland, and all the People, admiring his Wiſdom, would have made him their King.*

AFTER

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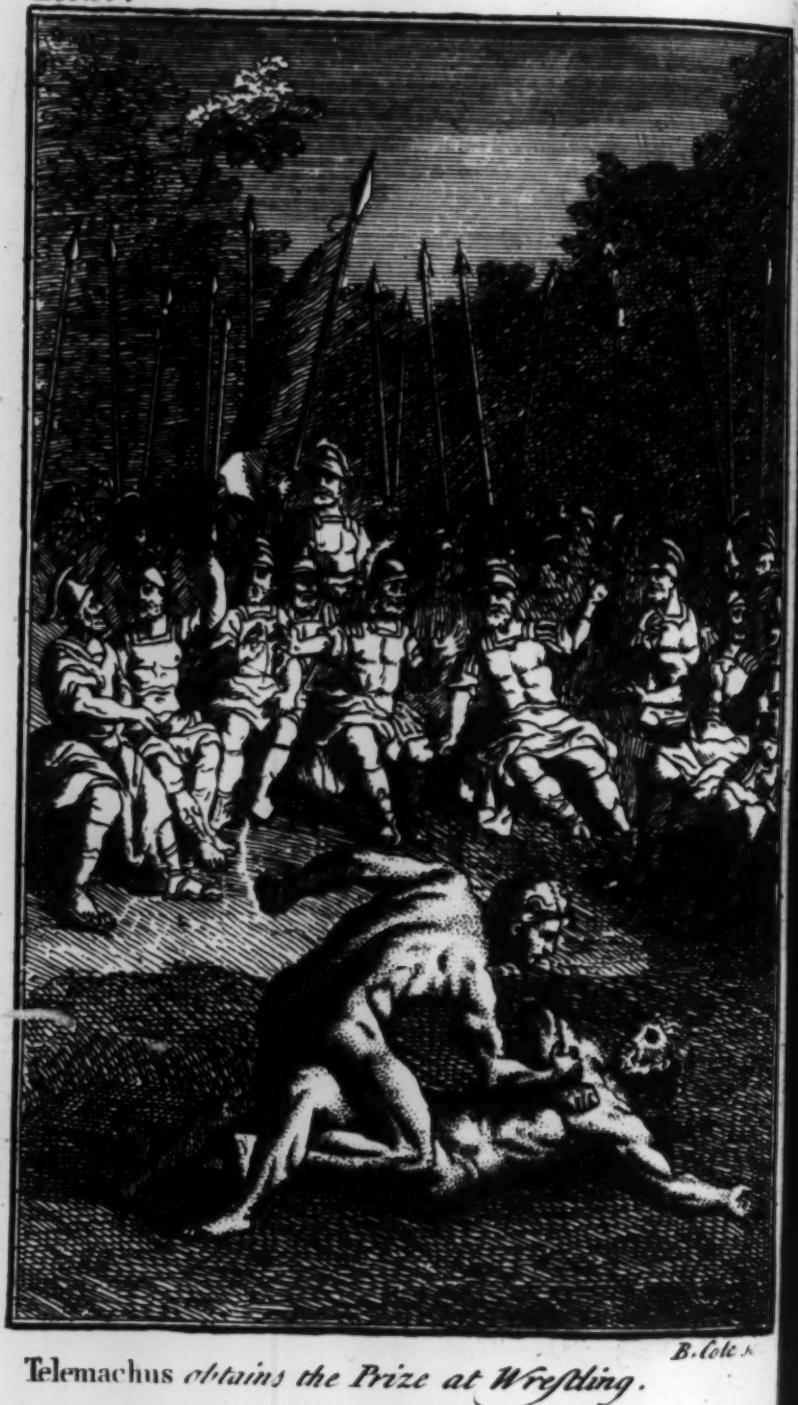

B. Cole Sc.

Telemachus *obtains the Prize at Wrestling.*

AFTER we had admir'd this wonderful Sight, we began to discover the Mountains of *Crete*, tho' yet we could hardly distinguish them from the Clouds of Heaven, and the Billows of the Sea. Soon after we discover'd the summit of Mount *Ida*, which rises above all other Mountains of the Island, as an antient Stag carries his branching head above the young Fawns that follow him in the Forest. By degrees, we saw more distinctly the Coast of the Island which rose in the form of an Amphitheatre. As we found the Lands in *Cyprus* neglected and uncultivated, so those of *Crete* appear'd plentifully cover'd with all manner of Fruits, by the Industry of the Inhabitans.

On all sides, we perceiv'd well built Villages, Towns equalling Cities, and magnificent Cities. We obsery'd no Spot of Ground, where the hand of the diligent Husband-man was not stamp'd; the Plough had left deep Furrows in every Place. Thorns, Briars, and such Plants as are a useless burthen to the Earth, are utterly unknown in this Country. We contemplated with pleasure the fruitful Vallies, where Troops of Oxen go lowing in the rich Pastures, that abound with Springs of running Water; the Sheep every where feeding upon the descent of the Hills;

the champain Ground cover'd with golden Ears of Corn, preſented with a liberal hand by the bountiful *Ceres*: In a word, the Mountains adorn'd with Vines, and Grapes of a rich purple Colour, promiſing a plentiful Vintage of the delicious Preſents of *Bacchus*, which charm away the anxious Cares of Men.

Mentor told us he had been formerly in *Crete*, and inform'd us of what he knew. 'This Iſland, ſaid he, admired by all Strangers, and famous for its hundred Cities, is 'more than ſufficient to nouriſh all the Inhabitants, though they are innumerable; for 'the Earth never ceaſes to produce her Fruits, 'if Induſtry be not wanting; her fertile Boſom can never be exhauſted. The more 'numerous Men are in a Country, provided 'they be laborious, the more Plenty they 'enjoy. They need not be jealous of one 'another; the Earth, like a tender Mother, 'multiplies her Gifts according to the number of her Children, if they deſerve her Favours by their Labour. The Ambition and 'Covetouſneſs of Men, are the only Springs 'of their Unhappineſs. They covet all, and 'make themſelves miſerable, by deſiring 'what is ſuperfluous. If they would be moderate, and contented with a Competency, 'we ſhould ſee Plenty, Peace, Union and 'Happineſs, reſtor'd to the World.

Minos,

Minos, the wiſeſt and the beſt of Kings, underſtood this well. All the admirable things you ſhall ſee in this Iſland, are owing to the excellency of his Laws. The Education he appointed for Children, renders their Bodies ſtrong, and healthful: They are accuſtom'd, from their Infancy, to a plain, frugal, laborious Life; upon a Maxim that all Pleaſure enervates both the Body and Mind. No other Pleaſure is ever propos'd to them, but the acquiſition of an invincible Virtue and ſolid Glory. This People do not meaſure Mens Courage only by deſpiſing Death in the hazards of War; but by the contempt of ſuperfluous Riches and ignoble Pleaſures. Three Vices are puniſh'd here, which remain unpuniſh'd in all other Nations; Ingratitude, Diſſimulation, and Avatice.

They have no need of Laws to ſuppreſs Luxury and Diſſolution of Manners; for ſuch things are unknown in *Crete*. Every Man works, yet no Man deſires to be rich. They think all their Labour ſufficiently recompenſed with an eaſy and regular Life, in which they enjoy plentifully and quietly all that is truly neceſſary to Men. Coſtly Furniture, rich Apparel, delicious Feaſts, and gilded Palaces, are not permitted in this Country. Their Cloaths are of fine Wooll, beautiful in Colour, but without Embroidery, or any other

Ornament. Their Repaſts are ſober; they drink little Wine; good Bread, with excellent Fruits, which the Trees ſpontaneouſly yield, and the Milk of Cattle, make the principal part of their Meals. At the moſt, their Meat is plain dreſs'd, without Sauce or Ragou; and they always take care to reſerve the beſt and ſtrongeſt of the Cattle to be employ'd in Husbandry. Their Houſes are neat, commodious, pleaſant; but without Ornaments. They are not ignorant of the moſt magnificent Architecture; but that's reſerv'd for the Temples of the Gods: They dare not live in Houſes like thoſe of the immortal Powers.

The great Riches of the *Cretans*, are Health, Strength, Courage; Peace and Union in Families; the Liberty of all the Citizens; Plenty of things neceſſary, and a Contempt of thoſe that are ſuperfluous; a habit of Labour, and an abhorrence of Sloth; a mutual emulation of virtuous Actions; ſubmiſſion to the Laws, and a reverence of the juſt Gods.

I ask'd him, wherein the Authority of the King conſiſted? And he anſwer'd thus: 'The King is above all the People, but the 'Laws are above the King. He has an ab- 'ſolute Power to do Good; but his Hands 'are tied, ſo ſoon as he attempts to do Ill. 'The Laws entruſt him with the Care of the 'People,

'People, as the moſt valuable of all Truſts, 'on condition that he ſhall be the Father of 'his Subjects. They intend, that one Man 'ſhall, by his Wiſdom and Moderation, 'ſerve to make whole Nations happy; and 'not that ſo many Men ſhall, by their Mi'ſery and abject Slavery, ſerve to flatter the 'Pride and Luxury of one Man. The King 'ought to have nothing more than other 'Men, but what's neceſſary, either to the 'diſcharge of his painful Functions, or to 'imprint on the Minds of the People, that 'reſpect which is due to the Perſon who is 'to maintain the Vigour of the Laws. On 'the other hand, the King ought to be more 'ſober, more averſe to Luxury, more free 'from Vanity, Haughtineſs and Oſtentati'on, than any other Man. He is not to 'have more Riches and Pleaſure, but more 'Wiſdom, Virtue and Glory than the reſt of 'Men. Abroad, he is to be the Defender 'of his Country, at the Head of their Ar'mies; at Home, he is to diſtribute Juſtice 'to the People, to make them good, wiſe 'and happy. It is not for his own ſake 'that the Gods have made him King, but 'only that he may be the Man of his People. 'He owes to the People all his Time, all his 'Care, all his Affection; and he is no other'wiſe worthy of his Crown, than as he for'gets his own Intereſts, to ſacrifice himſelf

'to the publick Good. *Minos* appointed that 'his Children ſhould not reign after him, un- 'leſs they would reign by theſe Rules; for 'he lov'd his People more than his Family. 'By this Wiſdom he render'd *Crete* ſo power- 'ful and ſo happy. By this Moderation he 'has effac'd the Glory of all Conquerors, 'who make their People ſubſervient to their 'Greatneſs, that is, to their Vanity. In a 'word, by his Juſtice he deſerv'd to be the 'ſupreme Judge of the Dead in the Regions 'below.

While *Mentor* was thus ſpeaking, we arri- ved in the Iſland. We ſaw the famous Laby- rinth, built by the hands of the ingenious *Dædalus*, in imitation of the great Labyrinth which we had ſeen in *Egypt*. As we were conſidering this curious Fabrick, we beheld the Shore cover'd with People, and Multi- tudes preſſing towards a Place that was near the Sea. We ask'd the Reaſon of their haſte, and receiv'd this Account from one *Nauſicrates*, a Native of *Crete*.

Idomeneus, ſaid he, the Son of *Deucalion*, and Grandſon to *Minos*, went with the reſt of the *Grecian* Kings to the Siege of *Troy*. After the deſtruction of that City, he ſet Sail in order to return to *Crete*; but was ſur- priz'd by ſo violent a Storm, that the Pilot and the moſt experienc'd Mariners in the Ship thought they ſhould inevitably be caſt away

away. Every one had Death before his Eyes; every one ſaw the Abyſs open to ſwallow him up; every one deplor'd his Misfortune, and had not ſo much as the wretched hopes of that imperfect Reſt, which the Souls enjoy, that have croſs'd the River *Styx*, after their Bodies have receiv'd Burial. *Idomeneus*, lifting up his Eyes and Hands to Heaven, invok'd *Neptune* in theſe Words: O powerful God! who commandeſt the Empire of the Sea, vouchſafe to hear the Prayers of the Diſtreſſed: if thou delivereſt me from the Fury of the Winds, and bringeſt me ſafe to *Crete*, the firſt Head I ſee, ſhall fall by my own Hands a Sacrifice to thy Deity.

In the mean time his Son, impatient to ſee his Father, made haſte to meet and embrace him at his Landing: Unhappy Youth! who knew not that he was running to his own Deſtruction! The Father, who had eſcap'd the Storm, arriv'd ſafe in the wiſh'd-for Haven. He return'd thanks to *Neptune* for hearing his Prayers, but ſoon found how fatal they had been to him. A black preſage of his Misfortune made him bitterly to repent his raſh Vow. He dreaded his coming amongſt his Friends and Relations; and he fear'd to ſee whatever was dear to him in the world. But the inexorable Goddeſs *Nemeſis*, who is ever watchful to puniſh Men, and eſpecially haughty Kings, puſh'd him on with a fatal

and inviſible hand. *Idomeneus* arrives, hardly daring to lift up his Eyes: He ſees his Son: He ſtarts back with Horror; his Eyes, in vain, look about for ſome other Head to ſerve for his vow'd Sacrifice. His Son approach'd, and threw his Arms about his Neck, ſurpriz'd to ſee his Father diſſolving in Tears, and making no return to his tenderneſs.

O my Father! ſaid he, whence comes this ſadneſs, after ſo long abſence? Are you diſpleas'd to ſee your Kingdom, and to be the Joy of your Son? What have I done? Y u turn your Eyes away for fear of ſeeing me. The Father, overwhelm'd with Grief, made no Anſwer. At laſt, after many deep-fetch'd Sighs, he ſaid, Ah! *Neptune*, what have I promis'd? At how dear a rate haſt thou preſerv'd me from Shipwreck! Reſtore me to the Waves, and to the Rocks, which ought to have daſh'd me in pieces, and finiſh'd my wretched Life. Let my Son live! O thou cruel God, here, take my Blood, and ſpare his. As he ſpoke, he drew his Sword to pierce his own Heart, but thoſe that were about him ſtay'd his hand. The aged *Sophronymus*, by whom the Will of the Gods is convey'd to Men, aſſur'd him that he might ſatisfy *Neptune* without the death of his Son. Your promiſe, ſaid he, was raſh and indiſcreet:

ſcreet: The Gods will not be honour'd by Cruelty: Beware of adding to the Error of your Promiſe, the Crime of accompliſhing it againſt the Laws of Nature: Offer a hundred Bulls, whiter than Snow, to *Neptune*; let their Blood ſtream about his Altar crown'd with Flowers; let the ſweeteſt Incenſe ſmoak in honour of the God.

Idomeneus heard this diſcourſe, bending his Head towards the Earth, and anſwer'd not one word: Fury ſat glaring in his Eyes; his pale and disfigur'd Face chang'd colour every moment; and all his Limbs ſhook with Horror. In the mean time his Son ſaid to him, My Father, here I am; your Son is ready to die, to appeaſe the God of the Sea. Do not provoke his Anger. I die contented, ſince my Death will have prevented your's. Strike, O my Father, and ſuſpect not to find in me the leaſt fear of Death, or any thing unbecoming your Son.

In that moment *Idomeneus*, grown mad, and puſh'd on by the infernal Furies, acted a thing that aſtoniſh'd all that ſtood about him. He thruſt his Sword into the Heart of the Youth, and drew it out again reeking and full of Blood, to plunge it into his own Bowels; but he was once more prevented by thoſe that were preſent. The Youth ſunk down into his own Blood; the ſhades of Death hung upon his Eyes; he open'd them

a little to the light, but could by no means bear its brightneſs. As a beautiful Lilly in the midſt of the Field, cut up from the Root by the Plowſhare, lies down and languiſhes on the ground; it receives no more Nouriſhment from the Earth, and the Springs of Life are intercepted; yet the ſnowy white and noble luſtre in part remains: So the Son of *Idomeneus*, like a young and tender Flower, is cruelly mow'd down in the Bloom of his Age. The Father, through exceſs of Grief, is become inſenſible, he knows not where he is, nor what he does, nor what he ought to do; he reels towards the City and demands his Son.

In the mean time, the People being touch'd with pity for the Son, and full of Horror at the barbarous Action of the Father, cry out, That the juſt Gods have abandon'd him to the Furies: Their Rage furniſhes them with Arms; they lay hold on Sticks and Stones; Diſcord breaths a deadly Venom into their Breaſts. The *Cretans*, the wiſe *Cretans*, forget their beloved Wiſdom; they will no longer acknowledge the Grandſon of ſage *Minos*; *Idomeneus*'s Friends know not how to conſult his Safety, but by conducting him back to his Ship; they embark with him, and commit their flight to the Waves. *Idomeneus*, being come to himſelf, returns them thanks for carrying him away from a Land he had beſprinkled

ſprinkled with his Son's blood, and which he could no longer inhabit: The Winds waft them over to *Heſperia*, where they go to lay the Foundation of a new Kingdom in the Country of the *Salentines*.

In the mean time, the *Cretans*, being deſtitute of a King to govern them, reſolve to chooſe ſuch an one as will keep up the Purity of the eſtabliſh'd Laws: And theſe are the Meaſures they take for that purpoſe. All the Chief Men of an hundred Cities are now met at this Place: They have begun with offering Sacrifices; they have aſſembled all the moſt renoun'd Sages of the neighbouring Countries, to examine the Wiſdom of thoſe who ſhall be thought worthy of Command; they have order'd publick Games, where all the Competitors are to fight; for the Crown is the Prize which they propoſe to him who ſhall excel, both as to ſtrength of Body and endowments of Mind. They will have a King whoſe Body is ſtrong and active, and his Soul adorn'd with Wiſdom and Virtue: They invite all Strangers to this Grand Aſſembly.

Nauſicrates having recounted to us this wondrous Story, ſaid to us; Haſte therefore, you Strangers, to our Aſſembly; you ſhall contend with the reſt, and if the Gods decree the Victory to either of you, he ſhall reign

reign in this Country. We follow'd him, not out of any deſire of being victorious, but only out of a Curioſity to ſee ſo extraordinary an Election.

We arriv'd at a Place reſembling a very large *Circus*, ſurrounded with a thick Wood. The middle of this *Circus* was an *Arena* (or Pit) prepar'd for the Combatants; it was ſurrounded by a large Amphitheatre of green Turf, whereon ſat in order an innumerable multitude of Spectators. As ſoon as we came there, we were honourably receiv'd; for the *Cretans*, of all Nations in the world, are the moſt honourable and religious obſervers of Hoſpitality: They deſir'd us to take our Places, and invited us to enter the Liſts. *Mentor* excuſed himſelf, upon account of his age, and *Hazael* on the ſcore of his ill ſtate of Health. My Youth and Vigour left me without excuſe; however, I caſt a Look upon *Mentor* to diſcover his mind, and I perceived he deſir'd that I ſhould engage: I therefore accepted their Propoſal, and ſtripp'd my ſelf of all my Cloaths: They pour'd Streams of ſweet and ſhining Oyl on all my Limbs; and I put in for one among the Combatants. It was ſaid on every ſide, that the Son of *Ulyſſes* was come to diſpute the Prize; and ſeveral *Cretans*, who had been at *Ithaca* during my Infancy, knew me again.

The

The firſt Exerciſe was Wreſtling. A *Rhodian*, about five and thirty years of age, ſurmounted all thoſe who dared to encounter him. He had ſtill all the vigour of Youth; his Arms were nervous and brawny; at the leaſt of his Motions you might diſcover all his Muſcles, and he was no leſs nimble than ſtrong. He did not think it worth his while to overcome me, and looking with pity upon my tender Age, he was about to retire, when I challeng'd him. Hereupon we laid hold on each other; we almoſt ſqueez'd the breath out of one another's Bodies; we ſtood Shoulder to Shoulder; Foot to Foot; all our Nerves, were diſtended; and our Arms interwoven like twining Serpents; both of us ſtriving to lift his Antagoniſt from the ground. Sometimes he endeavodr'd to trip me over, by puſhing me on the right ſide; ſometimes he endeavour'd to bend me on the left: But whilſt he was plying me in this manner, I gave him ſuch a violent Puſh, as made his Back bend, and ſo he tumbled down on the Stage; I fell upon him, and though he us'd all his Strength to get uppermoſt, yet I kept him immoveable under me. All the People cry'd Victory to the Son of *Ulyſſes*, and ſo I help'd the diſmay'd *Rhodian* to get up again. The Combat with the *Ceſtus* was more difficult: The Son of a rich Citizen of *Samos* having acquir'd a great Renown

Renown in this Exercise, all the reſt yielded to him, and I alone offer'd to diſpute the Victory with him. At firſt he dealt me ſuch fierce blows on my Head and Breaſt, as made me ſpit Blood, and ſpread a thick Cloud over my Eyes; I ſtagger'd, he preſs'd me; I was almoſt out of Breath; but I was re-animated by *Mentor*'s Voice, who cry'd to me, O Son of *Ulyſſes*, will you ſuffer your ſelf to be vanquiſh'd? Anger ſupply'd me with freſh Strength, and I avoided ſeveral Blows which would have cruſh'd me to the Earth. As ſoon as the *Samian* had made a falſe blow at me, and that his Arm was ſtretch'd out in vain, I ſurpriz'd him in that ſtooping poſture, and as he began to ſtep back, I lifted up my *Ceſtus*, that I might fall upon him with greater force; he endeavour'd to recover, but whilſt he was in this ballancing poſture, he gave me an opportunity to throw him down. He had ſcarce meaſur'd the ground with his length, when I reach'd him my hand to raiſe him up. He got up by himſelf, co[illegible]'d with Duſt and Blood, full of Confuſion and Diſorder, but he durſt not renew the Fight.

Immediately after began the Chariot-Races: The Chariots were diſtributed by Lot; mine happen'd to be the worſt, both as to the lightneſs of the Wheels, and the mettle of the Horſes: We ſtarted; a Cloud of Duſt

flew

flew about us, that darken'd the very Sky; at firſt I let all my Competitors go before me; a young *Lacedæmonian*, nam'd *Crantor*, diſtanc'd all the reſt; a *Cretan*, *Polycletes* by name, follow'd him cloſe; *Hippomachus* a Relation of *Idomeneus*, who aſpir'd to o'ertake him, giving the Reins to his Horſes, who were reeking with Sweat, leaned on their looſe Manes, and his Chariot-Wheels turn'd ſo very ſwift, that they ſeem'd to be without Motion, like the Wings of an Eagle that cuts the Air. My Horſes being animated, and having gather'd Breath by degrees, I out-ſtrip'd moſt of thoſe who ſtarted with ſo much ardour. *Hippomachus*, *Idomeneus*'s Kinſman, driving his Horſes too faſt, the moſt mettleſome of them fell down, and his fall depriv'd his Maſter of the hopes of the Crown.

Polycletes, leaning too much upon his Horſes, and having no firm ſitting, tumbled down as his Chariot gave a Jolt, loſt his Reins, and 'twas great luck that he eſcap'd Death. *Crantor* ſeeing, with Eyes full of Indignation, that I was got up cloſe to him, redoubled his eagerneſs: Now he invoked the Gods, promiſing rich Offerings; then he cheer'd up his Horſes with his Voice: He was afraid leſt I ſhould paſs between him and the Mark, for my Horſes, which I ſpared at firſt, were now able to beat his; ſo that he had no o-

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ther hopes left him, than to ſtop up my Paſſage: In order to it, he ran the riſque of breaking his Wheel againſt the Mark, and broke it accordingly. I turn'd about preſently to avoid his broken Chariot, and a moment after he ſaw me at the Goal. The People ſhouted a ſecond time, and cry'd out, Victory to the Son of *Ulyſſes*, 'tis he the Gods have deſtin'd to reign over us.

In the mean time the moſt illuſtrious, and the wiſeſt amongſt the *Cretans*, conducted us into an old, conſecrated Wood, remote from the Sight of prophane Men, where the old Men whom *Minos* had eſtabliſh'd to be the Judges of the People, and Guardians of the Laws, convened us. We were the ſame who had contended at the Exerciſes, no other being admitted. The Sages opened the Books, wherein all the Laws of *Minos* are collected. As I drew near thoſe old Men, whom Age render'd venerable, without impairing the Vigour of their Mind, I felt my ſelf ſeized with an awful Reſpect and Confuſion. They ſat in order, and motionleſs in their Places; their Hair was hoary; ſome of them had none at all; a calm and ſerene Wiſdom was conſpicuous in their grave Countenances; they ſpoke with deliberation, and ſaid nothing but what they had well weigh'd before. When they happen'd to differ in Opinion, they were ſo moderate in maintaining their

their Sentiments, that one would be apt to think that they were all of one mind. Their long experience of paſt Tranſactions, and their conſtant application to Labour and Study, gave them a clear diſtinct Idea of every Thing: But what moſt conduc'd to perfect their Reaſon, was the Tranquility of their Minds, freed from the fond Paſſions and wild Caprices of Youth. They were actuated by Wiſdom alone, and the Advantage they reap'd from their accompliſh'd Virtue, was, that they had ſuch a perfect Maſtery over their Paſſions, that they enjoy'd without Emotion, the pleaſant and noble delight, of being govern'd by Reaſon. As I was admiring them, and wiſh'd my Life were contracted, that I might arrive on the ſudden to ſo valuable an old Age; I counted Youth unhappy, for being at ſo great diſtance from ſo calm and clear ſighted Virtue.

The Chief among thoſe old Men opened the Volume of *Minos*'s Laws, which was a great Book uſually kept among Perfumes in a golden Box. All thoſe old Men kiſs'd it with great reſpect, for they ſay, That next the Gods, from whom good Laws are deriv'd, nothing ought to be more ſacred among Men, than thoſe Laws themſelves, which tend to make them good, wiſe and happy. Thoſe who have in their Hands the Adminiſtration of the Laws for the Government of the People, ought

ought themſelves to be govern'd by thoſe very Laws upon all occaſions: 'Tis the Law, and not the Man, that ought to reign. Such was the Diſcourſe of theſe Sages. Afterwards he who preſided at the Aſſembly, propounded three Queſtions, which were to be decided by the Maxims of *Minos*.

The firſt Queſtion was, *Which of all Men are moſt free?* Some anſwer'd, 'Twas a King who had an abſolute Power over his People, and had conquer'd all his Enemies. Others maintain'd, that 'twas a Man who had ſufficent Riches to gratify all his deſires. Others ſaid, 'twas a Man who being never marry'd, travell'd all his Life-time through divers Countries, without being ever ſubject to the Laws of any Nation. Others fanſied, That it was a *Barbarian*, who living upon Hunting in the midſt of the Woods, was independent upon any Government, and ſubject to no manner of want. Others thought it was a Man newly made free, who, coming out of a rigorous Servitude, enjoy'd more than any other the ſweets of Liberty. Others, at laſt, ventur'd to ſay, That it was a dying Man, becauſe Death freed him from all Troubles; and all Men put together had no longer any Power over him.

When it came to my turn, I was not puzzl'd how to anſwer, becauſe I ſtill remember'd what *Mentor* had often told me: The

The moſt free of all Men, anſwer'd I, is he who can be free, even in Slavery it ſelf: In what Condition or Country ſoever a Man be, he is moſt free when he fears the Gods, and none but them: In ſhort, that Man is truly free, who, diſingag'd from all manner of Fear, or anxious Deſire, is ſubject to the Gods and his Reaſon only. The old Men looked upon one another ſmiling, and wonder'd to find that my Anſwer was exactly the ſame with that of *Minos*.

Afterwards, they propoſed the ſecond Queſtion in theſe Words; *Which is the moſt Unhappy of all Men?* Every one anſwered as he thought. One ſaid, 'Tis a Man who has neither Eſtate, Health, nor Honour. Another ſaid, 'Tis a Man who is Friendleſs. Others maintained, That 'tis a Man who has diſobedient, ungrateful, and unworthy Children. There came a Sage of the Iſle of *Lesbos*, who ſaid, That the moſt Unhappy of all Men, is he who thinks himſelf ſo; for Unhappineſs doth not entirely proceed from what we ſuffer, but rather from our own impatience and uneaſineſs, which aggravate our Misfortunes. This Speech was highly commended and applauded by the whole Aſſembly, and every one thought that the *Lesbian* Sage would carry the Prize, in thus ſolving this Queſtion; but being asked my Opinion, I anſwered according to *Mentor*'s Maxims,

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The moſt unhappy of all Men, is a King, who thinks himſelf happy, when he makes all the reſt of Mankind miſerable: His blindneſs makes him doubly unhappy; for not knowing his Miſery, he cannot apply Remedies to it; nay, he fears to be acquainted with it; Truth cannot pierce through the croud of his Flatterers, and reach his View; his Paſſions tyrannize over him; he is a Stranger to his duty; he never taſted the Pleaſures of doing Good, nor felt the Charms of untainted Virtue; he is unhappy, and deſerves to be ſo; his Unhappineſs encreaſes daily; he runs to his own Ruin, and the Gods prepare an eternal Puniſhment to confound him. All the Aſſembly confeſſed I had overcome the wiſe *Lesbian*, and the old Men declared I had hit upon the true Senſe of *Minos*.

The third Queſtion they asked, was, *Which of the two is to be preferred, either a King victorious and invincible in War, or a King unexperienced in War, but able to rule his People wiſely in Peace?* The Majority anſwer'd, That the King invincible in War was to be preferred. What are we the better, ſaid they, for having a King who knows how to govern well in Peace, if he knows not how to defend his Kingdom when a War breaks out? For then his Enemies will overcome him, and make his People ſlaves. Others on the contrary maintain'd, That the peaceful King was much

much better, becauſe he would be afraid of War, and conſequently take care to avoid it. Others ſaid, that a conquering King would conſult and advance as well the Honour of his People as his own, and make his ſubjects Maſters of other Nations; whereas a peaceful King would ſink their Courage into a ſhameful effeminacy. They deſired to know my Opinion, and I anſwered thus:

A King who knows how to govern, but only in Peace, or in War, and is incapable to rule his People in both, is but half a King; but if you compare a King, who is only skilled in War, to a wiſe King, who, without being acquainted with War, is able to maintain it upon Occaſion, by his Generals, I think He is to be preferred to the other: A King whoſe Mind ſhall be entirely bent upon War, would always be for making War in order to extend his Dominion, and advance his Glory, and not care if all his People were ruined. What are a People the better for the Conqueſts their King makes over other Nations, if they are miſerable under his Reign? Moreover, long Wars are ſtill attended with great Diſorders; the Conquerors themſelves grow looſe and licentious in thoſe times of Confuſion. See at what a dear rate *Greece* has triumphed over *Troy*; ſhe was deprived of her Kings for above ten Years. Whilſt all is ruined by War, the Laws grow faint,

faint, Agriculture is neglected, all Arts languiſh and decay; even the beſt Princes, when they have a War to carry on, are obliged to commit the greateſt of Ills; which is, to tolerate Licentiouſneſs, and make uſe of wicked Men. How many profligate Villains would be puniſhed during the Peace, whoſe Audaciouſneſs muſt be rewarded during the Diſorders of War? Never had any Nation a conquering Sovereign, but they muſt ſuffer much upon account of his Ambition. A Conqueror, intoxicated with his Glory, ruins as much his victorious People, as the Nations he has vanquiſh'd. A Prince, who wants the neceſſary Qualifications for Peace, cannot make his Subjects reliſh the Fruits of a War happily ended; he is like a Man who could defend his own Field againſt his Neighbour, and uſurp even that of his Neighbour himſelf, but could neither plough nor ſow his Grounds, and ſo reap no Harveſt. Such a Man ſeems to be born to deſtroy, lay waſte, and turn the World topſy-turvy, and not to make the People happy by a wiſe Government.

Now let's conſider a peaceful King: 'Tis true, he is not fit for great Conqueſts; that is to ſay, he is not born to diſturb the Tranquility of his own People, by endeavouring to ſubdue thoſe other Nations who are not his lawful Subjects; but if he be truly fit to govern

govern in Peace, he is Maſter of all the Qualifications neceſſary to ſecure and protect his People againſt their Enemies. The Reaſon of it is plain: For he is juſt, moderate, and eaſy, with reſpect to his Neighbours; he never attempts to do any thing that may diſturb the publick Peace; he is religiouſly faithful in all his Alliances; his Allies love him, they are not in fear of him, but rather repoſe an entire Confidence in him. If he happens to have ſome ſtirring, haughty, ambitious, and troubleſome Neighbour, all the other Kings, who fear that ſtirring Neighbour, and in no manner diſtruſt the peaceful King, join themſelves in Confederacy with that good King, and keep him from being oppreſs'd. His Integrity, Honeſty, and Moderation, make him the Arbiter of all the States that ſurround his: Whilſt the ambitious King is odious to all the reſt, and ever expos'd to their Leagues; the peaceful Prince has the Honour of being, as it were, the Father and Guardian of all the other Kings. Theſe are the Advantages he has abroad; thoſe he enjoys at home, are ſtill more ſolid: Since he is fit to govern in Peace, 'tis certain he governs according to the wiſeſt Laws; he diſcountenances Pomp, Luxury, and all thoſe Arts that ſerve only to cheriſh and foment Vice; he promotes and encourages thoſe that are uſeful, and can ſupply Mankind with the

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real Neceſſaries of Life; more particularly, he cauſes his Subjects to apply themſelves to Agriculture, and by that means he procures them plenty of all Neceſſaries. This laborious People, plain in their Manners, and thrifty in their way of Living, get an eaſy Livelihood by tilling of their Lands, and multiply every day. This Kingdom contains not only a vaſt multitude of People, but a People ſound in Body, vigorous and ſtrong, and not ſoften'd by Pleaſures; exercis'd and inur'd in Virtue, not addicted to the Enjoyments of an effeminate, luxurious Life; a People that know how to deſpiſe Death, and had rather part with their Lives, than with the Liberty they enjoy under a wiſe King, who reigns only by the dictates of Reaſon and Juſtice. Let now a neighbouring Conqueror attack this People, perhaps he may find them not ſo well skill'd in pitching a Camp, or drawing up an Army in order of Battle, or in erecting Machines for the Beſieging of a Town; but he will find them invincible by their Numbers, their Courage, their Patience upon hard Duty, their Familiarity with Want and Poverty, their Reſolution and Obſtinacy in Fight, and their conſtant Virtue, not to be ſhaken even by ill Succeſs and Diſaſters. Moreover, if the King have not experience enough to command his Armies in Perſon, he will eaſily find thoſe who

who ſhall be able to command them, and will make uſe of them without loſing his Authority. In the mean time, his Allies will furniſh him with Supplies; his Subjects will rather die, than undergo the Yoke of another unjuſt and tyrannical King; nay, the Gods themſelves will fight for him. See how many Helps and Advantages he will find amidſt the greateſt Dangers: I therefore conclude, That a peaceful King, who is unskill'd in War, is a very imperfect King, ſince he cannot diſcharge one of his moſt important Functions, which is to overcome his Enemies; but at the ſame time, he is infinitely ſuperior to a conquering King, who wants the neceſſary Qualifications to govern in Peace, and is only fit for War.

I perceiv'd a great many in the Aſſembly, who ſeem'd to diſlike my Opinion; for the generality of Men, dazzled by glittering Things, ſuch as Victories and Conqueſts, prefer them before what is plain, eaſy, and ſolid; ſuch as Peace, and an equal diſpenſation of Juſtice. But, however, the old Men declared I had ſpoken the Sentiments of *Minos*.

The firſt of theſe old Men cry'd out, I ſee the fulfilling of one of *Apollo*'s Oracles, which is known through all our Iſland: *Minos* having conſulted the Gods, to know how long his Progeny would reign, according to

the Laws he had eſtabliſh'd, *Apollo* anſwer'd him, Thy Off-ſpring will ceaſe to rule when a Stranger, coming into thy Iſland, ſhall cauſe thy Laws to reign. We fear'd leſt ſome Stranger ſhould come and conquer the Iſle of *Crete*, but *Idomeneus*'s Misfortune, and the Wiſdom of the Son of *Ulyſſes*, who beſt of any Mortal underſtands the Laws of *Minos*, do plainly diſcover to us the meaning of the Oracle. Why do we any longer defer crowning of him, whom Deſtiny appoints to be our King?

BRITISH
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MUSEUM

B. Cole Sculp.

The Cretans *would chuse* Telemachus *for their King.*

THE ADVENTURES OF *TELEMACHUS.*

BOOK VI.

The ARGUMENT.

Telemachus *relates, how he refuſed the Crown of* Crete, *in order to return to* Ithaca; *That the* Cretans *deſiring him to name a King, he propoſed* Mentor, *who likewiſe declin'd the Royal Diadem; That at laſt the Aſſembly preſſing* Mentor *to chuſe for the whole Nation, he told them what he had learnt of* Ariſtodemus's *Virtues, whereupon he was immediately proclaim'd King; That afterwards* Mentor *and he embark'd for* Ithaca; *but that* Neptune, *to gratify* Venus's *Reſentment, rais'd the late Storm; after which the Goddeſs* Calypſo *receiv'd them into her Iſland.*

THereupon the old Men went out of the ſacred Wood, and the Chief of them, taking me by the Hand, declar'd to the People, who were impatient to know the Deciſion, That I had carry'd the Prize. His Words were ſcarce out of his Mouth, when there was heard a confus'd Noiſe of all the Aſſembly, every one giving a Shout for Joy; the Shore, and all the neighbouring Hills eccho'd with this general Acclamation, Let the Son of *Ulyſſes*, who is as wiſe as *Minos*, reign over the *Cretans*.

I waited a while, and making Signs with my Hand, I demanded Silence. In the mean time *Mentor* whiſper'd me in the Ear; What! will you renounce your Country? Will your ambitious deſire of a Crown make you forget *Penelope*, who now expects you as her only Hopes; and the great *Ulyſſes*, whom the Gods reſolve to reſtore to his Family? Theſe Words went to my heart, and check'd my Ambition of being a King. But now the profound Silence of this tumultuous Aſſembly gave me occaſion thus to ſpeak: Illuſtrious *Cretans*, I am unworthy to command you. The Oracle you mention'd, ſhews indeed that the Offspring of *Minos* ſhall ceaſe to rule, when a Stranger comes into this Iſland

Iſland, and cauſes the Laws of that wiſe King to reign therein; but it is not ſaid, That Stranger ſhall rule. I will ſuppoſe I am that Stranger, mark'd out by the Oracle: I have made this Prediction good; I am come into this Iſland; I have diſcover'd the true Senſe of the Laws, and I wiſh my Explanation may contribute to make them reign with the Man you chuſe: For my own part, I prefer my Country, the poor little Iſland of *Ithaca*, before the hundred Cities of *Crete*, and the Glory and Wealth of this fine Kingdom. Suffer me to purſue what Fate has deſtin'd: If I enter'd your Liſts here, 'twas not with Hopes to rule here, but only to merit your Eſteem and your Pity, and that I might be furniſh'd by you with Neceſſaries for my ſpeedy Return into my Native Country; I would rather chuſe to obey my Father *Ulyſſes*, and comfort my Mother *Penelope*, than reign over all the Nations of the Univerſe. Oh *Cretans!* you ſee the bottom of my heart: I muſt leave you, but Death alone ſhall put a period to my Gratitude: Yes, *Telemachus* will love the *Cretans*, and be no leſs concern'd for their Honour than his own, as long as he has Breath.

I had ſcarce done ſpeaking, when there aroſe through the whole Aſſembly a hollow Noiſe, like that of the Sea-Waves, which

dash one against another in a Storm. Some said, Is this a God in an Humane Shape? Others maintain'd, they had seen me in other Countries, and that they knew me again. Others cry'd, we must force him to reign here. At last, I resum'd my Discourse, and every one was silent in a moment, not knowing whether or no I was going to accept what I had at first rejected; in these Words I address'd my self to them:

Suffer me, oh *Cretans!* to tell you my Thoughts: You are the wisest of all Nations, but methinks Wisdom requires a precaution, which you seem to have forgot; you ought to fix your Election, not on that Man who best discourses about the Laws, but on him who with a most steady and constant Virtue puts them in practice. For my part, I am young, and consequently unexperienc'd, expos'd to the Violence of Passions, and more fit to be instructed, by obeying, in order to command hereafter, than to command at present; Therefore, seek not a Man that has overcome others in those Trials of Wit and Strength, but one that has overcome himself; look for a Man that has your Laws deeply engraven in his Heart, and whose Life is a continu'd practice of those Laws: Let his Actions, rather than his Words, recommend him to your Choice.

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All the old Men, charm'd with this Diſcourſe, and ſeeing the Applauſes of the whole Aſſembly ſtill encreaſing, told me, ſince the Gods will not ſuffer us to hope to ſee you reign amongſt us, at leaſt do us the Favour to aſſiſt us in the finding out a King, that will govern according to our Laws: Do you know any body that can command with that Moderation you ſpeak of? I know a Man, anſwer'd I, to whom I am beholden for all you have admir'd in me, 'tis his Wiſdom and not mine that ſpoke to you, 'tis he who ſuggeſted to me all thoſe Anſwers you heard juſt now.

Thereupon the whole Aſſembly caſt their Eyes upon *Mentor*, whom I ſhew'd to them, holding him by the hand. Moreover, I told them what care he had taken of me from my Infancy; what dangers he had reſcu'd me from; what misfortunes had befallen me as ſoon as I began to neglect his Counſels. At firſt, they took no notice of him, by reaſon of his plain, negligent Dreſs; his modeſt Countenance, his being ſilent almoſt all the while, and his reſerv'd Looks: But when they view'd him more attentively, they diſcover'd in his Countenance ſomething that beſpoke in him a firm, noble, and elevated Soul; they obſerv'd the vivacity of his Eyes, and the briskneſs with which he perform'd the leaſt Action. They ask'd him ſeveral Queſtions, which he anſwer'd to the admiration

of all; upon which they reſolv'd to make him their King, but he excus'd himſelf without any concern: He told them, he preferr'd the Sweets of a private Life before the Pomp of a Crown; that even the Beſt of Kings were unhappy, in that they ſcarce ever did that good they had a mind to do; and that thro' ſurprize, and the inſinuations of Flatterers, they often did that Miſchief they never intended. He added, That if Slaves be miſerable, the Condition of a King is no leſs wretched, ſince 'tis but Servitude in a Diſguiſe. When a Man, ſaid he, is King, he is ſtill dependant upon all thoſe whom he has occaſion for, in order to make others obey: Happy is he who is not oblig'd to command! 'Tis only to his own Country, when ſhe inveſts a Man with Power, that he ought to offer the dear Sacrifice of his Liberty, in order to conſult and promote the Publick Good.

At theſe Words, the *Cretans*, not being able to recover from their Surprize, ask'd him, What Man they ought to chuſe? A Man, reply'd he, that knows well every one of you, ſince he muſt govern you; and ſuch a one as is ſhy of governing you. Whoever deſires Sovereignty, is not acquainted with it, and how then will he perfotm the Duties incumbent upon his Dignity, if he be a Stranger to them? He courts a Crown for himſelf, but you ought to have ſuch a one, as only accepts

cepts it for your ſake, and not for his own.

All the *Cretans* being ſtrangely ſurpriz'd to ſee theſe two Stangers refuſe a Crown, which many others ſeek after with eager Ambition, they enquir'd who came along with them. *Nauſicrates*, who had conducted them from the Port to the *Circus*, where the Games were celebrated, ſhew'd them *Hazael*, who was come with *Mentor* and my ſelf, from the Iſle of *Cyprus*; but their Wonder ſtill encreaſed, when they heard that *Mentor* had been *Hazael*'s Slave; that *Hazael*, deeply affected with the Wiſdom and Virtue of his Slave, had made him his Counſellor and intimate Friend; that that Slave made free, was the ſame who juſt now refus'd to be King; and that *Hazael* was come from *Damaſcus* in *Syria*, to inſtruct himſelf in the Laws of *Minos*; ſo much was his Heart poſſeſs'd with the Love of Wiſdom.

The old men ſaid to *Hazael*, We dare not deſire you to rule over us, for we ſuppoſe your Thoughts are the ſame with thoſe of *Mentor*; you deſpiſe Men too much, to be willing to take upon you the conduct of them. Beſides, you have ſo far renounc'd Riches, and the vain Pomp of a Crown, that you would not purchaſe them at the expence of your Liberty, and with the fatigue and anxious Cares which are inſeparable from Rule and Government. *Hazael* anſwer'd, Do not

underſtand me, Oh *Cretans!* as if I deſpis'd Men. No, I know too well what a great and noble Employment it is to make them good and happy; but that Employment is full of Trouble and Dangers; the Pomp that attends it is but a falſe Brightneſs, which can only dazzle the Eyes of vain-glorious Men. Life is ſhort; Greatneſs and Exaltation do more provoke the Paſſions, than they can ſatisfy them. My Deſign in coming ſo far, was not to purchaſe thoſe falſe Goods, but only to learn to be eaſy without them. I muſt bid you farewel; I have no other thoughts than to return to a peaceful and retir'd Life, where Wiſdom ſhall fill my Heart, and nouriſh my Soul; and where the hopes that reſult from Virtue towards a better Life after Death, ſhall comfort me under the Miſeries of old Age. If I were to wiſh for any thing, it ſhould be, not to be a King, but rather never to be parted from thoſe two Men you ſee here before you.

At laſt, the *Cretans* (addreſſing themſelves to *Mentor*) cry'd out, You, the wiſeſt and greateſt of all Mortals, tell us then, who it is we muſt chuſe to be our King, for we will not let you go till you have directed us where to fix our Choice? To which he anſwer'd; Whilſt I was among the Crowd of Spectators, I took notice of a vigorous old Man, who ſhew'd no manner of eagerneſs or concern;

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I ask'd who he was? And anſwer was made, He was call'd *Ariſtodemus*. Afterwards, I heard ſome body telling him, that his two Sons were among the Combatants; at which he expreſs'd no manner of Joy: He ſaid, That as for the one, he did not wiſh him the Dangers which attend a Crown; and as for the other, he lov'd his Country too well, ever to conſent that he ſhould be King. By that I underſtood that the Father had a rational Love for one of his Sons, who is good and virtuous, and that he did not indulge the other in vicious Exceſſes. My Curioſity ſtill encreaſing, I enquir'd into the Life and Character of this old Man; one of your Citizens anſwer'd me: He bore Arms a long time; his Body is cover'd with Wounds and Scars, but his plain and ſincere Virtue, entirely averſe to Flattery, render'd him troubleſom to *Idomeneus*, which is the reaſon that King did not employ him in the *Trojan* War. He fear'd a Man who would give thoſe wiſe Counſels, which he was not inclin'd to follow; he was even jealous of the Honour and Reputation which he would infallibly have acquir'd in a little time; he forgot all his paſt Services, and left him here poor, and expos'd to the Scorn of thoſe ſordid, baſe Men, who value nothing but Riches; but contented in his Poverty, he lives a pleaſant Life, in a retir'd Place of this Iſland, where he tills and ma-

nures

nures his Ground with his own Hands. One of his Sons helps him in his Work; they have a tender Love for each other; their Frugality and Labour make them happy, and ſupply them with all Neceſſaries for a plain way of Living. That wiſe old Man diſtributes to the Sick and Poor of his neighbourhood, all that he can ſpare from his own Wants and his Son's: He ſets all young People to work, and encourages, admoniſhes, and inſtructs them: He decides all Controverſies amongſt his Neighbours, and is, as it were, the Father of all Families. His own Misfortune is, that he has a ſecond Son, who would never follow his Advice in anything: The Father, having borne with him a long time, with hopes to reclaim him from his Vices, has at laſt turn'd him out of his Houſe; ſince which he has abandon'd himſelf to fond Ambition, and all extravagant Pleaſures.

This, Oh *Cretans!* is what I have been inform'd; you can beſt tell whether that Relation be true; but if that Man be ſuch as he is deſcrib'd to be, what need you celebrate any Games? Why do you aſſemble together ſo many unknown Perſons? You have amongſt you a Man who knows you, and whom you know; one who underſtands War, who has ſhewn his Courage not only againſt Darts and Arrows, but againſt dreadful Poverty

verty, and has deſpis'd Riches gain'd by Flattery; one who loves Labour: who knows how uſeful Agriculture is to a Nation; who abhors Pomp and Luxury; who ſuffers not himſelf to be unman'd by a blind Fondneſs of his Children, and loves the Virtue of the one, and condemns the Vice of the other: In a word, a Man who is already the Father of the People: This muſt be your King, if ſo be you deſire to ſee the Laws of wiſe *Minos* reign amongſt you.

All the People cry'd out: 'Tis true, *Ariſtodemus* is ſuch as you deſcribe him; 'tis he that deſerves the Crown. The old Men order'd he ſhould be call'd; he was fetch'd from among the Crowd, undiſtinguiſhed from the meaner ſort, and having appear'd before them, calm and unconcern'd, they declare to him, That they made him King. He anſwer'd, I cannot conſent to it, but upon theſe three Conditions: Firſt, that I ſhall lay down my Dignity in two Years time, in caſe I can't make you better than you are at preſent, and if you remain refractory to the Laws. Secondly, That I ſhall be free to maintain my plain and frugal way of Living. And thirdly, That my Children ſhall have no Rank or Precedence; and that after my Death they ſhall be rreated without any other Diſtinction, than according to their Merit, like the reſt of the Citizens.

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At theſe Words, the Air was fill'd with joyful Acclamations; the Chief of thoſe old Men, who were the Guardians of the Laws, put the Crown on *Ariſtodemus*'s Head; and afterwards they offer'd Sacrifices to *Jupiter*, and the other great Gods. *Ariſtodemus* gave us Preſents, not with that Magnificence which is uſual to Kings, but with a noble Simplicity; He gave to *Hazael* the Laws of *Minos*, written with *Minos*'s own hand; he likewiſe gave him a Collection of the whole Hiſtory of the Iſle of *Crete*, from *Saturn* and the Golden Age, down to that time: He ſent aboard his Ship all Kinds of the choiceſt Fruits that grow in *Crete*, but are unknown in *Syria*, and offer'd him all the Aſſiſtance he had occaſion for.

Now, becauſe we preſs'd for our Departure, he order'd a Ship to be fitted up, and man'd with a great number of ſtrong Rowers, and arm'd Men; he gave us withal, Changes of Cloaths, and all manner of Proviſions. At that very inſtant, there aroſe a fair Wind for *Ithaca*; this Wind, being contrary to *Hazael*, oblig'd him to ſtay behind; he ſaw us go away, and embrac'd us as dear Friends, whom he fear'd he ſhould ſee no more: However, ſaid he, the Gods are juſt; they ſee a Friendſhip founded on Virtue alone; they will one day bring us together again; and thoſe happy *Elyſian* Fields, where the Good and Juſt

are

are ſaid to enjoy an eternal Peace after Death, ſhall ſee our Souls meet, never to be parted any more. Oh! that my Aſhes might be gathered into the ſame Urn with yours! As he ſpoke theſe laſt Words, he ſhed a Flood of Tears, and his Voice was ſtifled by deep Sighs: We wept no leſs than he, and in this ſolemn Woe he conducted us to our Ship.

As for *Ariſtodemus*, he told us, 'Twas you made me King; remember what Dangers you have expoſed me to, and therefore, requeſt the Gods that they may vouchſafe to inſpire me with true Wiſdom, and make me as much ſuperior to other Men in Moderation, as I am above them in Authority. For my part, I beſeech them to conduct you ſafe into your Country, to confound the Inſolence of your Foes, and bleſs you with the Sight of *Ulyſſes*, reigning in Peace with his dear *Penelope*. *Telemachus*, I give you a good Ship, full of able Mariners and Soldiers, who may ſerve you againſt thoſe unjuſt Men that teaze your Mother. O *Mentor!* whoſe boundleſs Wiſdom leaves me no room even to wiſh you an addition of any thing, go both in peace, and make each other happy; remember *Ariſtodemus*; and if ever the *Ithacians* have occaſion for the *Cretans*, depend upon me as long as I have Breath. He embrac'd us, and we could not forbear mingling our Tears with our Thanks.

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In the mean time, the Wind, which fill'd our ſpreading Sails, ſeem'd to promiſe a ſafe Voyage. Already Mount *Ida* began to decreaſe in our Sight, and look'd like a little Hill; the *Cretan* Shoar diſappear'd, and the Coaſt of *Peloponneſus* ſeem'd to advance into the Sea to meet us half way: But on a ſudden, a lowring Storm over-caſt the Sky, and provok'd the boiſterouſneſs of the Waves; the day was turn'd into night, and ghaſtly Death hover'd over us. O *Neptune*, it is you, who with your proud Trident, ſtirr'd up the Rage of the watry Deep! *Venus*, to be reveng'd upon us for deſpiſing her even in her Temple of *Cythera*, went to that God, and ſpoke to him full of Grief, and with Eyes diſſolv'd in tears; at leaſt it is what *Mentor*, who is acquainted with Celeſtial Things, has aſſured me. O *Neptune*, ſaid ſhe, will you ſuffer thoſe impious Men to mock my Power with Impunity? The Gods themſelves are ſenſible of it, and theſe raſh Mortals have dared to condemn all they have ſeen in my Iſland; they pretend to a Wiſdom, Proof againſt all Paſſions, and look upon Love as a Fit of Madneſs. Have you forgot that I was born in your Dominions? Why do you delay any longer to ſwallow up in the deep Abyſs of your Kingdom, thoſe two Men, whom I abhor?

She

She had ſcarce done ſpeaking, when *Neptune* made his boiſterous Waves riſe up to the very Skies, and *Venus* ſmil'd, believing our Wreck inevitable. Our Pilot, being now beſide himſelf, cry'd out, that he could no longer oppoſe the violence of the Winds, which fiercely drove us upon ſome Rocks; a guſt of Wind broke our Main-maſt, and a moment after, we heard the Keel of our Ship ſplitting againſt a pointed Rock. The Water enters at ſeveral places; the Ship ſinks; all the Crew of Rowers rend the Sky with lamentable Cries. I embrac'd *Mentor*, and told him, Death is come at laſt, we muſt receive it with Courage; The Gods have deliver'd us from ſo many Dangers, only to deſtroy us this day: Let's die, Oh *Mentor!* let's die; it is a comfort to me that I die with you; it were in vain to contend for our Lives againſt the Storm.

To this *Mentor* anſwer'd, true Courage finds always ſome reſource or other; it is not enough to expect Death calmly and unconcern'd, unleſs, without being afraid of it, we uſe all our endeavours to keep it off. Let you and I take one of the Rower's Seats: whilſt that multitude of fearful and troubled Men regret the loſs of their Lives, without uſing means to preſerve them; let us not loſe one moment to ſave our ſelves. Thereupon he took a Hatchet, and cut off the broken

Maſt,

Maſt, which leaning into the Sea, made the Ship heel-a-port. The Maſt being thus ſevered from its ſtump, he ſhoved it out of the Ship, and leap'd upon it amidſt the furious Waves. Then calling me by my name, encourag'd me to follow him. As a great Tree, which all the confederate Winds attack in vain, and which remains unmov'd, and fix'd to its deep Roots, ſo that the Storm can only ſhake its Leaves: Thus *Mentor*, not only reſolute and couragious, but alſo calm and undiſturb'd, ſeem'd to command the Winds and Sea. I follow'd him; for who could not have follow'd, being encourag'd by *Mentor?* And now we are a-drift upon the Maſt, which we ſteer ſometimes one way, ſometimes another. This Maſt prov'd a great help to us, for we ſat a-ſtride upon it; whereas, had we been forc'd to ſwim all the while, our ſtrength had ſoon been ſpent. But the Storm did often over-ſet that great Tree; ſo that, being ſunk into the Sea, we ſwallow'd large draughts of the briny Flood, which run afterwards out of our Mouths, Ears and Noſtrils; and we were fain to contend with the Waves, to get uppermoſt again. Sometimes alſo, we were over-whelm'd by a Billow as big as a Mountain, and then we kept faſt to the Maſt, for fear that violent ſhock ſhould make us looſe hold of what was now our only hope.

Whilſt

Whilſt we were in that dreadful Condition, *Mentor*, as calm and unconcern'd as he is now upon this green turf, told me: Do you think, O *Telemachus!* that your Life is abandon'd to the Winds and the Waves? Do you believe that they can deſtroy you, unleſs the Gods have order'd it? No, no; the Gods overrule and decree all things, and therefore it is the Gods, and not the Sea, you ought to fear. Were you in the deep bottom of the Sea, great *Jove*'s hand were able to deliver you out of it; and were you on the top of *Olympus*, having the Stars under your Feet, he might ſink you to the deep Abyſs, or caſt you down into the flames of black *Tartarus*. I liſten'd to, and admir'd his Speech, which gave me a little comfort, but my Mind was not calm enough to anſwer him. We paſs'd a whole night without ſeeing one another, trembling, and half dead with Cold, not knowing whither the Storm would drive us. At length, the Winds began to relent, and the roaring Sea was like one who having been a-long time in a great Paſſion, has almoſt ſpent his Spirits, and feels only a ruffled motion which draws towards a Calm: Thus the Sea grown weary, as it were, of its own Fury, made but a hollow rumbling noiſe, and its Waves were little higher than the Ridges of Land betwixt two Furrows in a plough'd Field.

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In the mean time, bright *Aurora*, with her dewy Wings, came to open the Gates of the Sky, to introduce the radiant Sun, and ſeem'd to promiſe a fair day. All the Eaſt was ſtreak'd with fiery Beams; and the Stars, which had ſo long been hid, began to twinkle again, but withdrew, as ſoon as *Phœbus* appear'd on the lighten'd Horizon. We deſcry'd Land a-far off, and the Wind help'd us on towards it. Hereupon I felt hopes reviving in my Heart, but we ſaw none of our Companions. It is probable, their Courage fail'd them, and that they ſunk with the Ship. Being come pretty near the Shore, the Sea drove us againſt ſharp pointed Rocks, which were like to have bruiſed us to pieces; but we endeavour'd to oppoſe to them the end of our Maſt, which *Mentor* uſed to as much advantage, as a wiſe Steers-man does the beſt Rudder. Thus we eſcap'd thoſe dreadful Rocks, and found, at laſt, a clear and eaſy Coaſt, where we ſwam without any hindrance, and came at laſt to a ſandy Shore. There you ſaw us, Oh! great Goddeſs, who reigneſt in this Iſland; there you vouchſafed to receive and comfort us.

THE

BRITISH MUSEUM
170071

Mentor *throws himself and* Telemachus *into ye Sea.*

THE ADVENTURES OF *TELEMACHUS.*

BOOK VII.

The ARGUMENT.

Calypso *admires* Telemachus *in his Adventures, and tries all means to detain him in her Island, by engaging him in an Amour.* Mentor *by his wise Counsels supports* Telemachus *against the Artifices of that Goddess, and against* Cupid *himself, whom* Venus *had brought to her Assistance. Nevertheless,* Telemachus *and the Nymph* Eucharis *soon feel a mutual Passion, which, at first raises* Calypso's *Jealousy, and afterwards her Resentment against those two Lovers. She swears by the* Stygian *Lake, that* Telemachus *shall go out of her Island.* Cupid *goes to comfort her, and obliges her Nymphs to go and set on fire a Ship built by* Mentor, *at the very time that* Mentor *was forcing away* Telemachus, *to put him on board the Vessel.* Telemachus *felt a secret joy at the burning of the Ship; which* Mentor *perceiving, throws him*

him headlong into the Sea, and himself after him, in order, by swimming, to get to a Ship which he perceiv'd near that Coast.

Elemachus having ended his Speech, all the Nymphs, whose deep attention had kept them motionless, with Eyes fix'd upon him, began to look upon one another, and ask among themselves, with astonishment, who are these Men so cherish'd by the Gods? Who did ever hear such wonderful Adventures? The Son of *Ulysses* does already surpass his Father, in Eloquence, Wisdom, and Valour. What a Look! What a Beauty! What Sweetness! What Modesty! But withal, What Nobleness and Majesty! If we did not know him to be the Son of a Mortal, he might easily pass either for *Bacchus*, *Mercury*, or even the great *Apollo*. But who is this *Mentor*, who looks like a plain, obscure Man of mean Extraction? When one views him narrowly, there appears in him something more than Human.

Calypso listen'd to this discourse, with a concern which she could not well conceal; her Eyes still wander'd from *Mentor* to *Telemachus*, and from *Telemachus* to *Mentor*. Sometimes she would have *Telemachus* begin again that long Story of his Adventures; then, on the

the ſudden, ſhe contradicted her ſelf; and, at laſt, riſing abruptly from her ſeat, ſhe carry'd *Telemachus* alone into a Grove of Myrtles, where ſhe uſed all her Arts to know from him, if *Mentor* was a Deity under the diſguiſe of a human ſhape? *Telemachus* could not ſatisfy her; for *Minerva*, who accompany'd him under the ſhape of *Mentor*, had not diſcover'd her ſelf to him, by reaſon of his Youth, for ſhe did not yet truſt his ſecrecy ſo far, as to make him the Confident of her deſigns. Beſides, ſhe had a mind to try him in the greateſt dangers; and, had he known that *Minerva* was his Companion, ſuch a ſupport would have made him deſpiſe the fierceſt and moſt dreadful Accidents, without any concern. Therefore he miſtook *Minerva* for *Mentor*, and all the artful Inſinuations of *Calypſo*, could not diſcover what ſhe deſir'd to know.

In the mean time, all the Nymphs, gathering round *Mentor*, took great delight in asking him Queſtions: One of them ask'd him the Particulars of his Travels into *Ethiopia*; another deſir'd to be informed of what he had ſeen at *Damaſcus*; and a third ask'd him, Whether he was acquainted with *Ulyſſes* before the Siege of *Troy*? He anſwer'd every one with civility; and though his Words were plain, yet were they not without their Graces. It was not long before *Calypſo* return'd, and interrupted

terrupted their Converſation; and whilſt her Nymphs fell to gathering of Flowers, ſinging all the while to amuſe *Telemachus*, ſhe took *Mentor* aſide, in order to make him ſpeak and *diſcover who he was*. As the ſoft Vapours of Sleep do gently glide into the heavy Eyes, and weary'd Limbs of a Man quite ſpent with fatigue, with the ſame gentleneſs the flattering words of the Goddeſs inſinuated themſelves, in order to bewitch the Heart of *Mentor*; but ſtill ſhe met with ſomething that baffled her Efforts, and mock'd her Charms. Like a ſteep Rock, which hides its proud top among the Clouds, and deſpiſes the Rage of the inſulting Winds; thus *Mentor*, unſhaken in his wiſe Reſolves, ſuffer'd the preſſing Importunities of inquiſitive *Calypſo*; nay, ſometimes he gave her a glympſe of hope, that ſhe might puzzle him with her Queſtions, and draw forth the Truth from the bottom of his Heart: But when ſhe thought herſelf moſt ſure to ſatisfy her curioſity, her hopes vaniſh'd away; what ſhe imagin'd ſhe held faſt, gave her preſently the ſlip, and a ſhort anſwer from *Mentor*, threw her back into her former Uncertainty.

Thus ſhe ſpent whole days, now flattering *Telemachus*, and then endeavouring to take him away from *Mentor*, from whom ſhe deſpair'd of ever getting the Secret: She made uſe of her faireſt Nymphs to kindle the Fire of

of Love in young *Telemachus*'s Heart, and a Deity more powerful than *Calypso* came to her assistance.

Venus, still full of Resentment for the contempt which *Mentor* and *Telemachus* expressed of the worship that was paid her in the Island of *Cyprus*, was enrag'd to see that these two rash Mortals had escap'd the fury of the Winds and the Sea, in the late Storm raised by *Neptune*. She complain'd bitterly to *Jupiter*; but the Father of the Gods, unwilling to let her know, that *Minerva*, in the shape of *Mentor*, had preserv'd the Son of *Ulysses*, told *Venus* with a smile, That he gave her leave to revenge her self of those two Men: She therefore leaves *Olympus*; neglects the sweet Perfumes which are burnt on her Altars at *Paphos*, *Cythera*, and *Idalia*; flies in her Chariot, drawn by Doves; calls her *Cupid*, and with a Face full of Sorrow, but adorn'd with new Charms, she thus bespeaks him:

Do'st thou not see, my Son, those two Men, who scorn my Power and thine? Who for the future will worship us? Go and pierce with thy Arrows those two insensible Hearts; descend with me into that Island, where I shall discourse with *Calypso*. She said: and cutting the yielding Air in a golden Cloud, presented her self to *Calypso*, who, at that moment, sat alone on the edge of a Fountain, at some distance from her Grotto.

Unhappy Goddeſs, ſaid ſhe to her, the ungrateful *Ulyſſes* has deſpiſed and abandon'd you; his Son, ſtill more cruel than his Father, deſigns to do the ſame: But Love himſelf is come to revenge your Cauſe. I leave him with you; he may remain among your Nymphs, as heretofore young *Bacchus* was bred among the Nymphs of the Iſle of *Naxos*. *Telemachus* will look upon him as an ordinary Child; and not miſtruſting him, will ſoon feel his forcible Influence. She ſaid; and re-aſcending into the gilded Cloud, ſhe left behind her a ſweet Smell of *Ambroſia*, which perfumed all the Woods and Thickets around.

Cupid remain'd in the Arms of *Calypſo*, who, tho' a Goddeſs, began to feel a ſecret Flame glide in her Breaſt. To eaſe her ſelf, ſhe preſently gave him to a Nymph, who happen'd to be by her at that Inſtant, whoſe name was *Eucharis*; but alas! how often did ſhe repent it afterwards? At firſt, nothing appear'd more innocent, more gentle, more lovely, nor more graceful than this Child. By his ſprightly, flattering, and ever ſmiling Looks, one would have thought he could bring nothing but Delight; but as ſoon as one began to truſt his fond Careſſes, they were found to be full of a dangerous Venom. That malicious, deceitful Boy never flatter'd, but with a Deſign to betray; and never ſmiled, but

but when he had done, or was ready to do, Miſchief. He durſt not come near *Mentor*, being frighted away by his Severity; beſides, he was ſenſible, that that unknown Perſon was invulnerable, and not to be pierced by his Arrows. As for the Nymphs, they ſoon felt the Flames that were kindled by this treacherous Boy, but they took great care to hide the deep Wounds which feſter'd in their Breaſts.

In the mean time, *Telemachus*, ſeeing the Boy plaing with the Nymphs, was ſurpriz'd with his Beauty and Gentleneſs. He embraces him, ſometimes he takes him on his Knees, and ſometimes dandles him in his Arms. He feels within himſelf a ſecret Uneaſineſs, the Cauſe of which he cannot diſcover; the more he indulges himſelf in his innocent Play, the more is he diſorder'd and ſoftned. Do you ſee thoſe Nymphs, ſaid he to *Mentor*? How different they are from thoſe Women of the Iſle of *Cyprus*, whoſe very Beauty was offenſive, by reaſon of their immodeſty and Laſciviouſneſs; but theſe immortal Beauties diſplay an Innocency, a Modeſty, a Simplicity, all over charming! At theſe Words he bluſh'd, but could not tell why: He could neither forbear ſpeaking of them, nor go on with his Diſcourſe; his Words were broken, obſcure, incoherent,

and ſometimes without Senſe or Meaning. Hereupon *Mentor* told him, O *Telemachus!* the Dangers you eſcap'd in the Iſle of *Cyprus*, were nothing, compar'd with thoſe which now you don't miſtruſt. Bare-fac'd Lewdneſs ſtrikes Horror, and brutiſh Impudence raiſes our Indignation; but a modeſt Beauty is moſt dangerous and enſnaring. When we begin to love it, we fancy we are in love with Virtue, and by inſenſible degrees we yield to the deceitful Allurements of a Paſſion, which we can ſcarce perceive, before it is to fierce to be extinguiſhed. Fly, my dear *Telemachus*, fly from thoſe Nymphs, who are ſo modeſt and diſcreet only to decoy you fly from the Dangers your Youth expoſes you to; but above all, fly from that Boy whom you do not know. 'Tis *Cupid* himſelf, whom his Mother *Venus* has brought into this Iſland, to revenge your Contempt of thoſe Rites which are perform'd in her Honour in the Iſle of *Cythera*: He has wounded the Heart of *Calypſo*, and made her paſſionately in love with you; he has fir'd all thoſe Nymphs that are now about him; and even *Telemachus* himſelf: Oh! wretched young Man, you burn without feeling your ſecret Flame!

Telemachus often interrupted *Mentor*, and told him, But why ſhall we not ſtay in this Iſland? *Ulyſſes* is no longer among the Li-

ving,

ving, and muſt certainly have been a long time bury'd in the Waves; and *Penelope*, ſeeing that neither of us return home, can never have been able to reſiſt ſo many Lovers; and without doubt her Father *Icarus* has by this time oblig'd her to marry a Second Husband. Shall I return to *Ithaca*, to ſee her engag'd with another, contrary to the ſolemn Faith ſhe had plighted to my Father? The *Ithacians* have quite forgot *Ulyſſes*, and we cannot return thither, without running upon certain Death, ſince *Penelope*'s Lovers are already poſſeſs'd of all the Avenues to the Port, the better to make our Deſtruction ſure at our Return.

Mentor reply'd: Your Diſcourſe is the Reſult of a blind Paſſion; we are wonderfully induſtrious in finding all the Reaſons which ſeem to favour it, and with no leſs Care we avoid the Sight of thoſe which condemn it; we employ all our Wit in deceiving our ſelves, and ſtifling thoſe Remorſes which give a Check to our Deſires. Have you forgot what the Gods have done, in order to bring you back into your own Country? Which way did you come out of *Sicily*? Thoſe Misfortunes which befel you in *Egypt*, did they not turn on a ſudden to your Proſperity? What unſeen Hand diſpell'd all thoſe impending Dangers which threatned your Head in the City of *Tyre*? After ſo many wonderful De-

liverances, can you be doubtful of what the Gods have in Store for you? But what do I ſay? You are unworthy of their Favours. For my own Part, I go out of this Iſland: But you, oh! degenerate Son of ſo wiſe and noble a Father, you may lead here a ſoft, inglorious Life among Women; and in ſpite of Heaven, do what your Father thought unworthy of him.

Theſe ſcornful Reproofs touch'd *Telemachus* to the very Quick; he felt his Heart relenting at *Mentor*'s Words; his Grief was attended with Shame; he fear'd both the Departure and Indignation of ſo wiſe a Perſon, to whom he was ſo very much oblig'd; but a new-born Paſſion, with which he was but little acquainted, made him quite another Man. What, ſaid he to *Mentor* with Tears in his Eyes, do you reckon for nothing that immortal Life which the Goddeſs offers me? No, anſwer'd *Mentor*, I make no Account of any thing that is inconſiſtent with Virtue, and againſt the ſupreme Decrees of Heaven: Virtue calls you back into your own Country, that you may ſee and comfort *Ulyſſes* and *Penelope*; Virtue forbids you to abandon your ſelf to an extravagant Paſſion: The Gods, who deliver'd you from ſo many Dangers, in order to make your Glory ſhine as bright as your Father's; the Gods, I ſay, command you to quit this Iſland. Love alone, that baſe

baſe Tyrant Love, can detain you here? But what will you do with an immortal Life, bereft of Liberty, Virtue, and Honour? This ſort of Life would ſtill be the more wretched, in that it were endleſs. *Telemachus* anſwer'd him only with Sighs; ſometimes he wiſh'd that *Mentor* had forc'd him away from that Iſland; and ſometimes he wiſh'd that his Departure had rid him of a troubleſome, rigid Friend, who ever reproach'd him of his Weakneſs. His Soul was continually diſtracted by various Thoughts; nor did he continue long in any one of them. His Heart was like the Sea, which is toſs'd by contrary Winds, that ſport with its inconſtant Waves. He often lay ſtretch'd at full Length and motionleſs on the Sea-ſhore; ſometimes, in a lonely and gloomy Wood, he ſhed a Flood of bitter Tears, and cry'd like a roaring Lion: He was grown lean; his hollow Eyes were full of a devouring Fire; and by his pale, down-caſt Looks, and diſfigur'd Face, one could never have thought he had been *Telemachus*. His Beauty, his graceful Sprightlineſs, and his noble Aſpect, were fled from him; he was like a Flower, which being blown in the Morning, caſts forth its Fragrancy around all the Day, but fades inſenſibly towards the Night; its lively Colours decay, its Leaves wither, and its fine Top droops, and bears down the feeble Stalk.

Thus was the Son of *Ulysses* brought to the Gates of Death.

Mentor, perceiving that *Telemachus* was not able to resist the Violence of his Passion, bethought himself of a Stratagem to deliver him from so great a Danger. He took notice that *Calypso* was desperately in love with *Telemachus*, and that *Telemachus* was no less taken with the Charms of the young Nymph *Eucharis*; for cruel *Cupid*, the better to torment Mortals, makes them seldom love the Person by whom they are belov'd. Now, upon a Day, when *Telemachus* was to go out a Hunting with *Eucharis*, *Mentor*, in order to raise *Calypso*'s Jealousy, told her, I find in *Telemachus* an eager Love for Hunting, which I never perceiv'd in him before; this Recreation makes him slight all other Pleasures; he only delights in Forests and wild Mountains: Is it you, O Goddess, who have inspir'd him with this Passion?

Calypso was touch'd to the Quick with these Words, and was not able to contain her self. This *Telemachus*, answer'd she, who despis'd all the Pleasures of the Isle of *Cyprus*, cannot resist the faint Charms of one of my Nymphs. How dares he to boast of so many wonderful Actions, whose Heart is so easily softned by shameful, effeminate Pleasures, and who seems to be born only to lead an obscure, inglorious Life among Women?

Women? *Mentor*, not a little pleas'd to find that Jealouſy began to work in *Calypſo*'s Breaſt, ſaid no more at that time for fear ſhe ſhould diſtruſt him; he only expreſs'd his Concern by his ſad and down-caſt Looks. The Goddeſs complain'd to him about all ſhe ſaw, and renew'd her Complaints every day: This Hunting-match, of which *Mentor* gave her notice, rais'd her Fury to the height; ſhe was told, that *Telemachus* had no other Deſign in his Sports, than to withdraw from the other Nymphs, in order to entertain *Eucharis* alone: There was alſo a talk of a ſecond Hunting-match, wherein ſhe foreſaw he would do what he had done in the firſt. But to break *Telemachus*'s Meaſures, ſhe declar'd, that ſhe deſign'd to make one amongſt them; and then on a ſudden, being no more able to contain her Paſſion, ſhe ſpoke to him in theſe Words:

Is it for this raſh young Mortal! That thou art come into my Iſland, to eſcape the juſt Wreck which *Neptune* prepar'd for thee, and the Vengeance of the Gods? Didſt thou come into this Iſland, which no Mortal ever dares to approach, only to deſpiſe my Power, and the Love I have expreſs'd for thee? O! all ye powerful Deities of Heaven and Hell, hear the Complaints of an unfortunate Goddeſs: Haſte to confound and deſtroy this perfidious, this ungrateful, impious

Man. Since thou art ſtill more cruel and unjuſt than thy Father, may thy Sufferings be more cruel and laſting than his; may'ſt thou never ſee thy Country again, that poor and wretched *Ithaca*, which thou didſt not bluſh baſely to prefer before an immortal Life; or rather, may'ſt thou be deſtroy'd in ſight of it, in the middle of the Sea. May thy Body become the ſport of the Waves, and be caſt on this ſandy Shore, without any hopes of Burial; may my Eyes ſee it devour'd by ravenous Vultures; May ſhe whom you love, ſee it alſo; yes, ſhe ſhall ſee it; that Sight will break her Heart, and her Deſpair ſhall be my Bliſs and Delight.

Whilſt *Calypſo* was thus ſpeaking, her Eyes glow'd and ſparkled with Fire; her wild, diſtracted Looks were ever unſteady; her trembling Cheeks were full of black and blue Spots; her Colour chang'd every Moment; her Face was often o'er-ſpread with a deadly Paleneſs; her Tears did not flow ſo plentifully as before, their Spring being in a great meaſure dry'd up by Rage and Deſpair; her Voice was hoarſe, trembling, and broken. *Mentor* obſerv'd the different Motions of her Paſſion, and ſpoke no more to *Telemachus*; he us'd him as we do a Man deſperate ill, and abandon'd by the Phyſicians, yet often look'd upon him with Eyes of Pity.

Telemachus

Telemachus was ſenſible how guilty he was, and unworthy of *Mentor*'s Friendſhip; he durſt not lift up his Eyes, for fear he ſhould meet thoſe of *Mentor*, whoſe very Silence condemn'd him: Sometimes he had a mind to embrace him, and confeſs to him how deeply he was concern'd for his Fault; but ſtill he was with-held, as well by a miſtaken Shame, as by a Fear of doing more than he intended, to avoid a Danger which ſeem'd ſo pleaſing to him; for he could not yet be prevail'd upon by Reaſon, to conquer his fond and beloved Paſſion.

The Gods and Goddeſſes of bright *Olympus*, were now met together, and with profound Silence kept their Eyes fixed on the Iſland of *Calypſo*, impatient to know who would be victorious, *Minerva* or *Cupid*. The God of Love, by his ſporting and playing with the Nymphs, had ſet all the Iſland on Fire; and *Minerva*, under the ſhape of *Mentor*, employ'd Jealouſy, the inſeparable Companion of Love, againſt Love himſelf. *Jupiter* reſolved to be only a Spectator of this Conteſt, and to ſtand Neuter. In the mean time, *Eucharis*, who was afraid to loſe *Telemachus*, uſed a thouſand Arts to keep him in her Chains: And now ſhe was juſt ready to go out a ſecond time a hunting with him; her Dreſs was exactly like that of *Diana*; *Venus* and *Cupid* had ſupply'd her with new

new Charms, insomuch, that her Beauty then eclipsed even that of *Calypso* herself. *Calypso*, seeing her afar off, view'd her self in one of her Chrystial Fountains, and, being asham'd of her own Face, she run to hide herself in the remotest part of her Grotto, and spoke thus:

'Tis then in vain, I have endeavour'd to disturb the Joys of these two Lovers, by declaring that I design'd to be one of the Hunters. Shall I go with them? Shall I be the Occasion of her Triumph? And shall my Beauty serve only for a Foil to her's? Shall *Telemachus* at the Sight of my Charms be still more transported with those of *Eucharis*? Oh! wretched me! what have I done? No, I'll not go; neither shall they themselves go; I know well enough how to prevent them. I'll go to *Mentor*. I'll desire him to carry away *Telemachus* from this Island, and convey him to *Ithaca*. But what do I say? And what must become of forlorn me, when *Telemachus* is gone? Where am I? Oh cruel *Venus!* what shall I do? Oh *Venus!* you have deceived me! What a treacherous Present you gave me! Perfidious Child! Poisoning Love! I gave thee free Entrance into my Heart, with hopes to live happy with *Telemachus*, and thou hast brought nothing into my Heart but Trouble and Despair. My Nymphs have rebell'd against me; and my being a Goddess

Goddeſs ſerves only to make my Miſeries eternal. Oh! that I could deſtroy my ſelf, to end my Sorrows! But, Oh *Telemachus!* ſince I cannot die, Thou muſt. I'll revenge thy Ingratitude: Thy Nymph ſhall be Eye-witneſs of it; I will ſtrike thee to the Heart, while ſhe ſtands by. But, whither doe smy aving Paſſion hurry me? Oh unfortunate *Calypſo!* What mean'ſt thou! Wilt thou deſtroy a guiltleſs Youth, whom thou haſt thy ſelf plung'd into an Abyſs of Misfortunes! I my ſelf have convey'd the fatal Brand into the chaſte Boſom of *Telemachus:* How innocent was he before! how virtuous! how averſe to Vice! how reſolute againſt ſhameful Pleaſures! What made me intoxicate his Heart? —— He would have abandon'd me. —— Well! ſhall he not leave me now? Or ſhall he ſtay to torture me, and make my Rival bleſs'd? No, no: I ſuffer nothing but what I have deſerved. Go, dear *Telemachus*, go, croſs the Seas; leave *Calypſo*, whoſe Life is a Burthen to her, and who cannot meet Death, to eaſe her Torments; leave her diſconſolate, covered with Shame, and full of Deſpair, with thy proud *Eucharis.*

Thus ſhe ſpoke to her ſelf in her Grotto; but ruſhing out on the ſudden, tranſported with impetuous Fury: Where are you, O *Mentor!* ſaid ſhe? Is it thus you ſupport *Telemachus* againſt the Aſſaults of Vice, to which

which he is juſt ready to yield? You ſleep whilſt Love is broad awake to undo him. I cannot bear any longer with that ſhameful Indifference you ſhew: Will you calmly look on, and ſee the Son of *Ulyſſes* diſgrace his Father, and neglect the great things to which he is deſtin'd? Is it you or me, whom his Parents have entruſted with his Conduct? I endeavour to find Remedies to cure his diſtemper'd Heart, and will you ſtand idle and unconcern'd? There are in the remoteſt part of this Foreſt, tall Poplars, fit for the building of a Ship; there it is that *Ulyſſes* built his before he left this Iſland: You will find in the ſame place, a deep Cavern, wherein are all manner of Inſtruments neceſſary to cut out and joyn together all the different Parts of a Ship.

She had ſcarce utter'd theſe Words, but ſhe repented of them. *Mentor* did not loſe one moment of Time; he went down into that Cave, found the Inſtruments, fell'd the Poplars, and in one Day equip'd and fitted out a Ship for Sea; for *Minerva*'s Power and Induſtry require but very little Time to bring the greateſt Works to Perfection.

Calypſo in the mean time, was tortur'd by a cruel Anxiety of Thoughts; ſhe had a mind to ſee whether *Mentor*'s Work went forward, but could not find in her heart to leave the Hunting-match, where *Eucharis* would have

have enjoy'd the Company of *Telemachus*, in full liberty. Her Jealouſy never ſuffer'd her to loſe Sight of thoſe two Lovers; but at the ſame time, ſhe endeavour'd to lead the Hunters towards that Place where ſhe knew *Mentor* was building the Ship; ſhe heard the Strokes of the Hatchet, and Hammer, and every Blow went to the Heart of her. But then in the ſame moment, ſhe was afraid leſt the buſying her Mind on *Mentor*, ſhould make her miſs ſome Look or Wink from *Telemachus* to the young Nymph.

In the mean time, *Eucharis* ſaid to *Telemachus*, in a jeering Tone, Are not you afraid of being reprov'd by *Mentor*, for going out a hunting without him? Oh! how you are to be pity'd for living under ſo rigorous a Maſter, whoſe ſevere Auſterity nothing can mitigate? He profeſſes himſelf an Enemy to all manner of Pleaſure, and will not ſuffer you to enjoy any; he condemns, as a Crime, the moſt innocent Actions. You might indeed have ſuffer'd your ſelf to be govern'd by him, when you was not able to govern your ſelf; but after you have ſhew'd ſo much Wiſdom, you ſhould no longer ſuffer your ſelf to be us'd as a Child. Theſe cunning, inſinuating Words went deep into *Telemachus*'s Heart, and fill'd it with Spite and Hatred againſt *Mentor*, whoſe Yoke he was willing to ſhake off; he fear'd to ſee him again, and

was

was ſo perplex'd, that he return'd *Eucharis* no Anſwer. After they had ſpent the Day in Hunting, and in perpetual Conſtraint; at laſt, towards the Evening, they return'd home thro' that part of the Foreſt, near which *Mentor* had been working all Day. *Calypſo* ſaw afar off the Ship compleatly built, and at that Sight her Eyes were overſpread with a thick Cloud, like that of gloomy Death. Her trembling Knees gave way, and ſunk beneath her body, a cold Damp ſeiz'd all her Limbs: ſhe was forc'd to lean on the Nymphs that ſtood about her, and as *Eucharis* reach'd her Hand to ſupport her, ſhe put it back with a dreadful Frown.

Telemachus who ſaw the Ship, but did not ſee *Mentor* who was already gone home, having juſt finiſh'd his Work, ask'd the Goddeſs, who it was that own'd that Ship, and for what uſe it was deſign'd? She was at firſt puzzled for an Anſwer, but a while after, ſhe ſaid, I caus'd it to be built to ſend away *Mentor*; you'll not be troubl'd any longer with that ſevere Friend, who thwarts your Happineſs, and would grow jealous of you, if you ſhould become immortal. *Mentor* forſake me! I am undone! cry'd *Telemachus*. O *Eucharis*, if *Mentor* abandons me, I have no Friend left, but you: Having let theſe Words fall in the Tranſport of his Paſſion, he ſaw preſently how much his Raſh-

neſs

neſs was to blame, but he was not at liberty enough to think on their meaning at firſt. All the Company was ſilent, and full of Surprize: *Eucharis* bluſh'd, and caſt her Eyes down; ſhe ſtay'd behind the reſt Speechleſs, not daring to ſhew her ſelf: Yet, whilſt her Face was overſpread with Trouble and Confuſion, ſhe felt a ſecret Joy in her Heart. As for *Telemachus*, he could not apprehend himſelf, nor think he had ſpoke ſo indiſcreetly; what he had done, ſeem'd to him as a Dream, but ſuch a Dream as fill'd him with Perplexity and Uneaſineſs.

Calypſo, more fierce and wild than a Lioneſs that has her Whelps taken from her, ran up and down the Foreſt, without knowing whither ſhe was going. At laſt, ſhe found her ſelf at the enterance of her Grotto, where *Mentor* expected her: Go out of my Iſland, ſaid ſhe, you Strangers, who came hither to trouble my Repoſe: Away with that young Fool: As for you, old Dotard, you ſhall feel the Power of an enrag'd Goddeſs, unleſs you carry him away this very Moment. I will neither ſee him, nor ſuffer that any of my Nymphs ſhould ſpeak to him, nor ſo much as look upon him: I ſwear it by the *Stygian* Lake; an Oath which makes the Gods themſelves tremble: But know *Telemachus!* that thy Misfortunes are not at an end: No, ungrateful Wretch, if

I turn thee out of my Iſland, 'tis only that thou may'ſt become a Prey to new Diſaſters. I ſhall be reveng'd, thou ſhalt regret the Loſs of *Calypſo*, but all in vain; *Neptune*, ſtill angry at thy Father who offended him in *Sicily*, and ſollicited by *Venus*, whom thou did'ſt deſpiſe in the Iſle of *Cyprus*, prepares new Storms for thee. Thou ſhalt ſee thy Father, who is ſtill alive; but thou ſhalt ſee him without knowing him. Thou ſhalt not meet him at *Ithaca*, before thou haſt been the Sport of the moſt cruel Fortune. Depart. — May all the celeſtial Powers revenge me; may'ſt thou, in the middle of the raging Sea, hang Thunder-ſtruck on the ſharp Point of a Rock, invoking in vain *Calypſo*, whom thy juſt Puniſhment will fill with Joy.

Having ſpoke theſe Words, her troubled and perplexed Mind was ready to recall what ſhe had ſaid, and put her upon Reſolutions quite oppoſite to the former. Love revived in her Heart the fond Deſire of ſtaying *Telemachus*: Let him live, ſaid ſhe to her ſelf; let him ſtay here; perhaps he may at laſt be ſenſible how much I have done for him. *Eucharis* cannot beſtow Immortality upon him as I can. Oh! too too raſh *Calypſo*, thou haſt betray'd thy ſelf by thy haſty Oath; thou ſtandeſt now engag'd, and the *Stygian* Waves, by which thou haſt ſworn, leave thee no manner of hope. Theſe words were hear'd by

by no body; but one might ſee the Picture of a Fury in her ghaſtly Face, and all the peſtilential Venom of black *Cocytus* ſeem'd to reek out of her Heart.

Telemachus was ſeiz'd with Horror: She perceiv'd it; for what can be hid from a jealous Lover? And *Telemachus*'s Diſorder redoubled the Tranſports of the Goddeſs. Like a furious *Bacchanal*, who fills the Air with frightful Roarings, and makes the *Thracian* Mountains reſound with her Shrieks: Thus *Calypſo* roves about the Woods, with a Dart in her hand, calling all her Nymphs, and threatening to ſtrike any one that ſhall refuſe to follow her. Frighted by her Threats, they all crowd after her with ſpeed; even *Eucharis* advances with Tears in her Eyes, keeping her Looks fix'd at a diſtance upon *Telemachus*, but not daring to ſpeak to him any more. The Goddeſs ſhivered when ſhe ſaw her; and inſtead of relenting upon that Nymph's Submiſſion, her Fury redoubled when ſhe perceived, that even Grief and Affliction ſerved to heighten the Beauty of *Eucharis*.

In the mean time, *Telemachus* being alone with *Mentor*, he graſps his Knees, not daring either to embrace him, or look upon him; he ſheds a flood of Tears; he offers to ſpeak, but his Voice fails him. He knows neither what he is doing; nor what he ought to do;

nor

nor what he would do. At laſt, he cries out, Oh my true Father! Oh *Mentor!* deliver me from my Miſeries! I cannot leave you, neither can I follow you: Oh! rid me of my Troubles, rid me of my ſelf; ſtrike, ſtrike me dead.

Mentor embraces him, comforts him, teaches him how to bear with himſelf, without indulging his fond Paſſion, and tells him: Oh! Son of the wiſe *Ulyſſes*, whom the Gods have loved ſo much, and whom they love ſtill, 'tis out of that Love they have for you, that they expoſe you to thoſe terrible Miſeries which you now undergo: Whoever is unacquainted with his own Weakneſs, and the Violence of his Paſſions, cannot be called wiſe; for he is ſtill a Stranger to himſelf, and cannot ſtand upon his Guard againſt himſelf. The Gods have conducted you, as it were by the hand, to the very Brink of a Precipice, to let you ſee the immenſe Depth of it, without ſuffering you to fall into it; therefore conceive now what you could never have comprehended, unleſs you had experienc'd it your ſelf. You would in vain have been told of the Treacheries of Love, who flatters in order to deſtroy; and who, under an outward Sweetneſs, conceals the moſt cruel and unpleaſant Bitterneſs. That lovely Boy is come hither, attended by Sports, Smiles and Graces; you have ſeen him; he has

has robbed you of your Heart, and you your ſelf were pleas'd with this Robbery. You laboured to find Pretences to conceal to your ſelf the feſtering Wound of your Heart; you endeavoured to deceive me, and your ſelf; you feared nothing; ſee now what your Raſhneſs is come to; you call upon Death as the only Remedy of your Ills. The diſtemper'd Goddeſs is like one of the Infernal Furies; *Eucharis* is conſumed by a Fire, a thouſand times more cruel than all the racking Pangs of Death; all thoſe jealous Nymphs are ready to tear one another to pieces; and this is the Work that *Cupid* makes, for all he appears ſo gentle and inoffenſive. Summon all your Courage to your Aſſiſtance; conſider how much you are belov'd by the Gods, ſince they furniſh you with ſo fair an opportunity to avoid Love, and to return to your dear native Country. *Calypſo* her ſelf is forced to ſend you away; the Ship is ready; why ſhould you ſtay any longer in an Iſland where Virtue cannot be ſafe?

As he ſpoke theſe laſt words, *Mentor* took him by the hand, and pulled him along toward the Sea-ſhore. *Telemachus* follow'd him unwillingly, ſtill looking behind him, and keeping his Eyes fixed upon *Eucharis*, who went away from him; and tho' he cou'd not ſee her Face, yet he view'd with Admiration her fine Hair, ty'd behind with a crimſon Rib-

band, her looſe Garments playing with the Wind, and her noble portly Gate. He'd fain have kiſſed the very Ground on which ſhe went; and even when he began to loſe Sight of her, he ſtill liſten'd, thinking that he heard her Voice; altho' abſent, her living Picture was preſent to his Eyes; he fanſy'd he ſpoke to her, and was in ſuch a Perplexity and Concern, that he did not mind what *Mentor* ſaid to him.

At laſt, when he began to recover, as if waked out of a profound Sleep, he ſaid to *Mentor*, I am reſolv'd to follow you, but I have not yet taken my leave of *Eucharis*: I had rather die, than thus ungratefully to forſake her: Stay, I beſeech you, till I have ſeen her once more, and bidden her an eternal Farewel; at leaſt, ſuffer me to tell her, Oh! Nymph! the cruel Gods, the Gods jealous of my Happineſs, force me away from you; but they may ſooner put a Period to my Life, than ever blot you out of my Memory. Oh Father! either grant me this laſt and juſt Conſolation, or tear away my Life from me this Moment. No, I will neither ſtay in this Iſland, nor abandon my ſelf to Love; I have no ſuch Paſſion in my Breaſt, I only feel the Impulſe of Friendſhip and Gratitude for *Eucharis*: I only deſire to bid her once more Adieu, and then I'll follow you without delay.

How

How much I pity you! anſwer'd *Mentor*; your Paſſion is ſo fierce and violent, that you are not ſenſible of it. You think you are calm and compos'd, and yet you call upon Death; you boaſt that you are not conquer'd by *Cupid*, when you cannot leave the Nymph you love; you ſee and hear nothing but her, and are blind and deaf to all the reſt. You are like a Man, who being light-headed through a violent Fever, cries he is not Sick. Oh blind *Telemachus!* you were ready to renounce your Mother *Penelope*, who expects you; *Ulyſſes*, whom you ſhall ſee; *Ithaca*, where you ſhall be a King; and finally, thoſe great Honours, and that high Fortune, which the Gods have promiſed you by thoſe many Wonders they have done in your favour: All theſe Advantages you were going to renounce, to lead an inglorious Life with *Eucharis*. Will you ſtill pretend, that it is not Love that ties you to her? What is it then that diſcompoſes you? What makes you be willing to die? Why did you ſpeak with ſo much Tranſport before the Goddeſs? I do not charge you with Diſhoneſty, but I lament your Blindneſs: Fly, oh *Telemachus!* fly; for Love is not to be conquer'd, but by Flight: With ſuch an Enemy, true Courage conſiſts in flying without any deliberation, or ſo much as looking behind one, though at the ſame time, it is with Fear and Reluctancy that

that one flies. You have not forgot what Care I have taken of you ſince your Infancy, and what Dangers you have eſcaped by my wiſe Counſels; either be ruled by me, or ſuffer me to leave you. Oh! if you knew how much I grieve to ſee you thus ruſh on your own Ruin, and how much I have ſuffer'd during the time that I durſt not ſpeak to you; the Pangs your Mother felt when ſhe brought you forth, were nothing in compariſon of mine. I held my tongue; I fed upon my own Grief, and ſtifled my Sighs, to ſee whether you would return to me again. My Son, my dear Son, eaſe my oppreſs'd Heart; reſtore to me what I hold dearer than my own Bowels; reſtore to me my loſt *Telemachus!* reſtore your ſelf to your ſelf. If your Wiſdom can ſurmount your Love, I ſhall ſtill live happy: but if Love hurries you away from Wiſdom, *Mentor* can no longer live.

Whilſt *Mentor* was thus ſpeaking, he went on his way towards the Sea; and *Telemachus*, who was not yet confirm'd enough in his new Reſolution to follow him of his own accord, was yet willing to ſuffer himſelf to be led away without reſiſtance. *Minerva*, who ſtill conceal'd herſelf under the ſhape of *Mentor*, covering *Telemachus* with her inviſible Shield, and ſpreading round him Beams of divine Light, made him feel a reſolute Courage, of which he had not been ſenſible ſince his being

ing in that Island. At last, they arriv'd at a very steep Rock on the Sea-shore, which was continually insulted by the foaming Tide. They look'd from thence whether the Ship *Mentor* had built was still in the same Place, but beheld a dismal Spectacle.

Cupid was nettled to the Quick, not only by the unknown old Man's insensibility, but also by his robbing him of *Telemachus*; his Rage drew Tears from him, and made him run to *Calypso*, who wander'd up and down the shady Woods; she fetch'd a deep Sigh as soon as she saw him, and felt all her Wounds bleeding afresh. *Cupid* told her, You are a Goddess, and yet you suffer your self to be conquer'd by a feeble Mortal, who is a Prisoner in your Island! Why do you let him go? Oh unlucky Boy, answer'd she, I will no more give ear to thy pernicious Counsels; it is thou hast broken my soft and profound Tranquility, and cast me into an endless Abyss of Misery: It is now past recal, since I swore by the *Stygian* Flood to let *Telemachus* go. *Jove* himself, Almighty *Jove*, the Father of the Gods, dares not to break that dreadful Oath: But as *Telemachus* goes out of the Island, go thou away too; for thou hast done me more Mischief than he.

Cupid having wip'd off his Tears with a malicious smile, told her: Truly, this is a mighty business to be puzzled at! leave all

to my management; keep your Oath, and d
not oppose *Telemachus*'s departure: Neithe
your Nymphs nor I have sworn by the *Stygia*
Flood to let him go; I will inspire ther
with the design of setting that Ship on fire
which *Mentor* has built so expeditiously. Hi
diligence, which fill'd you with wonder, wi
be altogether vain; he shall have reason t
wonder himself in his turn, and shall have n
means left to draw away *Telemachus* from
you.

This flattering Speech convey'd pleasin
Hopes and Joys into the very bottom of *Ca*
lypso's heart, and allay'd the wild Fury an
Despair of the Goddess; just as a coolin
Breeze, which blows on the grassy Margen
of a purling Stream, refreshes a Flock o
Sheep, which was scorch'd by excessive Hea
Her Aspect became clear and serene; th
fiereeness of her Eyes was soften'd; thos
black Thoughts, and carking Cares, whic
prey'd upon her Heart, fled from her for
moment; she stopt, she smil'd, she caress'
wanton *Cupid*, and by her fondness, prepar'
new torments for her self.

Cupid highly pleas'd with having persuade
Calypso, flew instantly in order to persuade th
Nymphs, who were wandering and dispers'
up and down the Mountains, like a Flock o
Sheep, which the hunger of ravenous Wolve
hath frighted away from their Shepher

Cupi

Cupid gathers them together, and tells them, *Telemachus* is ſtill in your hands; haſte, and let devouring Flames conſume the Ship which the raſh *Mentor* has built to favour his Eſcape. Thereupon they light Torches, run towards the Sea-ſhore, fill the Air with dreadful Roarings, and toſs about their diſhevel'd Hair, like frantick *Bacchanals*. And now the greedy flames devour the Ship, which burns the more fiercely, as ſhe is made of dry Wood, daub'd over with Roſin; and a Cloud of Smoak, ſtreak'd with Flames, riſes up to the very Skies.

Telemachus and *Mentor* behold this Conflagration from the top of the Rock; and as *Telemachus* heard the ſhoutings of the Nymphs, he was almoſt tempted to rejoice at it, for his wounded Heart was not yet well cur'd; and *Mentor* perceiv'd that his Paſſion was like a Fire not quite extinguiſh'd, which now and then breaks through the Aſhes that cover it, and caſts forth bright Sparks. Now, ſaid *Telemachus*, muſt I return to my former Engagements, ſince we have no hopes left to quit this Iſland.

By this *Mentor* underſtood that *Telemachus* was going to relapſe into his Follies, and that he had not one moment to loſe: He eſpy'd afar off, in the main Sea, a Ship that ſtood ſtill, not daring to approach the Shore, for all Pilots knew that the Iſle of *Calypſo*

was inacceſſible to all Mortals. At that very inſtant the wiſe *Mentor* gave a puſh to *Telemachus*, who ſate on the ſharp end of the Rock, caſt him down into the Sea, and threw himſelf after him. *Telemachus* amaz'd and ſtunn'd by his violent Fall, drank large draughts of briny Water, and was for a while toſs'd about by the Waves; but at laſt coming to himſelf, and ſeeing *Mentor*, who reach'd him his hand to help him to ſwim, he thought of nothing but flying from the fatal Iſland.

The Nymphs, who expected to have kept them Priſoners, cry'd and howl'd with great fury, being enrag'd at the diſappointment. The diſconſolate *Calypſo* return'd into her Grotto, which ſhe fill'd with hideous roarings. *Cupid*, who ſaw his triumph turn'd into a ſhameful defeat, ſhook his Wings, and thro' the yielding Air flew to the ſacred Grove of *Idalia*, where his cruel Mother expected him. The Son ſtill more cruel than the Mother, comforted himſelf with laughing with her at all the miſchief he had done.

As *Telemachus* went farther off from the Iſland, he felt with ſecret pleaſure, both his Courage and his Love for Virtue reviving in his heart. I am ſenſible, cry'd he to *Mentor* of what you told me, and which I could not believe, for want of experience: There's no way to conquer Vice, but by flying from it.

Oh

Oh Father! how kind the Gods were to me, when they gave me your assistance, though by my Folly I deserve to be depriv'd of it, and be left alone to my self. I fear now, neither Sea, nor Winds, nor Storms; I only am afraid of my own Passions; Love alone is more dangerous than a thousand Wrecks.

THE ADVENTURES OF *TELEMACHUS.*

BOOK VIII.

The ARGUMENT.

Adoam, *Brother to* Narbal, *proves to be the Commander of the* Tyrian *Ship, where* Mentor *and* Telemachus *are kindly receiv'd. That Captain knowing* Telemachus *again, related to him the Tragical Death of* Pygmalion *and* Astarbe, *and the Advancement of* Baleazar, *whom the Tyrant his Father had disgrac'd at the Instigation of that lewd Woman. During a Repast made for* Telemachus *and* Mentor, Achitoas, *by the melody of his Voice, draws the Tritons, Nereids, and other Sea-Deities around the Ship.* Mentor *taking a Lyre (or Lute) into his hand, strikes it much finer than* Achitoas. Adoam *afterwards relates the Wonders of* Bœtica, *and describes the mild Temperature of the Air,*

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The Sea-Gods sing round Telemachus's Ship.

Clark sc

Air, and the other Beauties of that Country, whose Inhabitants lead quiet Lives in a great Simplicity of Manners.

THE Ship that ſtood ſtill, and towards which they ſwam, was a *Phenician*, bound to *Epirus*. Thoſe who were aboard her, had ſeen *Telemachus*, in his Voyage to *Egypt*, but could not know him amidſt the Waves. As ſoon as *Mentor* came within hearing, he lifted up his Head out of the Water, and with a ſtrong Voice cry'd to them: Oh *Phenicians!* you, who at all times are ready to give aſſiſtance to all other Nations, do not deny your help to two Men, who expect their Safety from your Humanity. If you have any reſpect for the Gods, receive us into your Ship; we will go along with you where-ever you go. The Commander of the Ship anſwer'd, we will receive you with Joy, for we are not ignorant how we ought to relieve Strangers in your unfortunate condition, and ſo they took them up into their Ship.

They were ſcarce got into her, but their Breath being quite ſpent, they ſunk motionleſs; for they had ſwam a long while, and ſtruggled with the fierce Waves. By degrees they recover'd their Spirits; they had other Coaths given them, for their's were ſoak'd

through by the briny Water, which dropp'd on every ſide. As ſoon as they were able to ſpeak, all the *Phenicians* crowded about them, deſiring to know their Adventures. Among the reſt, the Commander ask'd them, How could you enter the Iſland from which you came? It is ſaid to be poſſeſs'd by a cruel Goddeſs, who never ſuffers any Mortal to land there; beſides, it is encompaſſed with huge craggy Rocks, which are continually inſulted by the wanton Waves, and not to be approach'd without ſplitting againſt them, and ſuffering Shipwreck.

Mentor anſwer'd, we were drove upon that Coaſt by a Storm; we are *Grecians*, the Iſle of *Ithaca*, which lies near *Epirus* (whither you are bound) is our Country. If you are unwilling to touch at *Ithaca*, which is in your way, we are contented to be carry'd into *Epirus*, where we have Friends who will take care to furniſh us with all Neceſſaries, for our ſhort Paſſage from thence to *Ithaca*; and we will for ever be obliged to you for the bliſful ſight of what we hold the moſt dear in the World.

All this while *Telemachus* was ſilent, and let *Mentor* ſpeak; for the Errors he had committed in the Iſle of *Calypſo*, had made him much wiſer; he diſtruſted his own ſelf; he was ſenſible how much he wanted the prudent-Counſels of *Mentor*; and when he could not

not ſpeak to him, to ask his Advice, he conſulted his Eyes, and endeavoured to gueſs at his Thoughts.

The *Phenician* Maſter of the Ship, fixing his Eyes upon *Telemachus*, remember'd he had ſeen him ſomewhere, but 'twas a confuſed Remembrance, which he knew not how to clear. Give me leave, ſaid he to *Telemachus*, to ask you whether you remember you have ſeen me before; for methinks I am no Stranger to your Face, tho' I cannot tell where I have ſeen you; perhaps your Memory will help out mine.

Telemachus anſwer'd him, with Surprize blended with Joy; when I firſt look'd upon you, I was as much puzzled about your Face, as you are about mine; I'm ſure I have ſeen you; I know you again, but cannot call to mind, whether 'twas in *Egypt* or at *Tyre*. Thereupon, the *Phenician*, like a Man who wakes in the Morning, and who, by degrees, calls back the fugitive Dream that vaniſhes away at his waking, cry'd out on a ſudden, you are *Telemachus*, whom *Narbal* took into his Friendſhip when he return'd from *Egypt*; I am his Brother of whom he has undoubtedly ſpoken to you often. I left you with him, after the Expedition into *Egypt*. My Affairs carry'd me to the Extremity of the Seas, into the famous *Bætica*, near the *Herculean* Pillars; ſo that I did but juſt ſee you,

and 'tis no wonder I was ſo puzzled to know you again at firſt Sight,

I perceive, anſwer'd *Telemachus*, that you are *Adoam*: I had but a glympſe of you, but I knew you again by the diſcourſe I had with *Narbal*. Oh! how am I fill'd with Joy to hear News from a Man who ſhall ever be ſo very dear to me: Is he ſtill in *Tyre*? Is he no more expos'd to the barbarous Treatment of the cruel *Pygmalion*? *Adoam* interrupting him, ſaid, Know, Oh *Telemachus!* that Fortune has entruſted you with one who will take all the Care imaginable of you. I will carry you back to *Ithaca*, before I go to *Epirus*, and *Narbal*'s Brother will love you no leſs than *Narbal* himſelf. Having thus ſpoken, he took notice that the Wind, for which he waited, began to blow; whereupon he gave orders for weighing Anchor, and unfu[illegible] of the Sails; which done, the Rowers ply'd their Oars amain, and cut the yielding Flood. After that, he took *Telemachus* and *Mentor* aſide.

I am going, ſaid he, addreſſing himſelf to *Telemachus*, to ſatisfy your Curioſity: *Pygmalion* is no more; the juſt Gods have rid Mankind of him; as he truſted no Man, no Man would truſt him neither: The Good were contented to groan in Silence, and fly his Cruelties, without endeavouring to do him any hurt; the Wicked thought they

they had no other way to ſecure their Lives, than by putting a Period to his. There was not one *Tyrian* but who was every Day expoſed to fall a Sacrifice to his Diſtruſt. His very Guards were more expoſed than any Body elſe; for his Life being in their power, he fear'd them more than all the reſt of Men, and upon the leaſt Suſpicion, he ſacrific'd them to his Safety; which yet he could no where find, ſince thoſe who were the Truſtees of his Life, being in continual Danger, they could not deliver themſelves from their uneaſy Condition, but by preventing the Tyrant's cruel Suſpicions, and putting him to Death.

The impious *Aſtarbe*, whom you have ſo often heard mention'd, was the firſt who reſolved upon the Death of the King. She was paſſionately in love with a young *Tyrian*, *Joazar* by Name, a Man of great Wealth, whom ſhe hoped to place on the Throne. The better to ſucceed in her Deſign, ſhe perſuaded the King, that the eldeſt of his two Sons, named *Phadael*, impatient to wear the Crown, had conſpir'd againſt his Life; and procur'd falſe Witneſſes to prove the Conſpiracy, ſo that the unhappy Father put to death his innocent Son. The ſecond, named *Baleazar*, was ſent to *Samos*, under pretence of learning the Manners, Cuſtoms, and Sciences of *Greece*; but indeed

indeed, becauſe *Aſtarbe* ſuggeſted to the King, that his Safety requir'd he ſhould be remov'd from Court, for fear he ſhould enter into Combinations with the Malecontents. As ſoon as he had put to Sea, thoſe who commanded the Ship, being corrupted by that cruel Woman, took meaſures in order to be Shipwreck'd in the Night; and having caſt the young Prince over-board, they ſaved their Lives by ſwimming to other Barks that waited for them.

In the mean time *Pygmalion* was the only Perſon that was unacquainted with *Aſtarbe*'s Amours; for he fanſy'd ſhe would never love any Man but him; and that diſtruſtful Prince was blinded by Love to ſuch a degree, that he repoſed an entire Confidence in that wicked Woman. At the ſame time, his extream Avarice prompted him to make away with *Joazar* (whom *Aſtarbe* loved with ſo much Paſſion) in order to ſeize upon his vaſt Riches.

But while *Pygmalion* was thus a Prey to his Diſtruſt, Love and Avarice, *Aſtarbe* thought it convenient to put him to Death with all ſpeed. She was apprehenſive of his having diſcover'd her infamous Amours with that young Man; and beſides, ſhe knew the King's covetous Temper was a ſufficient Motive to put him upon exerciſing his Cruelty upon *Joazar*; and therefore ſhe concluded ſhe had not

not one Moment to loſe to prevent him. She ſaw the Chief Officers of his Houſhold willing to imbrue their Hands in the King's Blood; ſhe heard every Day of ſome new Conſpiracy or other, but ſhe was afraid of truſting any Body, leſt ſhe ſhould be betray'd. At laſt, ſhe thought it moſt ſafe to poiſon *Pygmalion*.

He was uſed to diet by himſelf with her; and dreſs'd all his Victuals with his own Hands, not daring to truſt any Body elſe; he locked himſelf up in the remoteſt part of his Palace, the better to conceal his diſtruſt, and that he might not be obſerv'd whilſt he was dreſſing his Victuals. He depriv'd himſelf of all Dainties and Delicacies, being afraid to taſte of any Thing that was not of his own Cooking. Thus, not only all manner of Meats dreſs'd by others, but alſo Wine, Bread, Salt, Oil, Milk, and other ordinary Aliments, were no longer of any uſe to him. He lived only upon Fruit, which he gathered with his own Hands in his Garden, or Pulſe and Roots, which he had ſow'd and cook'd himſelf. His Drink was nothing but Water, which he drew out of a Fountain within his Palace, and of which he always kept the Key. Although he ſeem'd to confide very much in *Aſtarbe*, yet he uſed all poſſible Precautions againſt her; he always cauſed her to taſte of every Thing

that

that was ſerv'd at his Table, that he might not be poiſon'd without her, and that all Hopes of ſurviving him might be taken away from her. But to baffle this Precaution, ſhe took an Antidote, which an old Woman, ſtill more wicked than her ſelf, and the Confident of her Amours, furniſh'd her with: After that ſhe poiſon'd the King with great Aſſurance, in this manner:

Juſt as they were going to ſit down to take their Repaſt, the old Woman, of whom I ſpoke before, came on a ſudden, and made a great Noiſe at one of the Doors: The King, who was ever in fear of being aſſaſſinated, ſtarts up in diſorder, and runs to that Door to ſee whether it was faſt enough: The old Woman makes off, the King remains Speechleſs; and though he knew not what to think of the Noiſe he had heard, yet he durſt not open the Door to be informed. *Aſtarbe* cheers him up, and with fond Careſſes perſuades him to eat: Now, whilſt the King was gone to the Door, ſhe had put Poiſon into his Golden Cup, and ſo when he bid her drink firſt, ſhe obey'd without any Fear, truſting to the Antidote. *Pygmalion* drank after her, and a little while after ſwoon'd away. *Aſtarbe*, who knew his cruel Temper, and that he would kill her upon the leaſt Suſpicion, begins to rend her Cloaths, tears off her Hair, and bemoans her ſelf

ſelf in a moſt hideous manner; ſhe claſped and hugged the dying King in her Arms, and bathed him in a Flood of Tears; for this cunning Woman had always Tears at command. At laſt, when ſhe perceiv'd that the King's Strength and Spirits were exhauſted, and that he was ready to give up the Ghoſt, for fear he ſhould recover and force her to die with him, ſhe gave over her endearing Fondneſs, and the tendereſt Marks of Love, and having put on horrid Cruelty, ruſh'd upon him with Fury, and ſtifled him. Afterwards ſhe pluck'd the Royal Signet off his Finger, took the Diadem off his Head, and called in *Joazar*, to whom ſhe gave them both. She fanſy'd that all thoſe who had been attach'd to her before, would not fail to countenance her Paſſion, and that her Lover would be proclaim'd King; but thoſe who had been moſt forward in humouring her, were mean and mercenary Souls, and therefore incapable of a ſincere and conſtant Affection. Beſides, they wanted Courage and Reſolution; and fear'd not only *Aſtarbe*'s Enemies, but likewiſe the Haughtineſs, Diſſimulation, and Cruelty of that impious Woman; ſo that all wiſh'd her Death to ſecure their own Lives. In the mean time, a dreadful Tumult fills the whole Palace; The King is Dead, The King is Dead, is the general Cry: Some are frighted, others run to Arms; all ſeem apprehenſive

prehenſive of the Conſequences, but yet over-joy'd at the News; buſy Fame carries it from mouth to mouth, throughout the great City of *Tyre*; every Body ſpeaks of the King's being poiſon'd, but not one is found that is concern'd at it. His Death is at once the Deliverance, and the general Comfort of the People.

Narbal, deeply affected with ſo terrible an Accident, deplor'd, like a Good Man, *Pygmalion*'s Misfortune, who had betray'd himſelf, by committing his Safety to the impious *Aſtarbe*; and had choſen to be an inhuman Tyrant, much rather than the Father of his People, which is a Duty incumbent on a King. He therefore conſulted the good of the State, and haſten'd to aſſemble all good and publick ſpirited Men to oppoſe *Aſtarbe*, under whom they were like to ſee a more cruel Government, than that to which ſhe had put a Period.

Narbal knew that *Baleazar* was not drown'd, when he was thrown into the Sea; and thoſe who aſſur'd *Aſtarbe* that he was dead, did it only upon a meer Conjecture: But by the favour of the Night, he ſav'd himſelf by ſwimming; and ſome *Cretan* Fiſhermen, mov'd with Compaſſion, receiv'd him into their Bark. He durſt not return into his Father's Kingdom, ſuſpecting, with Reaſon, that his Shipwreck was contriv'd by his Enemies;

mies; and fearing no leſs the cruel Jealouſy of *Pygmalion*, than the Artifices of *Aſtarbe*. He remain'd a long while wandering and unknown on the Sea-Coaſt of *Syria*, where the *Cretan* Fiſhermen had left him: And, to get a Livelihood, he was reduc'd to the Condition of a Shepherd. At laſt he found means to let *Narbal* know what Condition he was in, for he could not but think his Secret and his Life ſafe with a Man of his untainted Virtue and Integrity. *Narbal*, though ill-us'd by the Father, had nevertheleſs a Love and Reſpect for the Son, whoſe Intereſt he all along conſulted; but he took Care of him only to keep him from being wanting in his Duty to his Father, and upon that ſcore, he perſuaded him to bear patiently with his hard Misfortune.

Baleazar had ſent *Narbal* word, that if he thought it ſafe for him to come to *Tyre*, he muſt ſend him a Gold Ring, upon the Receipt of which, he would meet him there. *Narbal* did not judge it convenient to invite *Baleazar* to come whilſt *Pygmalion* was alive, for by that means he would have brought both that Prince's Life, and his own, into certain Danger; ſo difficult a Thing it was to guard againſt *Pygmalion*'s rigorous Inquiries. But as ſoon as that wretched Prince had made an End ſuitable to what his Crimes deſerv'd, *Narbal* ſent the Gold Ring to

Baleazar

Baleazar with all ſpeed. Upon the Receipt of it, *Baleazar* came away immediately, and arriv'd before the Gates of *Tyre*, when all the City was in an uproar about *Pygmalion*'s Succeſſor. *Baleazar* was ſoon acknowledg'd by the Chief Citizens of *Tyre*, and by the whole Populace. He was belov'd, not upon the account of the late King his Father, who had the univerſal hatred, but becauſe of his own Moderation, and Sweetneſs of Temper. His very Misfortunes, ſerv'd, in a great meaſure, to give a hightening Brightneſs to all his good Qualities, and to touch all the *Tyrians* with a deep Senſe of Compaſſion for his paſt Sufferings.

Narbal aſſembled all the Chief Men among the People, the old Men of the City-Council, and the Prieſts of the great Goddeſs of *Phenicia*. They ſaluted *Baleazar* as their King, and caus'd him to be proclaim'd by their Heralds. The People anſwer'd them with repeated Acclamations, which reach'd the Ears of *Aſtarbe*, in the remoteſt part of the Palace, where ſhe was lock'd in with her baſe and infamous *Joazar*. All the wicked Men, whom ſhe had made uſe of during *Pygmalion*'s Life, had already forſaken her; for the Wicked do naturally hate and fear the Wicked, and never wiſh to ſee them in Authority, becauſe they know what wrong uſe they

they would make of their Power, and how tyrannically they would exert it. As for good Men, the Wicked think them better for their turn, becauſe upon occaſion they hope to find in them Indulgence and Moderation. *Aſtarbe* had no body left about her, but the moſt notorious Accomplices of her enormous Crimes, who were continually in fearful Expectation of their deſerved Puniſhment.

The Gates of the Palace being broke open, thoſe profligate Wretches durſt not make a long reſiſtance, and only endeavour'd to run away. *Aſtarbe*, in the habit of a Slave, would have made her eſcape through the Crowd, but, being diſcover'd by a Soldier, ſhe was preſently ſecur'd, and it was with much ado that *Narbal* kept her from being torn to pieces by the enraged Multitude, who began already to drag her along in the dirt. In this extremity ſhe deſir'd to ſpeak with *Baleazar*, thinking ſhe might dazzle him by her Charms, and amuſe him with the hopes that ſhe would diſcover ſome important Secrets to him. *Baleazar* could not but admit her, to hear what ſhe had to ſay; and at firſt, beſides her Beauty, ſhe diſplay'd ſuch ſoft and gentle Modeſty as would have melted the fierceſt anger. She flatter'd *Baleazar* with the niceſt and moſt inſinuating Commendations; ſhe repreſented to him how

how much *Pygmalion* loved her; she conjur'd him by his Father's Ashes, to take pity on her: She invok'd the Gods, as if she had paid a sincere Adoration to them; she shed Floods of Tears; she grasp'd the Knees of the new King; but afterwards she used all possible Arts to render his best-affected Servants both suspected and odious to him. She accused *Narbal* of being enter'd into a Conspiracy against *Pygmalion*, and endeavouring to withdraw the People from their obedience to *Baleazar*, in order to make himself King: She added, that he design'd to poison that young Prince; and invented such other Calumnies to asperse all the rest of the *Tyrians*, who were addicted to Virtue. She hop'd to have found the Heart of *Baleazar* susceptible of the same Distrust and Suspicions, which she had found in the King his Father: But *Baleazar* not being able to bear any longer with the black Malice of that wicked Woman, he interrupted her, and call'd for a Guard to secure her. Being sent to prison, the wisest old Men were appointed to examine into all her Actions.

They discover'd with horror, that she had poison'd and stifled *Pygmalion*; and the whole course of her Life appear'd to be a continual course of monstrous Villainy. They were ready to sentence her to suffer the Punishment which is inflicted on great Offenders in *Phenicia*,

Phenicia, that is, to be burnt alive by a lingring Fire; but when ſhe found ſhe had no manner of hopes left, ſhe became fierce and mad like a Fury, and ſwallow'd down a Poiſon which ſhe us'd to carry about her, with deſign to make away with her ſelf, in caſe they would put her to lingring Torments. Thoſe who guarded her, took notice that ſhe was in violent Pain, and offer'd to give her Eaſe; but ſhe would never anſwer their Queſtions, only by ſigns ſhe let them underſtand that ſhe would receive no relief. They mention'd to her the juſt and avenging Gods, whom ſhe had provok'd; but inſtead of ſhewing any Trouble or Sorrow that might attone for her Crimes, ſhe look'd upon Heaven with Scorn and Arrogance, as it were to inſult the Almighty Powers. The Image of Rage and Impiety, was impreſſed on her agonizing Countenance; nor was there the leaſt remainder of that excellent Beauty which had been the deſtruction of ſo many Men; all her Graces were wholly defac'd; her faint, hollow Eyes rolled in their orbits, with wild ſtaring Looks; a convulſive Motion ſhook her Lips, and kept her Mouth open in a hideous manner; all her Face, ſhrivell'd and wrinkl'd, yielded a ghaſtly Proſpect by its continual diſtortions; a dead Coldneſs and Paleneſs had ſeiz'd all her Limbs; ſometimes ſhe ſeem'd to gather

freſh

freſh Spirits, and come to her ſelf again, but it was only a faint ſtruggle of Nature, which ſpent it ſelf in hideous Howlings; at laſt ſhe expir'd, leaving all the Spectators full of Horror and Fear. Without doubt, her impious Ghoſt went down into thoſe Places of Sorrow, where the cruel *Danaids* do eternally draw Water with bored Veſſels; where *Ixion* perpetually turns his Wheel; where *Tantalus*, parch'd with Thirſt, can never catch the wanton Water that flies his eager Lips; where *Siſiphus* vainly rolls up to the top of a Mountain, a Stone which tumbles down again continually; and where *Titius* will for ever feel a Vulture preying upon his growing Liver.

Baleazar being deliver'd from this Monſter, return'd the Gods thanks by innumerable Sacrifices. His Conduct, at the beginning of his Reign, was the reverſe of *Pygmalion*'s; he applies himſelf to the promoting of Trade, which languiſh'd and decay'd more and more every day; he conſults with *Narbal* about the moſt important Affairs, and yet is not govern'd by him; for he will ſee every thing with his own Eyes; he hears every Body's opinion, but afterwards determines according to his own. He is generally beloved by his People, and being Maſter of their Hearts, he enjoys more Riches than ever his Father heaped up with his inſatiable

and

and cruel Avarice; for there is never a Family, but what would part with all they have, if he happen'd to be reduc'd to a preſſing neceſſity. Thus, what he ſuffers them to enjoy, is more at his command, than if he ſhould forcibly take it from them. He needs not uſe any precaution, or to be ſollicitous to ſecure his Life; for he has ſtill the ſafeſt Guard about him, which is the Love of all his Subjects; every one of them being afraid to loſe him, and therefore willing to hazard his own Life to preſerve that of ſo good a King. He lives happy with his People, and all his People live happy under him. He is ever afraid of burthening his People; whereas they are afraid of giving him too little a ſhare in their Eſtates. He lets them live in Plenty, and yet this Plenty makes them neither refractory nor inſolent; for they are laborious, addicted to Trade, and ſtedfaſt in preſerving the Purity of their ancient Laws. *Phenicia* has now recover'd the height of her Greatneſs and Glory, and it is to her young King, ſhe owes ſo much Proſperity. *Narbal* governs under him. O *Telemachus!* were he now to ſee you, with how much Joy would he load you with Preſents! What a Pleaſure would it be to him to ſend you back into your own Country in State and Magnificence? Am I not then very fortunate in doing what he could wiſh to do himſelf, in going

ing to the Isle of *Ithaca*, there to place on the Throne the Son of *Ulysses*, that he may reign there, as wisely as *Baleazar* reigns at *Tyre*?

Adoam having thus spoken, *Telemachus*, highly pleas'd with this Story, and much more with the marks of Friendship he receiv'd from him, embrac'd him with great Tenderness and Affection. Afterwards, *Adoam* ask'd him, what extraordinary Adventure had led him into the Island of *Calypso*? *Telemachus*, in his turn, gave him the Story of his departure from *Tyre*, and his going over to the Isle of *Cyprus*: He related to him, his meeting again with *Mentor*; their Voyage into *Crete*; the publick Games for the Election of a new King after *Idomeneus*'s flight; *Venus*'s Anger; their Shipwreck; the kind and joyful welcome *Calypso* had given them; the Jealousy of that Goddess against one of her Nymphs; and *Mentor*'s throwing his Friend into the Sea, as soon as he espy'd the *Phenician* Ship.

After they had given each other the respective Stories of their Adventures, *Adoam* caus'd a magnificent Entertainment to be serv'd up; and the better to express his excessive Joy, he procur'd all the Diversions that could be had. Whilst they were at Table, attended by young *Phenician* Boys, clad in white, with Garlands of Flowers on their

their Heads; the moſt exquiſite Perfumes of the Eaſt were burnt. All the Rowers Seats were fill'd with Muſicians, playing on the Flute. *Achitoas* now and then interrupted them, by the ſweet harmony of his Voice and his Lyre, fit to entertain the Gods at their Revels, and even to pleaſe the Ears of *Apollo* himſelf. The *Tritons*, the *Nereids*, all the Deities who obey the Command of *Neptune*, and the Sea-Monſters themſelves forſook their deep watry Grotto's, and came in ſhoals round the Ship, charm'd by this Divine Melody. A Company of young *Phenicians* of excellent Beauty, and clad in fine Lawn, as white as the driven Snow, danc'd for a long time ſeveral Dances of their own Country; afterwards they danc'd after the *Egyptian* manner, and laſt of all, after the *Grecian*. Now and then the loud Trumpets made the Waves reſound with their Clangor as far as the diſtant Shore. The ſilence of the Night, the ſtillneſs of the Sea, the trembling light of the Moon, which play'd on the ſurface of the Water, and the azure Blue of the Skies, ſtudded with bright twinkling Stars, ſerv'd to heighten the Nobleneſs and Majeſty of the Show.

Telemachus, being of a quick and ſprightly Temper, eaſily affected with the Impreſſions of ſenſual Objects, reliſh'd all thoſe Pleaſures with delight; but he durſt not indulge him-

ſelf too far in the enjoyment of them, ſince he had experienc'd, to his Grief and Shame in the Iſle of *Calypſo*, how ready Youth is to be inflam'd. He was ſhy and afraid, even of the moſt innocent Pleaſures, and ſuſpected every thing. He look'd upon *Mentor*, and conſulted both his Face and his Eyes, to know what he ought to think of all thoſe Pleaſures.

Mentor was not a little pleas'd to ſee him in that Perplexity, but made as if he did not take notice of it; at laſt mov'd with *Telemachus*'s Moderation, he told him with a ſmile I perceive what you are afraid of, and cannot but commend your Fear; but however you muſt have a care not to carry it too far. No Man can wiſh you more earneſtly than I the Enjoyment of Pleaſure, provided it be ſuch Pleaſure as will not hurry you to Excels nor emaſculate your Nature. You muſt enjoy Pleaſure only to unbend your ſelf; but ſtill in ſuch a manner as to preſerve the uſe of your Reaſon. I wiſh you moderate diverſions, that will not make you like a furious Brute. It is now convenient you ſhould refreſh your ſelf after all your Troubles and Fatigues; reliſh, with a grateful Complaiſance to *Adoam*, all thoſe Enjoyments he offers you. Be merry, *Telemachus*, be merry and rejoice. Vertue is neither moroſe, auſtere, nor affected

ed: It is ſhe yields true Pleaſures; ſhe alone knows how to ſeaſon and temper them, to make them ſolid and laſting; ſhe knows how to mix Mirth and Sports with the moſt important and ſerious Affairs. She prepares us for Pleaſure by Labour, and refreſhes the Hardſhips of Labour by Pleaſure. Wiſdom it ſelf is not aſham'd to be gay and ſprightly upon occaſion.

Having ſpoke theſe words, *Mentor* took up a Harp, and touch'd it with ſuch exquiſite Art, that *Achitoas*, ſtung with Jealouſy, let his drop from his Hands; his Eyes were flaming with Spite, his troubled Face turn'd pale again; and every body would have taken notice of his Pain and Confuſion, but that at the ſame Moment, *Mentor*'s Harp had raviſh'd into an Extaſy the Souls of all the Aſſiſtants. No Man hardly durſt draw Breath, for fear of breaking in upon the profound ſilence, and ſo loſing ſomething of the divine Song; all were ſtill in pain, leſt he ſhould end it too ſoon. *Mentor*'s Voice had no effeminate ſoftneſs, but was flexible, mellow, and ſtrong; and he us'd it with ſuch Art, that he humour'd to admiration every thing he ſung.

He, at firſt, rehears'd the Praiſes of mighty *Jove*, the Father and King both of Gods and Men, who with a nod ſhakes the whole Univerſe. Afterwards he repreſented *Mi-*

nerva coming out of his Head, that is, Wiſdom, which that ſupreme God creates within himſelf, and which iſſues from him, to inſtruct thoſe who are willing to be taught. *Mentor* ſung all theſe Truths in ſuch divine and lofty Strains, and in ſo religious a manner, that the whole Aſſembly thought themſelves tranſported to the very Top of *Olympus*, in the preſence of *Jupiter*, whoſe Looks are more piercing than his Thunder. Next to that, he ſung the Misfortunes of young *Narciſſus*, who being fondly ſmitten with his own Beauty, which he was continually viewing in a Fountain, conſum'd himſelf with Grief, and was chang'd into a Flower, that bears his Name. Laſtly, he ſung the fatal Death of fair *Adonis*, whom a fierce wild Boar tore in pieces, and whom *Venus*, tho' paſſionately in love with him, could never bring to Life again, with all the bitter Complaints ſhe put up to Heaven.

None of thoſe who heard him, were able to contain their Tears; and every one felt a ſecret pleaſure in Weeping. When he had done Singing, the *Phenicians* look'd upon one another full of Wonder and Amazement. One ſaid this is *Orpheus*; for thus with his Harp he us'd to tame fierce Beaſts, and draw after him both Woods and Rocks. 'Tis thus he enchanted *Cerberus*, ſuſpended for a while the Torments of *Ixion*, and of the *Danaids*,

and

and prevail'd with the inexorable *Pluto*, to consent to the releaſement of the fair *Euridice*. Another cry'd, No, 'tis *Linus*, the Son of *Apollo*; to whom ſomebody anſwer'd, You are miſtaken, this muſt be *Apollo* himſelf. *Telemachus*'s ſurprize was little leſs than that of the reſt; for he never knew before, that *Mentor* could play on the Harp with ſo much Maſtery. *Achitoas*, who by this time had conceal'd his Jealouſy, began to give *Mentor* thoſe Commendations he deſerv'd; but he could not praiſe him without bluſhing, neither was he able to make an end of his Diſcourſe. *Mentor*, who ſaw the Trouble he was in, began to interrupt him, and endeavour'd to comfort him by commending his Muſick. However, his Praiſes did not comfort *Achitoas*; for he was ſenſible, that *Mentor* ſurpaſs'd him yet more by his Modeſty, than by the Charms of his Voice.

In the mean time *Telemachus* ſaid to *Adoam*: I remember you ſpoke to me of a Voyage you made into *Bætica*, ſince we came away from *Egypt*; and becauſe *Bætica* is a Country, of which common Fame relates ſo many incredible Wonders, vouchſafe to tell me what we muſt believe of them. I will be extream glad, reply'd *Adoam*, to give you a Deſcription of that famous Country which deſerves your Curioſity, and which is much beyond

what Fame proclaims about it; whereupon he thus began:

The River *Bætis* runs through a fruitful Land, bleſs'd with a temperate, and ever ſerene Sky. The Country has its name from the River, which diſcharges its Waters into the great Ocean, near the famous Pillars of *Hercules*, and about that Place where the furious Sea, breaking thro' its Banks, divided heretofore the Land of *Tarſis* from *Great Africa*. This Country ſeems to have preſerv'd the Delights of the Golden Age. Here Winters are lukewarm, and the fierce Northern Winds never rage in it; the ſcorching heat of the Summer is ever allay'd by refreſhing *Zephyrs*, which fan the ſultry Air towards Noon; ſo that the whole Year is but a happy Hymen betwixt Spring and Autumn, which ſeem ever to go hand in hand. The Land, both in the Vallies and the Plains, yields every year a double Harveſt; the Roads are hedg'd with Bay-Trees, Pomegranate-Trees, Jeſſamine, and other Trees, ever green, and ever in bloſſom. The Hills are overſpread with numerous Flocks of Sheep, whoſe fine Wool is a choice Commodity among all Nations of the known World. There are a great many Mines of Gold and Silver in that happy Country; but its rude Inhabitants, contented and happy with their Plainneſs, diſdain to count

Gold

Gold or Silver among their Riches, and only value what is really neceſſary to anſwer the Exigencies of humane Nature.

When we firſt began to trade with that Nation, we found Gold and Silver employ'd among them about the ſame uſes as Iron; as for example, for Plough-ſhares. As they had no foreign Trade, ſo they wanted no Coin. Moſt of them are either Shepherds or Huſbandmen; Artificers and Tradeſmen are but few in this Country; for they only tolerate thoſe Arts which procure the Neceſſaries of Life; and beſides, though moſt of the Inhabitants either follow Agriculture, or the tending of Herds and Flocks, yet they are skill'd in thoſe Arts which are requiſite to the ſupport of their plain and frugal Way of Living. The Women ſpin that ſilky Wool I told you of, and make extraordinary fine and white Stuffs; they bake Bread, dreſs Victuals, and all thoſe Labours are eaſie to them; for in this Country their ordinary food is Fruit and Milk, and very rarely Fleſh. Out of the Leather of their Sheep, they make thin Shoes for themſelves, their Husbands, and their Children; they make Tents, ſome of wax'd Skins, and others of Barks of Trees. They waſh the Cloaths, keep the Houſes in order, and ſweet and clean to Admiration, and make Garments for all the Family. Thoſe Garments are ea-

ſily made; for in this mild and happy Climate, they only wear a thin and light piece of Stuff, neither cut nor ſew'd, and which, for Modeſty's ſake, every one laps about his Body in long Folds, and in what form he pleaſes.

The Men, beſides Husbandry, and the tending of their Herds and Flocks, have no other Art to exerciſe, but the working and faſhioning of Wood and Iron; and even in theſe, they ſeldom make any uſe of Iron, unleſs it be for Tools neceſſary for Husbandry. All thoſe Arts which reſpect Architecture, are altogether uſeleſs to them; for they never build Houſes. It argues, ſay they, too great a fondneſs for the Earth, to build a Dwelling upon it much more laſting than one's ſelf; it is ſufficient to have a Shelter againſt the Injuries of the Weather. As for all other Arts, ſo much eſteem'd among the *Grecians*, the *Egyptians*, and other civiliz'd Nations, they abhor and deteſt them, as the Inventions of Pride and Effeminacy.

When they hear of Nations that have the Art of erecting ſtately Buildings, of making gold and ſilver Houſhold-goods, Stuffs adorn'd with Embroidery, and precious Stones, exquiſite Perfumes, delicious and dainty diſhes of Meat, and Inſtruments of Muſick, whoſe harmony inchants the Soul, they anſwer in theſe words; thoſe Nations are unhappy, thus

thus to have beſtow'd ſo much Time, Labour, and Induſtry, upon the corrupting of themſelves. Thoſe ſuperfluities ſoften, intoxicate, and torment the Poſſeſſors of them, and tempt thoſe that are depriv'd of them, to acquire them by Injuſtice and Violence. Can that ſuperfluity be call'd a Good, which ſerves only to make Men wicked? Are the Men of thoſe Countries more ſound, ſtrong, and robuſt than we? Do they live longer? Are they better united among themſelves? Is their Life more free from Cares, more calm, and more chearful? Nay, on the contrary, they muſt needs be jealous of one another, devour'd by ſhameful and baſe Envy, ever diſquieted by Ambition, Fears, and Avarice; and incapable of enjoying plain, unmix'd, and ſolid Pleaſures, ſince they are Slaves to ſo many imaginary Neceſſities, in which alone they place their Felicity. Thus it is, continu'd *Adoam*, that theſe wiſe Men ſpeak, who owe all their Wiſdom to their diligent Study of ſimple Nature; they have an Abhorrence for our Politeneſs, and it muſt be confeſs'd, that there is ſomething great in their admirable Plainneſs: They live all together, without dividing their Lands; every Family is govern'd by its Chief, who is real King of it. The Father of the Family has the power to puniſh any of his Children, or Grand-Children, that commits a fault;

but before he inflicts the Puniſhment, he adviſes with the reſt of the Family. 'Tis rare indeed, that there is any occaſion for Puniſhment; for Innocence of Manners, Truth, Honeſty, Integrity, Obedience, and Abhorrence of Vice, dwell in this happy Place; and one would think, *Aſtræa*, who is ſaid to have fled to Heaven, lies yet conceal'd here among theſe People: There is no need of Judges amongſt them, for their own Conſciences judge them: All their Goods are in common; the Fruits of the Trees, the Grain and Pulſe of the Earth, the Milk of the Herds are ſo abounding, that a People ſo ſober and moderate have no occaſion to divide them. Each Family travelling thro' this happy Country, carry their Tents from one Place to another, when they have eaten up the Paſturage, and conſum'd the Fruits of that Part where they were ſeated before; ſo that having no private Intereſts to maintain one againſt t'other, they all love one another with brotherly Love, which nothing can impair or break in upon; 'tis the Contempt of vain Riches and of deceitful Pleaſures, which confirms them in this Peace, Union, and Liberty. They are all free, and all equal.

There is no other Diſtinction among them, except what is allow'd to the Experience of the grave old Men, or to the extraordinary Wiſdom of ſome young Men, who being accom-

accompliſh'd in all Virtue, are equal to the old Men. The cruel Outcries of Fraud, Violence, Perjury, Law-ſuits, and Wars, are never hear'd in this Country, cheriſh'd by the Gods. No humane Blood ever ſtain'd this Land; nay, even the Blood of Lambs is ſeldom ſpilt in it. When theſe People hear of bloody Battles, rapid Conqueſts, State Revolutions, which are frequent in other Nations, they ſtand perfectly amaz'd. What, ſay they, are not Men ſubject enough to Mortality, without precipitating one another to Death? Does Life, which is ſo ſhort, ſeem to them too long? Are they ſent here upon Earth to tear one another to pieces, and ſo make themſelves mutually miſerable? Among other things, theſe People of *Bætica* cannot conceive, why thoſe Conquerors, who ſubdue great Empires, ſhould be ſo much admir'd. What a Folly it is, ſay they, for a Man to place his Happineſs in governing other Men, which is ſo painful an Office, if it be executed with Reaſon, and according to Juſtice? But what pleaſure can he take in governing them againſt their Conſent? All that a wiſe Man can do, is to take upon him the governing of a docile People, whom the Gods have committed to his Care; or a People who intreat him to be a Father or Shepherd to them; but to govern Men againſt their Will, is to make one's ſelf moſt miſerable,

ble, to gain a falſe Honour for keeping them in Slavery. A Conqueror is a Man whom the Gods, in their Wrath againſt Mankind, have ſent upon the Earth, to lay Kingdoms waſte, ſpread Terror, Miſery, and Deſpair every where, and to make as many Slaves, as there are Freemen. Is it not Glory enough for a Man, that thirſts after Fame, to rule thoſe with Prudence whom the Gods have put under him? Does he think he cannot merit Praiſe, unleſs he becomes violent, unjuſt, inſulting, uſurping, and tyrannical over all his Neighbours? War ſhould never be thought on, but for the defence of Liberty. Happy he, who being a Slave to no Man, has not the vain ambition to make another Man his Slave. Thoſe mighty Conquerors whom they repreſent to us with ſo much glory, are only like overflowing Rivers, which appear majeſtick, but deſtroy thoſe fertile Fields which they ſhould only refreſh.

After *Adoam* had given this deſcription of *Bætica*, *Telemachus*, charm'd with his relation, ask'd him ſeveral curious Queſtions. Do theſe People, ſaid he, drink Wine? They are ſo far from drinking it, reply'd *Adoam*, that they never car'd to make any; not that they want Grapes, ſince no Country whatſoever produces more delicious; but they content themſelves with eating Grapes, as they do other Fruits;

Fruits; and dread Wine as the corrupter of Mankind. 'Tis a kind of Poiſon (ſay they) which raiſes Madneſs. It does not kill a Man, indeed, but it makes him a Beaſt. Men may preſerve their Health and Strength without Wine, the Effect of which is to deſtroy good Manners.

Then, ſaid *Telemachus*, I would fain know what Laws are obſerv'd in Marriages in this Nation. No Man, reply'd *Adoam*, can have more than one Wife, whom he muſt keep as long as ſhe lives. The Honour of the Men in this Country depends as much on their Fidelity to their Wives, as the Honour of the Wives depends, in other Countries, on their Fidelity to their Husbands. Never were People ſo honeſt, nor ſo inviolably chaſte. The Women here are beautiful and agreeable, but plain, modeſt, and laborious. Marriage here is peaceful, fruitful, and ſpotleſs. The Husband and Wife ſeem to be but one Soul in two Bodies; they bear an equal part in all domeſtick Cares; the Husband manages all the Concerns abroad, the Wife keeps cloſe to her Buſineſs at home; ſhe comforts her Husband, and ſeems to be made only to help and pleaſure him; ſhe gains his Confidence, and contributes leſs by her Beauty, than her Virtue to heighten the Charms of their Society, which endure as long as they live. Sobriety, Temperance, and Purity of

Manners

Manners, make the lives of these People not only long, but free from Diseases. Here are Men of an hundred, and of an hundred and twenty Years old, who are yet hearty and chearful. One thing more that I want to know, added *Telemachus*, is how they avoid going to War with their Neighbours. Nature, said *Adoam*, has separated them from other People, on one side by the Sea, and on the other side by high Mountains towards the North. Besides this, the neighbouring Nations bear them great respect, on account of their Virtue; and when they fall out among themselves, they frequently make choice of these People to determine their Differences; and have often entrusted to them the Lands and Towns that were in dispute. As this wise Nation has never committed any Violence, no Body distrusts them. They laugh when they hear of Kings who cannot settle and adjust the Frontiers of their Dominions among themselves. Is it possible, say they, for Men to fear they shall ever want Land? There will ever be more than they can cultivate: And as long as there shall remain free Lands, we would not so much as defend our own against our Neighbours, who would strive to take them from us. Pride, Arrogance, Knavery, and Avarice were never heard of among the Inhabitants of *Bætica*; so that their Neighbours never have occasion to

fear

fear ſuch a People, nor can they ever hope to make ſuch a People fear them, which is the reaſon that they never moleſt them. Theſe People would ſooner forſake their Country, or meet their Death, than ſubmit themſelves to Slavery. Thus they are as difficult to be enſlav'd, as it is for them to deſire to enſlave others: Which cauſes ſo profound a Peace betwixt them and their Neighbours.

Adoam ended this Diſcourſe, with an Account of the manner of Traffick between the *Phenicians* and thoſe of *Bætica*. Theſe People, purſu'd he, were amaz'd when they ſaw ſtrange Men come from ſo far on the Waves of the Sea. They ſuffer'd us to lay the Foundation of a City in the Iſle of *Gades*. They receiv'd us very kindly, and gave us part of all they had, without taking any payment for it. Moreover, they offer'd us all that was left of their Wool, after they had ſufficiently provided for their own uſe, and indeed ſent us a rich preſent of it. 'Tis a pleaſure to them to give their overplus liberally to Strangers.

As for their Mines, they gave them up to us without any manner of uneaſineſs, becauſe they made no advantage of them; they fanſy'd Men were not over-wiſe to ſearch with ſo much Pains in the Bowels of the Earth, what could not make them happy, nor

nor ſatisfy any real neceſſity. Do not dig, ſaid they to us, ſo deep into the Earth; content your ſelves with ploughing and tilling it, and it will afford you real Goods that will nouriſh you; you will reap Fruits from it that are more valuable than Gold and Silver, ſince Men deſire neither Gold nor Silver, but only to purchaſe ſuſtenance for human Life.

We would often have taught them Navigation, and have carry'd the young Men of their Country into *Phenicia*; but they would never conſent that their Children ſhould learn to live after our manner. They would learn, ſaid they to us, to ſtand in need of thoſe things that are become neceſſary to you, and would forego Virtue to gain them. They would grow, like a Man who has good Legs, but having loſt the Cuſtom of walking, brings himſelf at laſt to the ſad neceſſity of being always carry'd, like a ſick Man. As for Navigation, they admire it indeed, as an induſtrious Art; but they believe it to be pernicious. If thoſe People, ſay they, have enough to ſupport Life in their Country, what do they ſeek in another? Are they not contented with what is ſufficient to Nature? They deſerve to be ſhipwreck'd for ſeeking Death in the midſt of Tempeſts, to ſatiate the Avarice of Merchants, and indulge the Paſſions of other Men.

Telemachus was raviſh'd at *Adoam*'s diſcourſe; he was highly pleas'd to find that there was yet a People in the World, who following the true dictates of Nature, was both ſo wiſe and ſo happy. Oh! how vaſtly the Manners of theſe People differ from the vain and ambitious Manners of thoſe who are accounted the Wiſeſt! We are ſo vitiated, that we can hardly think that ſo natural a Simplicity can be real. We look upon the Morals of theſe People only as a pleaſant Fable, and they ought to look upon our's as a monſtrous Dream.

THE

THE ADVENTURES OF *TELEMACHUS.*

BOOK IX.

The ARGUMENT.

Venus, *ſtill enrag'd againſt* Telemachus, *ſues to* Jupiter *for his Deſtruction; but the Deſtinies not permitting him to periſh, that Goddeſs goes to* Neptune, *to concert means to drive him away from* Ithaca, *whither* Adoam *was conducting him. They employ, for that purpoſe, a deceitful Deity, who impoſes upon the Pilot* Athamas, *and makes him ſteer full ſail into the Port of the* Salentines, *while he thought to arrive at* Ithaca. Idomeneus *King of the* Salentines *receives* Telemachus *into his new City, where he was actually preparing a ſolemn Sacrifice to* Jupiter, *for the ſucceſs of a War againſt the* Mandurians. *The Prieſt conſulting the Entrails of the Victims, gives him hopes of*

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The Priest *consults the Intrails of the* Victims

of ſucceſs, and that he ſhall be chiefly indebted for it to his two new Gueſts.

WHilſt *Telemachus* and *Adoam* were thus diſcourſing together; negleſtful of Sleep, and not perceiving that the Night was half ſpent, a deceitful unfriendly Deity led them far wide of *Ithaca*, which their Pilot *Athamas* ſought for in vain. *Neptune*, tho' a Friend to the *Phenicians*, could no longer endure to think that *Telemachus* had eſcap'd the Storm that had daſh'd him againſt the Rocks of *Calypſo*'s Iſland. *Venus* was yet more incens'd, to ſee that young Man triumphing, after his Conqueſt over *Cupid* and his Charms; and in the height of her Paſſion, ſhe quitted *Cythera*, *Paphos*, *Idalia*, and all the Honours which are paid to her in the Iſle of *Crete*; ſhe could no longer ſtay in thoſe Places where *Telemachus* had deſpis'd her Power; and thereupon ſhe flies to bright *Olympus*, where the Gods were aſſembled round the Throne of *Jove*. From this Place, they behold the Stars rowling beneath their feet: They ſee the Terreſtrial Globe, like a ſmall Clod of Clay; The vaſt Seas appear to them only like drops of Water, with which this Clod is a little moiſten'd; The largeſt Kingdoms are in their eyes but as a little Sand covering the

ſurface

ſurface of this Clod. The numberleſs Multitudes of People, the mighty Armies ſeem to them but as Ants, contending for a Tuft of Graſs upon this Clod. The Immortals laugh at the moſt weighty Affairs that agitate feeble Mortals, and their moſt important Concerns appear to them like the Play-Games of Children. That which Men call Glory, Grandeur, Power, profound Policy, ſeems to theſe ſupreme Deities to be nothing but Miſery and Folly.

'Tis in this Abode, ſo much elevated above the Earth, that *Jupiter* has fix'd his immovable Throne: His Eyes pierce into the deepeſt Abyſs, and viſit even the moſt ſecret receſſes of the Heart. His ſweet and ſerene Aſpect diffuſes Tranquility and Joy throughout the Univerſe. On the contrary, when he ſhakes his ambroſial Locks, he makes both Heaven and Earth to tremble: The Gods themſelves, dazzled with the beamy Glory that ſurrounds him, can't approach him without trembling.

All the Celeſtial Deities were now about him. *Venus* preſented herſelf with all thoſe Charms, that ſpring from her divine Perſon; her looſe flowing Gown was more ſplendid than all the Colours with which *Iris* decks herſelf amidſt the dusky Clouds, when ſhe comes to promiſe to diſmay'd Mortals the Ceſſation of a Tempeſt, and to declare to them

them the return of fair Weather. Her Robe was faſten'd by that fam'd Girdle on which are repreſented the Graces; the Goddeſs's Hair was negligently ty'd behind by a Locket of Gold. All the Gods were ſurpriz'd at her Beauty, as if they had never ſeen her before, and their Eyes were dazzled, like the Eyes of Mortals, when *Phœbus*, after a tedious Night comes to illuminate the Earth with his Rays. They look'd on each other with aſtoniſhment, but ſtill their Eyes center'd on *Venus*; and they perceiv'd thoſe of the Goddeſs were bathed in Tears, and that a Cloud of Sorrows overcaſt her Face.

Mean while ſhe advanc'd towards the Throne of *Jupiter*, with a ſoft, light Pace, like the rapid flight of a Bird cleaving the vaſt ſpace of the yielding Air. He look'd upon her with Complacency, ſmil'd kindly on her, and then riſing up, embrac'd her: My dear Daughter, ſaid he to her, What is it grieves you? I can't ſee your Tears without concern: Fear not to unboſom your ſelf freely to me, you know my Tenderneſs and Indulgence for you.

Venus anſwer'd him with a gentle Voice, but interrupted with deep Sighs: O Father of Gods and Men! Can you, who ſee all things, be ignorant of the Cauſe of my Sorrow? *Minerva* is not ſatisfy'd with overthrowing the very Foundations of *Troy*'s ſtately

ſtately Town, which I protected, and to be reveng'd on *Paris*, who had prefer'd my Beauty to her's; but ſhe likewiſe conducts thro' Land and Sea the Son of *Ulyſſes*, that cruel Deſtroyer of *Troy*. *Telemachus* is ſtill accompany'd by *Minerva*, which occaſions her abſence from this Divine Aſſembly: She led this raſh Youth into the Iſle of *Cyprus* to affront me. He has deſpis'd my Power; and not only diſdain'd to burn Incenſe upon my Altars, but has expreſs'd an abhorrence of the Feſtivals that are celebrated in my Honour. He has lock'd faſt his Heart againſt all my Pleaſures. In vain has *Neptune* ſtir'd up againſt him the Winds and Seas, at my deſire; *Telemachus*, caſt by a dreadful Shipwreck on *Calypſo*'s Iſland, has triumph'd over *Cupid*'s ſelf, whom I ſent thither to ſoften the Heart of this young *Greek*. Neither *Calypſo*'s blooming Youth and Charms, nor any of her Nymphs, nor even the burning ſhafts of Love, could get the aſcendant over *Minerva*'s Arts. She ſnatch'd him from the Iſland; behold how I am defeated; a Stripling triumphs over me.

Jupiter, to comfort *Venus*, ſaid to her: It is true, my Daughter, *Minerva* guards the Heart of this young *Greek*, againſt your Son's Arrows; and prepares for him a Glory, which never yet was merited by a young Man. I am ſorry he has deſpis'd your Altars,

tars, but cannot ſubject him to your Power. I conſent, to gratify you, that he ſtill wander both by Sea and Land; that he live far from his own Country, expos'd to all ſorts of Miſeries and Dangers: But the Fates will neither ſuffer him to periſh, nor his Virtue to be overcome by thoſe Pleaſures with which you decoy Mankind. Take comfort therefore, my Daughter: Content your ſelf with ruling over ſo many other Heroes, and ſo many of the Immortal Powers. Here he ſmil'd at *Venus*, with the utmoſt Grace and Majeſty. A radiant Flaſh, like the moſt piercing Lightning, darted from his Eyes: Then, tenderly kiſſing *Venus*, he diffus'd an Odour of *Ambroſia*, which perfum'd *Olympus* all around: The Goddeſs could not but be ſenſible of this favourable Reception from the greateſt of the Gods. In ſpite of her Fears and Grief, a viſible Joy o'erſpread her Face. She let down her Veil to hide her bluſhing Cheeks, and to cover the Confuſion ſhe was in. The whole Aſſembly of the Gods applauded *Jupiter*'s Anſwer; and *Venus*, without loſing a moment's time, haſtened to *Neptune*, to concert with him the means of revenging herſelf on *Telemachus*. She repeated to *Neptune* what *Jupiter* ſaid to her; I knew before, reply'd *Neptune*, the unalterable Decree of Deſtiny; but if we can't ſink *Telemachus* to the bottom of the Sea, let us not

not at leaſt omit any thing that may make him wretched, and retard his return to *Ithaca*. I cannot conſent to the deſtroying of the *Phenician* Ship, on board which he is; I love the *Phenicians*; they are my People: No other Nation in the Univerſe cultivates my Empire as they do. The Sea, through their means, is become a Bond that ties together all the Nations of the Earth; they honour me with continual Sacrifices on my Altars; they are juſt, prudent, and induſtrious in their Commerce; they convey the Conveniencies of Life, and Plenty through all the World: No, Goddeſs, I can't admit one of their Veſſels ſhould be wreck'd; but I will make the Pilot loſe his Courſe, and ſail wide of *Ithaca*, whither he is bound. *Venus*, ſatisfy'd with this Promiſe, forc'd a malicious ſmile, and alighted from her flying Chariot on *Idalia*'s flowry Meads, where the Graces, the Laughters, and the Sports expreſs'd their Joy to ſee her again, dancing around her on the Flowers which perfume that charming Place.

Neptune immediately diſpatch'd a deceitful Deity like the God of Dreams, ſave only that Dreams never deceive but during the time of ſleep, whereas this Deity inchants Men's ſenſes when they are awake. This malignant Deity, attended by a numberleſs Crowd of wing'd Deluſions fluttering round him

him, came and pour'd out a ſubtle and enchanted Liquor upon the Eyes of the Pilot *Athamas*, who was attentively conſidering the brightneſs of the Moon, the courſe of the Stars, and the Port of *Ithaca*, whoſe ſteep Rocks he had already diſcover'd pretty near. In this very moment, the Pilot's Eyes could diſcern nothing as it really was; a falſe Sky and a mock Land preſented themſelves to him; the Stars ſeem'd to have chang'd their Courſe, and to return back again into their former Orbits: All *Olympus* ſeem'd to move by new Laws; the Earth it ſelf was alter'd; a falſe *Ithaca* ſtill offer'd it ſelf to his view to amuſe him, while at the ſame time, he was going farther off from the true one. The more he approach'd towards this deluding Repreſentation of the Iſland, the farther this Image recoil'd from him; it ſtill fled from before him, and he knew not what to make of its Retreat: Sometimes he thought he already heard the Noiſe ſo uſual in a Port; and ſo he was ſtrait preparing, according to the Orders he had receiv'd, to ſteal a-ſhore on a little Iſland near the great one, to ſecure the Return of his young Prince againſt the violence of *Penelope*'s Lovers, who had conſpired againſt him. Sometimes he dreaded the Shelves, which are ſo numerous on that Shore, and he fanſied that he heard the hollow roaring

of the Waves dashing against those Shelves: Then all on a sudden he perceiv'd that the Land appear'd at a much greater distance: The Mountains seem'd to him like so many little Clouds, which sometimes darken the Horizon while the Sun is setting. Thus was *Athamas* perplex'd, and the Impression of the deceitful Deity, which had bewitch'd his Eyes, fill'd him with a sort of Apprehension which till then he was a stranger to. He was even inclin'd to believe that he was not awake, and that he was under the Illusion of a Dream. Mean while, *Neptune* commanded the East Wind to blow, in order to drive the Ship on the Coast of *Hesperia*: The Wind obey'd him with so much vehemence, that the Ship soon arriv'd at the Place *Neptune* had appointed.

Already had *Aurora* proclaim'd the approaching day; already had the Stars, which dread the Rays of the Sun, and are shy of him, begun to hide in the Ocean their dusky Fires, when the Pilot cry'd out: I can no longer doubt it; we are now touching the very Island of *Ithaca*; rejoice, *Telemachus*, for in an hour you shall see *Penelope* again, and perhaps *Ulysses*, repossess'd of his Throne. At this cry, *Telemachus*, who was lock'd fast in the Arms of Sleep, awakes, starts up, goes to the Steerage, embraces the Pilot, and with his Eyes scarce open surveys the neighbouring

bouring Shore, and ſigh'd when he could not perceive that it was the Coaſt of his own Country. Alas! Where are we, ſaid he? This is not my dear *Ithaca*. *Athamas*, you are deceiv'd, you are but little acquainted with this Coaſt ſo far diſtant from our Country. No, no, reply'd *Athamas*; I can't be deceiv'd in my Knowledge of the Bearings of this Iſland: I have been a great many times here; I know the ſmalleſt Rock belonging to it; the Coaſt of *Tyre* is ſcarce more recent in my Memory: See that Mountain there jutting out; behold that Headland riſing like a Tower; don't you hear thoſe Billows that break themſelves againſt thoſe other Rocks, that with an angry Brow, ſeem to threaten the Sea by their Fall? But don't you ſee that Temple of *Minerva*, which ſalutes the Clouds? Yonder is the Houſe and Caſtle of your Father *Ulyſſes*. O *Athamas!* reply'd *Telemachus*, you are deceiv'd; I ſee on the contrary, a remote, but very level Coaſt; and I perceive a Town, but it is none of *Ithaca*. O Gods, is it thus you deride poor Mortals!

Whilſt he was ſaying theſe words, all of a ſudden the Eyes of *Athamas* were reſtored to their wonted certainty, and the Charm diſſolv'd: He perfectly ſurvey'd the Shore as it really was, and acknowledg'd his Error. I own, O *Telemachus*, cry'd he, ſome envious

Deity has enchanted my Eyes. I thought I saw *Ithaca*, and a perfect Image of it presented it self to my fancy; but now it is vaniſh'd like a Dream: I now behold another City, and it is doubtleſs *Salentum*, which *Idomeneus*, who fled from *Crete*, has lately founded in *Heſperia*; I perceive its riſing Walls as yet unfiniſh'd; I ſee a Port not yet entirely fortify'd.

Whilſt *Athamas* was taking notice of the ſeveral Works, newly erected in this growing City, and whilſt *Telemachus* was bewailing his Misfortune; the Wind that *Neptune* cauſed to blow, drove them full Sail into a Road where they found themſelves under ſhelter and juſt by the Haven.

Mentor, who was no ſtranger either to *Neptune*'s Revenge, or the cruel Devices of *Venus* only ſmil'd at *Athamas*'s miſtake. When they were in this Road, *Mentor* ſays to *Telemachus*, *Jupiter* is making trial of you, but will not ſuffer you to be deſtroy'd: On the contrary he only tries you, to point out to you the Road of Glory. Think on the Labours of *Hercules*; let your Father's Atchievements be ever preſent to your mind. He who knows not how to ſuffer, is not magnanimous. By Patience and Fortitude you muſt tire out that mercileſs Fortune, which takes delight in perſecuting you; I am leſs afraid, for your ſake, of the rigorous treatment of

Neptune

Neptune, than I fear'd the inſinuating Careſſes of that Goddeſs who detain'd you in her Iſland. What do we ſtay for? Let us enter the Port; theſe People are our Friends: we are come among the *Greeks*. *Idomeneus*, who himſelf has been ill uſed by Fortune, will have pity on the Diſtreſs'd. They preſently enter'd the Port of *Salentum*, where the *Phenician* Ship was receiv'd without any obſtruction, becauſe the *Phenicians* are in peace and Commerce with all the People of the World.

Telemachus beheld with admiration this growing City: As a young Plant, which having been nouriſh'd by the night's ſweet dew, at break of day feels the Sun-Beams coming to embelliſh it; it grows; it opens its tender buds; it ſtretches out its green Leaves; it blows its fragrant Flowers with a thouſand new Colours; every moment you look upon it, you perceive a new luſtre: So flouriſh'd *Idomeneus*'s City on the Sea-ſide. Each day, each hour it roſe in magnificence, and preſented a-far off to Strangers at Sea, new embelliſhments of Architecture, which tower'd to the very Skies. All the Coaſt reſounded with the Cries of the Workmen, and the ſtrokes of Mallets and Hammers; while by the help of Cranes and Ropes, Stones travell'd through the Air: All the leading Men of the City, ſpirited up the Populace to

their Work, as ſoon as *Aurora* appear'd; and King *Idomeneus* himſelf gave orders every where, and forwarded the Works with an incredible diligence.

Hardly was the *Phenician* Veſſel got into Port, e'er the *Cretans* gave to *Telemachus* and *Mentor* all the tokens of a ſincere Friendſhip: They haſten'd away to inform *Idomeneus* that the Son of *Ulyſſes* was arriv'd. The Son of *Ulyſſes*, cry'd he! of *Ulyſſes!* he! that dear Friend, that wiſe Hero, by whom we at laſt laid ſtately *Troy* in duſt! Bring him to me, and let me ſhew him how much I lov'd his Father. Hereupon they preſent to him *Telemachus*, who telling him his Name, ſues for Hoſpitality. *Idomeneus* anſwer'd him with a courteous ſmiling countenance: Though no body had told me who you are, I ſhould certainly have known you. You are *Ulyſſes* himſelf; behold his very Eyes darting forth Fire, his ſteady Look, his Mien at firſt cold and reſerv'd, which cover'd ſo much Sprightlineſs and ſo many Graces! I perceive that ingenuous Smile, his eaſy negligent Demeanour, his gentle Speech, plain and inſinuating, which perſuaded, without allowing time for Conſideration or Suſpicion. Yes, you are the Son of *Ulyſſes*, but you ſhall be mine too. O my Son, my dear Son, what accident brings you to this Climate? Is it to ſeek your Father! Alas! I can tell you nothing

of

of him; *Fortune* has perſecuted both him and me: It was his Ill luck not to be able to find his Country again, and 'twas mine to find my Country again, fill'd with the hatred of the Gods againſt me. Whilſt *Idomeneus* was ſpeaking theſe Words, he looked wiſtly upon *Mentor*, as one whoſe Face he was no Stranger to, but whoſe Name he could not recal.

And now *Telemachus* anſwer'd him with Tears in his Eyes; O King, pardon the Grief, which, in deſpight of me, will break out at a time when I ought to expreſs nothing but Joy and Gratitude for your generoſity to me. By your lamenting the loſs of *Ulyſſes*, you your ſelf teach me how much I ought to be affected by my misfortune, in not finding my Father. 'Tis now a long, long while, I have been in ſearch of him thro' all the known Seas. The incens'd Gods permit me not either to ſee him again, or to return to *Ithaca*, where *Penelope* pines away with a longing deſire to be freed from her importunate Suitors. I thought I ſhould have found you in the Iſle of *Crete*; I was there inform'd of your cruel Deſtiny, but little thought of ever coming near *Heſperia*, where you have founded a new Kingdom; but Fortune, who makes us Mortals her Play-game, and who obliges me to wander from Place to Place, and keeps me ſtill from *Ithaca*, has at

length cast me upon your Shore. Of all the Disasters she has expos'd me to, this is what I the least repine at; for tho' she drives me from my native Country, yet she brings me acquainted with the wisest and most generous of all Kings.

At these words, *Idomeneus* gave *Telemachus* a kind embrace, and leading him into his Palace, said to him; Who is that wise old Man that accompanies you; for methinks I have seen him somewhere? 'Tis *Mentor*, reply'd *Telemachus*; *Mentor*, the Friend of *Ulysses*, to whom he committed the Government of my Infancy: What Tongue can express to you how much I am oblig'd to him!

Thereupon, *Idomeneus* stepping to *Mentor*, and taking him by the hand; You and I, said he to him, have seen one another before. You may remember the Voyage you made into *Crete*, and what good Advice you gave me; but at that time, the heat of Youth, and the quick relish of sensual Pleasures hurry'd me away; so that my Misfortunes only have been able to teach me what I would not believe. Would to the Gods I had taken your advice, O sage old Man! But I am amaz'd to see that you are not in the least alter'd in so many Years; your Face is as fresh and sanguine as ever, the same strait and vigorous Body, only your Hair is grown somewhat hoary.

Great

Great King, anſwer'd *Mentor*, were I a Flatterer, I would tell you likewiſe that you ſtill preſerve that Bloom which ſhone in your Face before the Siege of *Troy*; but I had rather diſpleaſe you than offend againſt Truth. Beſides, I find by your wiſe Diſcourſe, that you do not love Flattery, and that a Man runs no hazard in being ſincere with you. Therefore, I muſt needs tell you, you are very much chang'd, and that 'twas ſcarce poſſible to have known you again. I am not a ſtranger to the cauſe of it; 'tis occaſion'd by your many and great Sufferings: But you have been a great gainer by your Misfortunes, ſince you have acquir'd Wiſdom. A Man may very eaſily comfort himſelf for the wrinkles of his Face, ſo long as his Heart is exercis'd to Virtue. Moreover, know, *Idomeneus*, that Kings always wear away faſter than other Men. In Adverſity, the fatigues of the Mind and Body make them old before their time: In Proſperity, the voluptuous Enjoyments of an eaſy Life, waſte their Strength even more than the Toils of War. Nothing is more detrimental to Health than immoderate Pleaſure. From hence it proceeds, that Kings, either in Peace or War, do continually labour under ſuch Pains or Pleaſures, as bring upon them old Age before they are far advanc'd in Years: Whereas a ſober and temperate way of Living, free from Inquie-

tudes, plain, regular and laborious, keeps all the Limbs of a wiſe Man in a vigorous youthfulneſs; which, without theſe precautions, flies faſt away upon the Wings of Time.

Idomeneus, charm'd with *Mentor*'s Diſcourſe, would for a long time have liſten'd to him, had they not come to put him in mind of a Sacrifice which he was to make to *Jupiter*. *Telemachus* and *Mentor* follow'd him, ſurrounded by a great croud of People, who with much eagerneſs and curioſity, gaz'd at the two Strangers. The *Salentines* ſaid one to ather; theſe two Men are very different; the young one has a certain amiable livelineſs beyond expreſſion, all the Graces of Youth and Beauty are diffus'd over his whole Face and Body; but this Beauty has nothing effeminate nor languid: Tho' he is in the tendereſt bloſſom of Youth, yet he appears vigorous, ſtrong, and inured to Labour. But this other, tho' far older, has loſt nothing at all of his Strength: His mien indeed ſeems at firſt not ſo Majeſtical, nor his Countenance ſo Graceful; yet if you look nearer, you will find in his Simplicity the marks of Wiſdom and Virtue, with a ſurprizing Grandeur of Deportment. When the Gods deſcended to earth to reveal themſelves to mortals, they undoubtedly appeared in the like figures of Strangers and Travellers.

By

By this time they were arriv'd at the Temple of *Jupiter*, which *Idomeneus*, who was deſcended from that God, had adorn'd with much magnificence. It was environ'd with a double row of Marble Pillars, like *Jaſper*: The Chapiters were of Silver; the Temple was all incruſted (or lined) with Marble; with *Baſſo Relievos* repreſenting the Transformation of *Jupiter* into a Bull, the Rape of *Europa*, and her paſſage thro' the Sea into *Crete*. They ſeem'd to reverence *Jupiter* tho' he was in a ſtrange form. Then in another Place they ſaw the birth and youthfulneſs of *Minos*; laſtly, that wiſe King in a more advanced Age diſpenſing Laws to the whole Iſland, in order to render it for ever flouriſhing. There likewiſe *Telemachus* took notice of the principal Occurrences at the Siege of *Troy*, where *Idomeneus* had acquir'd the reputation of a great General. Amidſt the repreſentation of theſe Actions, *Telemachus* look'd for his Father, and found him taking the Horſes of *Rheſus*, whom *Diomede* had juſt kill'd; in another Place contending with *Ajax*, for the Arms of *Achilles*, amidſt an Aſſembly of the *Grecian* Commanders: And, laſtly, his coming out of the fatal Horſe to give Death to ſo many *Trojans*.

Telemachus preſently knew him by all theſe famous Actions, which he had ſo often heard of, and which *Mentor* himſelf had frequently

repeated

repeated to him. The Tears presently gush'd from his Eyes; he chang'd Colour, Grief was spread all over his Face: *Idomeneus* perceiv'd it, tho' *Telemachus* turn'd aside to conceal his trouble. Don't be asham'd, said *Idomeneus* to him, to let us see how much you are mov'd with the Glory and Misfortunes of your Father.

Mean while the People assembled in great crouds under the vast Porticoes form'd by the double row of Columns which surrounded the Temple. There were two Companies of young Boys and Girls, who sung Hymns in praise of the Thunder grasping God. These Children, who were pick'd out for their Beauty, had their long Hair spread about upon their Shoulders; their Heads were perfum'd and crown'd with Roses, and they were all cloath'd in white. *Idomeneus* offer'd in Sacrifice to *Jupiter* a hundred Bulls, to bespeak his Blessing in a War which he had undertaken against his Neighbours. The smoaking Blood of the Victims stream'd into the capacious Goblets of Gold and Silver.

The aged *Theophanes*, belov'd of the Gods, and Priest of the Temple, kept, during the time of the Sacrifice, his Head cover'd with one end of his Purple Robe; then he consulted the entrails of the Victims still panting; after which, ascending the sacred Tripod; O ye Gods, cry'd he, what are these two Strangers

gers whom you have ſent into theſe Parts? Had they not come among us, the War lately enter'd upon would have been fatal to us, and *Salentum* would have fallen to ruin e'er it had been well rais'd above-ground. I have in my Eye a young Hero whom Wiſdom leads by the Hand— No Mortal dares ſay more— In ſpeaking theſe Words, his Looks were wild, and his Eyes ſparkled with Fire; he ſeem'd to gaze on other Objects than thoſe that were before him; his Face was enflam'd, his whole Body was in emotion, he rag'd and grew diſtracted; his Hair briſtled up; his Mouth foam'd; his up-lifted Arms motionleſs in the Air; his Voice was ſtronger than any human Voice; he was breathleſs, and could no longer contain within him the Deity he was poſſeſs'd with.

O happy *Idomeneus*, cry'd he again, what do I ſee? What Misfortunes avoided! What amiable Peace at home! but abroad, what bloody Wars! What Victories! O *Telemachus!* thy Labours exceed thy Father's: The proud inſulting Enemy groans in the Duſt, whilſt thy Sword flaſhes over his Head; the brazen Gates, the inacceſſible Ramparts fall at thy Feet— O mighty Goddeſs! Let his Father— brave Youth! in time thou ſhalt reviſit— At theſe words his Speech fail'd him, and he continu'd, in ſpite of himſelf, in an amazed ſilence.

The

The People were froze with fear; *Idomeneus* ſhiver'd, not daring to bid him make an end. *Telemachus* himſelf, ſurpriz'd, could not without difficulty conceive what he had heard: Scarce could he believe that he had heard ſuch high Predictions. *Mentor* alone was unaſtoniſh'd at the Divine Spirit. You hear, ſaid he to *Idomeneus*, the purpoſe of the Gods; that whatever Nation you have to fight againſt, the Victory ſhall be in your hands, and you will owe to your Friend's youthful Son the proſperity of your Arms; therefore be not jealous of him, but make a right uſe of what the Gods beſtow on you by his means.

Idomeneus, being not yet recover'd out of his amazement, ſtudy'd in vain for Words; his Tongue continu'd motionleſs. *Telemachus*, more Maſter of himſelf, ſaid to *Mentor*; even ſo much promis'd Glory does not move me; but what can be the meaning of thoſe laſt Words, *Thou ſhalt reviſit*? Is it my Father, or only *Ithaca* that I ſhall ſee again? Ah! why did he not make an end? He has left me more in doubt than I was before. Oh *Ulyſſes!* Oh my Father! Is it poſſible that I ſhould ever ſee you again? Can it be true? But I flatter my ſelf---O cruel Oracle! thou delighteſt in ſporting with an unfortunate Wretch: One Word more, and I had been at the heighth of Happineſs.

Accept

Accept with reverence what the Gods reveal, ſaid *Mentor* to him, and attempt not to diſcover what they are pleas'd to keep ſecret. Raſh Curioſity deſerves to be put to Confuſion. 'Tis out of a ſupreme Goodneſs and Wiſdom that the Gods conceal from feeble Mortals their Deſtinies, involv'd in an impenetrable darkneſs. It is indeed of advantage to foreſee what depends on our endeavours, in order to a due performance; but 'tis no leſs advantageous to be ignorant of that which it is not our power, by any means, to avert.

Telemachus, touched with theſe Words, contain'd himſelf, tho' not without the greateſt reluctance. *Idomeneus*, who by this time had conquer'd his ſurprize, began to thank great *Jove* for ſending to him the young *Telemachus* and the wiſe *Mentor*, in order to make him victorious over his Enemies. And after he had given them a noble Entertainment, ſubſequent to the Sacrifice, he ſpoke thus to the two Strangers.

I acknowledge I was but a Novice in the Art of Governing, when I return'd into *Crete*, after the Siege of *Troy*. You know, dear Friends, what Misfortunes diſabled me from reigning over that great Iſland, ſince you tell me that you were there after I left it: Yet I am happy, exceeding happy, if the ſevereſt Strokes of Fortune can be of uſe towards

wards my Inſtruction, and teach me to be Maſter of my Paſſions. I croſs'd the Seas like a Fugitive, whom the revenge of Gods and Men purſues. All my paſt Grandeur ſerv'd only to render my Fall the more ignominious and inſupportable. I ſought a ſhelter for my Houſhold-Gods upon this deſart Coaſt, where I found nothing but wild uncultivated Lands, over-run with Thorns and Bryars, cover'd with thickſet Trees as old as the Earth it ſelf, and almoſt inacceſſible Rocks, which ſerv'd for harbour to the ſavage Beaſts: Yet ſuch was the extremity to which I was reduc'd, that I was glad to poſſeſs this ſavage Land, and to make it my Country, in Company with a ſmall handful of Soldiers and Friends, who were ſo kind as to take ſhare in my Misfortunes, deſtitute of all hopes of ever ſeeing again that fortunate Iſland, whereof the Gods allotted me from my Birth to be the King. Alas! ſaid I to my ſelf, what an alteration is this! what a dreadful Example am I to all Kings! what wholeſome Inſtructions may they draw from my Miſcarriages! They fanſy they have nothing to fear, becauſe of their elevation above the reſt of Mankind, whereas it is that very elevation that ought to make them fear every thing: I was dreaded by my Enemies, belov'd by my Subjects; I commanded over a powerful and warlike Nation; my Name was ſpread abroad upon

upon *Fame*'s ſwift Wings into the moſt diſtant Climates; I reign'd in a delicious fruitful Iſland; each Year an hundred wealthy Cities paid me Tribute; my People acknowledg'd me to be the Offspring of *Jupiter*, who was born in their Country; they lov'd me as the Grandſon of the ſage *Minos*, by whoſe Laws they are become ſo powerful and ſo happy: What was there wanting to my Felicity, except the knowing how to enjoy it with Moderation? But my own Pride and the Flattery of others, which I liſten'd to, overturn'd my Throne; and in like manner will all Kings fall, that ſhall give themſelves up to their own Paſſion and the deceitful Counſels of Flatterers. In the day time, I endeavour'd to put on a chearful Countenance, and ſuch as ſeem'd full of hope, in order to keep up the Spirits of thoſe who had follow'd me. Come on, ſaid I to them; let us build a new City, to make us amends for our loſſes: We are ſurrounded by Nations who have ſet us a noble example for ſuch an Enterprize: See there *Tarentum* rearing up its Head juſt by us! *Phalantus*, with his *Lacedæmonians*, founded that new Kingdom. *Philoctetes* has built upon the ſame Coaſt another great City, which he calls *Petilia*. Such another Colony is *Metapontus*; and ſhall we be outdone by thoſe Strangers who are Wanderers like our ſelves? *Fortune* has dealt with

us

us all alike, and has not us'd us worse than them.

Whilst I endeavour'd by such Expressions as these to mitigate the distresses of my Companions, I smother'd a deadly grief at the bottom of my Heart: It was to me a mighty Consolation whenever the Day withdrew its light, and the Night came to wrap me up in darkness, for then I was at liberty to moan my wretched fate. Two bitter Floods of Tears roll'd from my Eyes, and balmy sleep was an utter Stranger to me. The next Day I resumed my toils with indefatigable fervour, and that's the reason, *Mentor*, you found me so much alter'd for the worse.

After *Idomeneus* had made an end of relating his Sufferings, he begg'd *Telemachus* and *Mentor* to give him their assistance in the War wherein he was engag'd: I will, added he, most carefully send you back to *Ithaca*, as soon as the War is over; and in the mean while I will send our Ships far and wide to learn News of *Ulysses*. Where-ever he is thrown, either by stormy Winds or angry Gods, I will take care to bring him back. Heaven grant he still be living! as for you, the best Ships that ever were built in *Crete* shall be fitted out to carry you home: They are built of Timber fell'd on the true Mount *Ida*, where *Jupiter* was born: That sacred Wood can never perish in the Waves; the Winds

Winds and Rocks do awfully reſpect it; and *Neptune*'s ſelf, even in his higheſt Rage, dares not to ſtir the Billows up againſt it. Reſt therefore aſſured that you will happily return to *Ithaca*, and that no adverſe Deity ſhall be any longer able to make you wander upon ſo many Seas any more: The Paſſage is ſhort and eaſy; ſend away the *Phenician* Veſſel that brought you hither, and think now of nothing but how to acquire the Glory of eſtabliſhing the new Kingdom of *Idomeneus*, to retrieve his Loſſes. 'Tis at this Price, O Son of *Ulyſſes*, that you muſt be thought worthy of your Father: And though harſh Deſtiny ſhould have already ſent him down to *Pluto*'s gloomy Realm, yet *Greece*, over-joy'd, will find him again in you.

At theſe words, *Telemachus* interrupting *Idomeneus*: Let us, ſaid he, ſend away the *Phenecian* Veſſel. What do we ſtay for? Why don't we this moment take up Arms, and attack your Enemies, who are now become our's? If we were victorious, when in *Sicily* we fought for *Aceſtes*, who was a *Trojan* and profeſs'd Enemy of *Greece*, ſhall we not be yet more ardent and more befriended by the Gods, when we fight for one of thoſe *Grecian* Heroes, who levell'd to the Ground the unjuſt City of *Priam*? The Oracle we have heard will not ſuffer us to doubt t.

THE

THE ADVENTURES OF *TELEMACHUS.*

BOOK X.

The ARGUMENT.

Idomeneus *acquaints* Mentor *with the Reaſons of his making War againſt the* Mandurians; *and relates to him, that they had at firſt yielded to him the Coaſt of* Heſperia, *where he had founded his City; that they had retir'd to the neighbouring Mountains, where ſome of them having been abus'd by a Party of his Men, they had deputed to him two old Men, with whom he had agreed upon Articles of Peace; and that after an Infraction of that Treaty, by ſome of* Idomeneus's *Men, who knew nothing of the Peace, the* Mandurians *were preparing to make War againſt him. Whilſt* Idomeneus *was telling this Story, the* Mandurians, *who had taken up Arms with great expedition, appear'd at*

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Idomeneus's *Enemies surprize* Salentum.

at the Gates of Salentum. Neſtor, Philoctetes, *and* Phalantus, *whom* Idomeneus *thought to be Neuter, are againſt him among the* Mandurians. Mentor *goes forth from* Salentum *by himſelf, to propoſe Conditions of Peace to the Enemy.*

MENTOR, with a ſerene compos'd Countenance looking upon *Telemachus*, who now burnt with a noble ardour for the Fight, thus beſpoke him: I am much pleaſed, O Son of *Ulyſſes*, to ſee in you ſo laudable a Paſſion for Glory, but remember that the greateſt Renown of your Father, was his approving himſelf the wiſeſt and moſt moderate Commander, when that fam'd Siege was carrying on. *Achilles*, though both invincible and invulnerable, though he carry'd Terror and Death where-ever he fought, yet could not maſter *Troy*; he fell himſelf, beneath the Walls of that proud Town, which triumph'd over him who conquer'd *Hector*: But *Ulyſſes*, whoſe Valour was govern'd by Prudence, carry'd Fire and Sword amidſt the *Trojans*; and to his Hands is owing the Fall of thoſe high and ſtately Towers, which during ten long Years defy'd all confederate *Greece*. As much as *Minerva* is ſuperior to *Mars*, ſo much does a well-weigh'd provident Valour

ſurpaſs

ſurpaſs a boiſterous and ſavage Boldneſs. Firſt, then, let us enquire into the Circumſtances of this War that is to be carry'd on; I, for my part decline no danger; but 'tis my opinion, *Idomeneus*, that you ought firſt to let us know whether your War be a juſt one; ſecondly, againſt whom you wage it; and laſtlaſtly, what number of Forces you have to expect a happy Iſſue.

Idomeneus reply'd: At our firſt Arrival here, we found a ſavage People, who liv'd in the Woods upon what they kill'd in hunting, and ſuch Fruits as the Trees ſpontaneouſly produce; theſe People, who are call'd *Manduvians*, were ſo terrify'd at the ſight of our Ships and Arms, that they made all the haſte they could into their Mountains; but the Soldiers, whoſe Curioſity led them to view the Country, and likewiſe being minded to hunt down ſome of their Stags, met with ſome of thoſe ſavage Run-aways, whoſe Leaders thus accoſted our Men: We have forſaken the agreeable Shore, and yielded it to you; we have nothing left but wild Mountains, almoſt inacceſſible, and 'tis but juſt that you let us alone there: We have met you wandering and weaker than we; ſo that we have it in our Power, if we will, to take away your Lives, nor can your own Companions have the leaſt ſuſpicion of what's become of you; but we have no Inclination to imbrue

imbrue our hands in the Blood of thoſe who are Men like our ſelves. Go your ways, and forget not that you owe your Lives to our Principles of Humanity: Remember it is from a People you call rude and unciviliz'd, that you receive this Leſſon of Forbearance and Generoſity.

Thoſe of our Men who were thus let go by the *Barbarians*, return'd to the Camp, and related what had happen'd to them: Our Soldiers were vex'd at it; they were aſham'd that *Cretans* ſhould owe their Lives to ſuch a Gang of Fugitives, who ſeem'd to them more like Bears than Men. Thereupon they went out a hunting in greater numbers than at firſt, and furniſh'd with all manner of Arms: They did not go very far e'er they met with the Savages and attack'd them: The Engagement was ſharp; the Darts flew on both ſides like Hail in a Storm. The Savages were forc'd at laſt to retire to their ſteep Mountains, whither our Men durſt not purſue them.

A while after, thoſe People ſent to me two of their wiſeſt old Men to ſue for Peace: They brought Preſents along with them, conſiſting of Skins of wild Beaſts which they had kill'd, and various ſorts of Fruits, ſuch as the Country affords. After they had given me the Preſents, they began thus:

O King, in one hand, thou ſeeſt we bear the

the Sword, and in the other, an Olive branch (for they had them both actually in their hands) chuſe therefore, which thou wilt, Peace or War. We, for our parts, would chuſe Peace, and for the ſake thereof, we have not been aſham'd to yield thee the pleaſant Sea-ſhore, where the fertile Land, impregnated by the Sun, abounds with ſo many and ſuch delicious Fruits. Yet Peace is ſweeter than all thoſe Fruits, and for that reaſon we retir'd into thoſe ſteep Mountains cover'd with everlaſting Ice and Snow, where we never behold either the Flowers of the Spring, or the rich Fruits of the Autumn. We have in abhorrence, that Brutality, which under the plauſible names of Ambition and Glory, wildly ravages whole Provinces, and ſpills the Blood of Men, who are all Brethren and Fellow-Creatures. If that falſe Glory affects thee, we are not ſuch Fools as to envy thee; we pity thee, and beg the Gods to preſerve us from the like Madneſs. If the Sciences, which the *Greeks* are ſo careful to learn, and if that Politeneſs they take ſo much pride in, ſerves only to inſpire them with ſuch a deteſtable Injuſtice, we look upon it as our great Happineſs, to be without thoſe advantages; we will glory in being ſtill ignorant, and being *Barbarians*, but withal, juſt, human, faithful, diſintereſted, ſatisfy'd with little, and deſpiſing that idle delicacy, which

which brings along with it a neceſſity of enjoying a great deal. What we hold in greateſt eſteem is Health, Frugality, Liberty, Vigour of Body and Mind, the love of Virtue, the fear of the Gods, a kind diſpoſition towards our Neighbours, Conſtancy to our Friends, Honeſty towards every Body, Moderation in Proſperity, Fortitude in Afflictions, Courage to declare the Truth at all times, Deteſtation for Flattery; ſuch are the People whom we now offer to thee for Neighbours and Allies: If the Gods, in anger to thee, do ſo far infatuate thee, as to cauſe thee to refuſe this Peace, thou ſhalt find, when it is too late to retrieve it, that thoſe People who are Lovers of Peace out of a Principle of Moderation, are the moſt formidable in War.

While theſe old Men were ſpeaking to me, I thought I ſhould never ſatiate my Eyes with looking upon them: They had long incomb'd Beards, ſhort hoary Hair, thick Eye-brows, ſparkling Eyes, a reſolute Look, an Utterance grave, and full of Authority, Manners plain and ingenuous. The Furs which ſerv'd them for Cloaths, were faſten'd negligently over their Shoulders; and diſcover'd their bare Arms, more nervous and brawny than even thoſe of our Wreſtlers. The Anſwer I gave thoſe two Envoys, was, that I deſir'd Peace. We thereupon ſettled

between us ſeveral Conditions upon each other's Faith: We invok'd all the Gods to witneſs the Treaty, which done I ſent them back again with Preſents. But the Gods, who drove me from the Kingdom of my Anceſtors were not yet tir'd with perſecuting me. Our Huntſmen, who could not ſo ſoon have Information of the Peace we had juſt made, happen'd to meet the ſame day a great Company of thoſe *Barbarians* as they were attending their Ambaſſadors, in their return from our Camp. They fell upon them with fury, killed many of them, and purſued the reſt into the Woods: And thus the War is kindled anew. It is the Opinion of theſe *Barbarians* that they can no longer ſafely truſt either our Promiſes or Oaths.

In order to diſtreſs us the more, they have call'd to their aſſiſtance the *Locrians*, *Apulians*, *Lucanians*, the *Brutians*, the People of *Crotona*, *Nerita*, and *Brunduſium*. The *Lucanians* uſe Chariots arm'd with keen Scythes. The *Apulians* are every one of them cover'd with the Skin of ſome wild Beaſt which they have killed; they carry in their hands great wooden Clubs, full of large Nobs, and pointed with Iron: they are for the generality as tall as Giants, and their Bodies are ſo robuſt, by hardening themſelves in the moſt laborious Exerciſes, that their very Looks ſtrike Terror

Th

The *Locrians*, who come from *Greece*, do ſtill retain ſomething of their Original, and have more Humanity than the reſt: But with the exact Diſcipline of the *Greek* Troops, they have the additional advantages of being as luſty as thoſe *Barbarians*, by habituating themſelves to a hardy way of living, which makes them invincible: They have a ſort of light Bucklers, made of twiſted Withies, cover'd over with Skins; and they uſe long Swords. The *Brutians* are nimble-footed like Bucks or Does; and when they run, one would think that the tendereſt blade of Graſs is hardly depreſs'd by their Feet: They ſcarce leave any prints of their ſteps in the ſand; they ruſh ſuddenly on their Foes, and are gone again with the ſame rapidity. The People of *Crotona* are very ready at ſhooting Arrows; few of the ordinary ſort among the *Greeks* can draw a Bow like the leaſt expert of theſe *Crotonians*, and if they ſhould ever apply themſelves to our Games, they would infallibly carry the Prize. Their Arrows are ſteep'd in the Juice of certain poiſonous Herbs, which are ſaid to come from the Banks of *Avernus*, and whoſe Wounds are incurable. As for thoſe of *Nerita*, *Meſſapia*, and *Brunduſium*, all they have to boaſt of, is a great ſtrength of Body, and an untaught artleſs Valour. As ſoon as they ſee their Enemies, they rend the Skies with

ſuch hideous Shrieks, as are really frightful. They are pretty dexterous at the Sling, and darken the Air with ſhowers of ſtones; but they obſerve no order in fighting. This, O *Mentor*, is what you deſir'd to know: You are now let into the occaſion of this War, and are acquainted what ſort of Enemies we have to deal with.

As ſoon as *Idomeneus* had given them this Account; *Telemachus*, impatient to fight, thought there was no more to do than to take up Arms. *Mentor* ſtop'd him a ſecond time, and thus addreſs'd himſelf to *Idomeneus*: How comes it that theſe ſame *Locrians*, who are of a *Grecian* Stock, do thus confederate with the *Barbarians* againſt *Grecians*? How comes it that ſo many *Greek* Colonies are in a flouriſhing Condition upon this Sea Coaſt, without being engag'd in the ſame Wars with you? You ſay, O *Idomeneus*, that the Gods are not yet weary of perſecuting you; but I ſay they have not yet done inſtructing you: It is ſtrange that ſo many Misfortunes, as you have gone thtough, ſhould not have yet taught you what you ought to do in order to prevent a War! What you your ſelf juſt now related concerning the Honeſty of thoſe *Barbarians* ſuffices to ſhew that you might have liv'd in Peace with them; but Pride and Haughtineſs are always attractive of the moſt dangerous Wars. You might have given them Hoſtages

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and taken ſome of theirs, and it would have been an eaſy matter for you to have ſent ſome of your Captains along with their Ambaſſadors, to have reconducted them ſafe Home. Nay, ſince the renewal of the War, you ought to have pacify'd them, by repreſenting to them that they were attack'd purely thro' ignorance of the Treaty that had been made with them: You ſhould have offer'd them all the Security they could poſſibly demand, and have denounc'd the ſevereſt Puniſhments againſt thoſe of your Subjects, who ſhould give the leaſt Interruption or Diſturbance to this Alliance: But pray what has happen'd ſince this Rupture?

To this *Idomeneus* reply'd, I thought it would have been a baſe abject ſubmiſſion in us to have courted thoſe *Barbarians*, who had now aſſembled in haſte all their moſt ſerviceable Men, and ſuch as were fit to bear Arms: And implor'd the aſſiſtance of all the neighbouring Nations, to whom they made us odious and ſuſpected. Thereupon I thought that the beſt courſe I could take, was immediately to make our ſelves Maſters of certain narrow Paſſes in the Mountains, that were ill guarded. Theſe we ſeiz'd without much difficulty; and by that means put our ſelves into a condition of annoying thoſe *Barbarians*. In theſe Defiles I have cauſed ſtrong Towers to be erected, from whence

our Men may, with their Darts, gaul and overwhelm ſuch of our Enemies as ſhall come down from the Mountains into our Country; and at the ſame time, we may enter into theirs, and deſtroy their chief Settlements whenever we pleaſe. Thus with Forces much inferior, we are able to make head againſt that innumerable multitude of Enemies which ſurround us. This being the preſent ſtate of our Caſe, it would be a difficult matter to treat of Peace with them: For we cannot give up to them thoſe Towers, without expoſing our ſelves to their Incurſions; and they look upon them as Citadels intended by us to bring them under Slavery.

Mentor made this reply to *Idomeneus*; You are a wiſe King, and are pleas'd with hearing the Truth deliver'd to you without any diſguiſe: You are not like thoſe fooliſh Men, who are afraid of ſeeing it, and who, for want of Courage to correct their Faults, employ their whole Authority to maintain what they have once done amiſs. Know then that this barbarous People gave you an admirable Leſſon, when they apply'd to you for Peace: Was it out of Weakneſs they ſu'd for it? Did they want Courage, or Foreign aſſiſtance to make head againſt you? You manifeſtly ſee they did not, ſince they are ſo inur'd to War, and ſupported by ſo many formidable Neighbours. Why did not you imitate their Moderation?

But

But a miſtaken Shame, and a falſe Honour have caſt you into this Misfortune: You were afraid of making the Enemy too proud, but did not fear the making them too powerful, by uniting ſo many Nations in a Confederacy againſt you, through your haughty and injurious Conduct. What are thoſe Towers you ſo much boaſt of, good for? Unleſs it be to bring all your Neighbours under a neceſſity, either of deſtroying you or periſhing themſelves, rather than truckle to you? You rear'd up thoſe Towers for your Security only, and it is by means of thoſe very Towers, that you are now threaten'd with ſo imminent a danger. The beſt Bulwark of a State, is Juſtice, Moderation, Integrity, and the Aſſurance your Neighbours have, that you will never encroach upon their Lands: The ſtrongeſt Walls may fall, thro' a thouſand unforeſeen Accidents. Fortune is capricious and uncertain in War; but the Love and Confidence of your Neighbours, who have experienc'd your Moderation, is what renders a State invincible, and what makes it ſcarce ever ſo much as attempted againſt: Nay, tho' an unjuſt Neighbour ſhould attack it, all the reſt who are concern'd in its Preſervation, do preſently take up Arms in its defence: The Support of ſo many Nations, who find their true Intereſt in maintaining your's, would have

ſtrengthen'd you much more, than theſe Towers, which render your Misfortunes irretrievable. Had you at firſt taken care to prevent the Jealouſy of all your Neighbours, your infant City would have flouriſh'd in a happy tranquility, and you would have been the Arbiter of all the Nations of *Heſperia*. But, waving all other Conſiderations, let us now confine our ſelves to examine which way you can repair what is paſt, by taking proper Meaſures for the time to come. You told me juſt now, that there are upon this Coaſt ſeveral *Greek* Colonies: Theſe People cannot but be inclin'd, from the Dictates of Nature, to aſſiſt you; for ſure they have not forgot either the great name of *Minos*, Son of *Jupiter*, or your Labours in the Siege of *Troy*, where you ſo often ſignaliz'd your ſelf among the *Grecian* Princes, in the common Cauſe of all *Greece*: Why don't you endeavour to bring thoſe Colonies over to your ſide?

They are all reſolv'd, anſwer'd *Idomeneus*, to remain neuter: Not but that they had ſome Inclination to aſſiſt me, but they were deterred from doing it by the mighty noiſe this City has made, from its very beginning. Thoſe *Greecians*, as well as the reſt, were afraid we had ſome deſign upon their Liberty. They were apprehenſive, that after we had ſubdu'd the *Highland-Barbarians*, we ſhould puſh our Ambition

Ambition yet farther. To conclude, they are all againſt us; thoſe very People, who declare not openly againſt us, would yet be glad to ſee us reduc'd, and the Jealouſy of others deprives us of all Alliances.

O ſtrange Extremity, reply'd *Mentor!* By endeavouring to appear too powerful you ruin your Power, and whilſt you are both fear'd and hated abroad by your Neighbours, you at home exhauſt your ſelf by the vaſt expences you muſt needs be at to maintain ſuch a War. O wretched, doubly wretched *Idomeneus*, whom even this Misfortune has inſtructed but by halves! muſt you needs have a ſecond Fall to teach you to foreſee the Evils which threaten the greateſt Kings? But leave it to my management, and only give me a detail of thoſe Cities that refuſe to enter into an Alliance with you.

The Principal of them, ſaid *Idomeneus*, is *Tarentum*. About three years ago *Phalantus* laid the Foundation of it; he had got together in *Laconia* a vaſt number of young men, who were born of Women that had forgot their abſent Husbands during the Siege of *Troy*. When theſe Husbands came home, the Women did all they could to pacify them, begging pardon for the Faults they had committed in their abſence. Theſe numerous Youths born out of Wedlock, being diſclaimed both by Father and Mother, gave themſelves

ſelves up to an unbounded Licentiouſneſs: But their diſorders being check'd by the Severity of the Laws, they united together under *Phalantus*, a bold, intrepid, ambitious Captain, who by plauſible Inſinuations, had got the Dominion of their Hearts. He came to this Shore with his young *Laconians*, who have made *Tarentum* a ſecond *Lacedæmon*. On the other ſide, *Philoctetes*, who ſignaliz'd himſelf at the Siege of *Troy* by carrying thither *Hercules*'s Arrows, has rear'd in this Neighbourhood the Walls of *Petilia*, a City which is indeed leſs powerful than *Tarentum*, but far more wiſely govern'd. Laſtly, We have hard by us the City of *Metapontus*, founded by the wiſe *Neſtor* and his *Pylian* Subjects.

How? reply'd *Mentor*; have you *Neſtor* in *Heſperia*, and could you not make him your Friend? *Neſtor*, who ſaw you ſo often fight againſt the *Trojans*, and who then was ſo much your Friend? I loſt his Friendſhip, anſwer'd *Idomeneus*, by the Artifice of thoſe People, who have nothing barbarous but their name; for they had the dexterity to perſuade him, that my deſign was to make my ſelf the Tyrant of all *Heſperia*. We will undeceive him, ſaid *Mentor*; *Telemachus* ſaw him at *Pylos*, before he came to ſettle a Colony here, and before we undertook our long Voyages in queſt of *Ulyſſes*. He cannot yet have forgotten that

that Heroe, nor thoſe expreſſions of tenderneſs which he uſed to his Son *Telemachus*: But the chief point will be to cure his diſtruſt: Thoſe Suſpicions you raiſed in the Minds of your Neighbours have kindled this War, and it muſt be extinguiſh'd by removing thoſe Suſpicions: once more I ſay, let me alone to manage it.

At theſe words *Idomeneus*, embracing *Mentor*, melted into Tears, and for a while, could not ſpeak a word; at laſt, with much ado he expreſs'd himſelf in this manner: O wiſe old Man, ſent by the Gods to rectify all my Errors! I confeſs I ſhould have had no patience, if any other Man durſt have talk'd ſo freely with me as you have done: I own that you, and none but you, can diſpoſe me to ſue for Peace: I was reſolv'd either to conquer all my Enemies, or periſh in the Attempt: but it is much fitter for me to be led by your wiſe Counſels, than by my own Paſſion. O happy *Telemachus*, you never can go aſtray like me, ſince you have ſuch a Guide! *Mentor*, you may act entirely as you pleaſe; all the Wiſdom of the Gods is in you: not even *Minerva*'s ſelf could have given more wholſome advice: Go, Promiſe, Conclude, make any Conceſſion that is in my Power; *Idomeneus* will approve whatever you think fit to do.

Whilſt

Whilſt they were thus diſcourſing together, there was heard on a ſudden a confuſed noiſe of Chariots, Horſes neighing, Men rending the Skies with horrible Howlings, and Trumpets that fill'd the Air with Martial Clangors. The general Cry is, the Enemy are come, they have gone round about to avoid the guarded Defiles; They are come, here they are ready to beſiege *Salentum*. The old Men and the Women are under the greateſt Conſternation. Alas! ſay they; why were we fated to forſake our dear Country, the fertile Iſle of *Crete*, and follow an unhappy Prince through ſo many Seas, to build a City which will now be laid in Aſhes like *Troy*? They ſaw from the top of their new-rais'd Walls, the Neighbouring Fields crowded with approaching Enemies, whoſe Helmets and Bucklers, glittering in the Sun, dazzled the Beholders Eyes: They ſaw likewiſe the briſtling Pikes, which cover'd the Ground, in like manner as when it is cover'd by a plenteous Crop, which *Ceres* is preparing in *Sicily* during the ſcorching heats of Summer, to recompence the Labours of the Husbandman. And now they perceiv'd the Chariots arm'd with ſharp Scythes, and could diſtinguiſh the ſeveral People that were come againſt them.

Mentor, the better to diſcover them, aſcends a lofty Tower, whither *Idomeneus* and *Telemachus*

chus follow'd him: He was no ſooner come there, but he perceiv'd on one ſide *Philoctetes*, and on the other *Neſtor* with his Son *Piſiſtratus*. *Neſtor* was eaſily known by his venerable old Age. What, cry'd *Mentor*, you thought, O *Idomeneus*, that *Philoctetes* and *Neſtor* would only remain neuter! But ſee, they have taken Arms againſt you, and, if I miſtake not, thoſe other Troops which march in ſo good order, and in ſo leiſurely a manner, are a Body of *Lacedæmonians* commanded by *Phalantus*: All are againſt you; there is no neighbouring Nation upon this Coaſt whom you have not made your Enemy, without deſigning it.

Having thus ſpoke, *Mentor* haſtens down from the Tower; makes towards one of the City-Gates, on that ſide where the Enemy were advancing, and cauſes it to be open'd: *Idomeneus*, ſurpriz'd at his majeſtick deportment, durſt not ſo much as ask him what he meant to do. *Mentor* waves with his hand that no Body ſhould follow him. He goes directly towards the Enemy, who were amaz'd to ſee a ſingle Man preſenting himſelf to them; he holds up to them at a diſtance an Olive-branch in token of Peace, and when he was come within hearing, he requir'd them to convene their Commanders, who inſtantly aſſembling themſelves together, he thus ſpoke to them:

O generous Men, aſſembled out of ſo many

ny Nations, that flouriſh in the rich *Heſperia*; I know what brings you hither is only the common Intereſt of Liberty. Your Zeal I commend; but ſuffer me to point out to you an eaſy way to preſerve the Liberty and Honour of all your People, without effuſion of Blood.

O *Neſtor*, O wiſe *Neſtor*, whom I perceive in this Aſſembly, you know full well how dreadful a War is, even to thoſe who juſtly undertake it, under the protection of the Gods! War is the greateſt Evil with which the Gods afflict Mankind. You can never forget what the *Greeks* ſuffer'd for Ten long Years before the curſed Walls of *Troy*; what Diviſions there were among the Leaders; what Caprices of Fortune, what havock was made by *Hector*'s Sword, what Deſolation in all the moſt powerful Cities, caus'd by the War, during the tedious abſence of their Kings! In their return home, ſome ſuffer'd Shipwreck at the Cape of *Caphareus*; and others met a fatal Death even in the boſom of their Spouſes. O ye Gods, 'twas in your wrath you arm'd the *Greeks* for that glorious Expedition; O ye Inhabitants of *Heſperia*, I wiſh the Gods may never grant you ſo ruinous a Victory! *Troy*, it is true, is now in Aſhes; but it had been better for the *Grecians*, were ſhe ſtill in all her Glory, and that baſe *Paris* had ſtill enjoy'd, unmoleſted, his

infamous

infamous love with *Helena*. O *Philoctetes*, you who have been ſo long unhappy, and abandon'd in the Iſle of *Lemnos*, do you not fear to meet with the like diſaſter of another War? I know that the People of *Laconia* have likewiſe experienc'd great Miſery, occaſion'd by the long abſence of their Princes, Captains and Soldiers who went againſt the *Trojans*. O *Grecians*, you who are come into *Heſperia!* your coming hither was only a continuation of the misfortunes which attended the *Trojan* War!

After *Mentor* had ſaid this, he goes forward towards the *Pylians*; and *Neſtor*, knowing him again, advanc'd likewiſe to ſalute him. O *Mentor*, ſaid he to him, I am glad to ſee you again: 'Tis now many years ſince I firſt ſaw you in *Phocis*: You were then but fifteen years of Age; but yet I even then foreſaw that you would prove as wiſe a Man as I now find you to be. Pray let me know by what accident you was brought into theſe Parts, and what expedient you deſign to propoſe in order to prevent this War which *Idomeneus* has brought upon himſelf? We all courted Peace, 'twas our greateſt Intereſt to deſire it; but we could no longer live ſecure with him: He has violated all his engagements with his neareſt Neighbours; Peace with him would not be Peace; but only a handle to break our League, which is our only

ly resource. He has too plainly discover'd to all the rest his ambitious designs of enslaving them, and has left us no other means to defend our Liberty, than the using our utmost endeavours to overthrow his new Kingdom. His breach of Faith has reduc'd us to the Necessity either of destroying him, or becoming his Slaves. Now if you can find a way to remove our just Fears, and settle a firm and lasting Peace; all those Nations whom you see here, will willingly lay down their Arms, and with Joy confess that you excel us in Wisdom.

Mentor answer'd; You know, wise *Nestor*, that *Ulysses* committed his Son *Telemachus* to my Care. This young Man, impatient to know what was become of his Father, went first to *Pylos*, where you gave him all the kind reception he could expect from one of his Father's cordial Friends: You likewise appointed your own Son to conduct him on his way: He after this undertook great Voyages at Sea; he has visited *Sicily*, *Ægypt*, the Isle of *Cyprus*, and that of *Crete*, and at last the Winds, or rather the Gods, have driven him on this Shore, as he endeavour'd to return to *Ithaca*: And we are come here very seasonably to prevent the Mischiefs of a furious War. 'Tis not *Idomeneus*, but the Son of the wise *Ulysses*, and myself, who will now

answer

anſwer for the performance of every thing that ſhall be ſtipulated.

While *Mentor* was thus diſcourſing with *Neſtor* in the middle of the Confederate Troops, *Idomeneus* and *Telemachus*, with all the *Cretans* in Arms, kept their Eyes fix'd on him from the top of the Walls of *Salentum*: Their Thoughts were intent how *Mentor*'s Propoſals would be receiv'd, and they would have been glad to have heard the wiſe Conferences of thoſe two old Men. *Neſtor* had been ever eſteem'd the moſt experienc'd and moſt eloquent of all the *Grecian* Kings: It was he, who during the Siege of *Troy*, curb'd and reſtrain'd *Achilles*'s boiling Wrath, *Agamemnon*'s Pride, *Ajax*'s Fierceneſs, and the impetuous Courage of *Diomedes*: Soft perſuaſion flow'd from his Lips like a ſtream of Milk: His Voice alone was always liſten'd to by thoſe Heroes, who were ſilent whenever he began to ſpeak: He alone knew how to appeaſe wild diſcord in the Camp. Infirmities of Age began indeed to creep on him, but yet his expreſſions were full of Strength and Sweetneſs: He repeated things paſt in order to inſtruct Youth by his conſummate experience; and tho' he was ſomewhat ſlow of Speech, yet he deliver'd himſelf with admirable Grace.

This old Man, ſo much admir'd throughout *Greece*, ſeem'd to have loſt all his Majeſty

and

and Eloquence, as ſoon as *Mentor* appear'd with him. He ſeem'd perfectly wither'd and depreſs'd with years, as he ſtood by *Mentor*; whereas old Age ſeem'd to reſpect and reverence *Mentor*'s ſtrong and vigorous Conſtitution. *Mentor*'s words, tho' grave and plain, carry'd along with them a Sprightlineſs and Authority which began to be wanting in *Neſtor*'s: Whatever he ſpoke was conciſe, exact, nervous; he never us'd vain Repetitions, never departed from the point in hand. If he was oblig'd to ſpeak often of the ſame Thing, the better to inculcate it, or to perſuade others, he did it by a new Turn, and by ſenſible Compariſons. He had a certain Complaiſance and Gayety which is ineffable, whenever he had a mind to inſinuate ſome Truth, or adapt himſelf to the occaſions of thoſe he had to deal with. Thoſe two venerable Men yielded a moving ſort of Spectacle to ſo many aſſembled Nations. While all the Allies that were come againſt *Salentum* crouded upon one another to hear their wiſe Diſcourſe, *Idomeneus*, with his People, endeavour'd with greedy and attentive Looks, to find out the meaning of their Geſtures and Countenances.

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Telemachus *and* Mentor *propose Peace.*

THE ADVENTURES OF *TELEMACHUS.*

BOOK XI.

The ARGUMENT.

Telemachus, *seeing* Mentor *amidst the Confederates, has a mind to know what passes between them. He causes the Gates of* Salentum *to be open'd to him, goes and joins* Mentor, *and his presence contributes to make the Allies accept the Conditions of Peace which* Mentor *propos'd to them on the part of* Idomeneus. *The Kings enter* Salentum *as Friends.* Idomeneus *stands to all that has been agreed on. Hostages are exchanged, and a common Sacrifice is made between the City and the Camp, in confirmation of this Alliance.*

IN the mean time, *Telemachus*, being grown impatient, slips from the multitude that were about him, runs to the Gate *Mentor* went out at, and imperiously orders it to be o-

pen'd,

pen'd; *Idomeneus*, who thought he was ſtill by his ſide, wonder'd to ſee him running croſs the Fields, and making towards *Neſtor*: *Neſtor* knew him again, and made all the haſte his Age allow'd, to go and meet him. *Telemachus* flew to embrace him, and graſp'd him in his Arms without being able to ſpeak. At laſt he cry'd out: O my Father, for I am not afraid to call you ſo; the misfortune of not finding my true Father, and the generous Favours I have receiv'd from you, give me a right to uſe that endearing Name! my Father, my dear Father, how bleſs'd am I to ſee you, and oh that I could ſee *Ulyſſes* too! yet if any thing could make me amends for being depriv'd of him; 'tis certainly the finding him again in you.

Neſtor could not refrain from weeping at theſe words, and he was touch'd with a ſecret Joy in ſeeing thoſe Tears which with wonderful Grace ran down *Telemachus*'s Cheeks. The beauty, gentleneſs and noble aſſurance of this unknown Youth, who without any manner of precaution went thro' ſo many enemies, ſtruck all the Confederates with amazement. May not this, ſaid they, be the Son of that old Man, who came to ſpeak with *Neſtor*? He muſt be ſo; he can be no other; they have both the ſame Wiſdom in the Characters of different Ages. In the one ſhe only begins to bloſſom; in the other ſhe

ſhe bears a plentiful Harveſt of the ripeſt Fruits.

Mentor, who was highly pleas'd to ſee how affectionately *Neſtor* receiv'd *Telemachus*, laid hold of that happy opportunity, and ſaid to him: This is the Son of *Ulyſſes*, ſo dear to all *Greece*, and to your ſelf, O wiſe *Neſtor!* Here, I deliver him up to you as the moſt valuable Hoſtage that can be given you for *Idomeneus*'s promiſes. You may eaſily imagine, that I ſhould be ſorry if the loſs of the Son ſhould follow that of the Father, and that the unhappy *Penelope* ſhould upbraid *Mentor*, with ſacrificing her Son to the ambition of the new King of *Salentum*. With this pledge, who voluntarily offers himſelf to you, and whom the Gods, who are lovers of Peace, have ſent to you, I will proceed to lay before theſe aſſembled Nations, ſuch Propoſals as may eſtabliſh a ſolid Peace to all future Ages.

At the mention of Peace there was heard a confus'd noiſe among the Ranks. All thoſe different Nations murmur'd with Anger and Reſentment, thinking ſo much time loſt as was ſpent without fighting: They fanſy'd, that the intent of all theſe Speeches was only to ſuſpend their fury, and by that means to rob them of their Prey. The *Mandurians* in particular were enrag'd to think that *Idomeneus* ſhould ever have it in his power to deceive

ceive them again: They often attempted to interrupt *Mentor*, fearing leſt his wiſe Diſcourſes ſhould draw off their Allies; nay, they began to diſtruſt all the *Greeks* that were in the Aſſembly. *Mentor* perceiving this, made it his buſineſs to encreaſe their Jealouſy, the better to diſunite the Counſels of thoſe different Nations.

I confeſs, ſaid he, that the *Mandurians* have juſt reaſon to complain, and to demand ſatisfaction for the wrongs that have been done them; but then again, it is not reaſonable that the *Greeks*, who plant Colonies on that Coaſt, ſhould be ſuſpected and odious to the Natives of the Place. On the contrary, the *Greeks* ought to be united together, and make themſelves reſpected by others: The only thing they muſt obſerve, is to be contented with what they enjoy, and never to invade the Territories of their Neighbours, I know that *Idomeneus* has been ſo unhappy as to occaſion Jealouſies among you, but it will be no difficult matter to remove all your ſuſpicions: *Telemachus* and myſelf offer to become your Hoſtages; we will be anſwerable for *Idomeneus*'s Integrity, and will remain in your hands 'till every thing that ſhall be promis'd is faithfully perform'd. What you are incens'd at, O *Mandurians*, is, that the *Cretan* Troops have ſeiz'd by ſurprize the Paſſages of your Mountains, and thereby can, in deſpite

diſpite of you, enter whenever they pleaſe the Country whither you retir'd, to leave them the flat Country near the Sea-ſhore: The Defiles which the *Cretans* have fortify'd with high Towers, full of old arm'd Men, are therefore the real Cauſe of this War. Pray anſwer me, can you alledge any other?

Upon this, the Chief of the *Mandurians* came forwards, and ſpoke thus: Have we left any thing unattempted to avoid this War? The Gods are our witneſſes that we did not renounce Peace, till Peace had irrecoverably gone from us, thro' the reſtleſs Ambition of the *Cretans*, and the impoſſibility of truſting to their Oaths again: Senſeleſs Nation! who forc'd us againſt our Will, to the hard neceſſity of acting a deſperate part againſt them, and ſeeking our ſafety in their ruin. As long as they keep thoſe Paſſes we ſhall ever believe that they mean to encroach upon our Lands, and to bring us under ſubjection. If they really intended to live in Peace with their Neighbours, they would be contented with what we ſo voluntarily yielded up to them, and would not labour to preſerve an entrance into a Country, upon whoſe liberty they have no ambitious Deſign. But you know them not, O wiſe old Man; whereas, to our great misfortune, we know them but too well. Ceaſe then, thou favourite of the Gods, ceaſe to obſtruct a War ſo juſt and neceſſary,

neceſſary, without which *Heſperia* can never hope to enjoy a laſting Peace. O ungrateful, treacherous and cruel Nation, whom the angry Gods have ſent among us to trouble our repoſe, and puniſh us for our faults! Yet, after you have puniſh'd us, O ye Gods, you will revenge us too: Neither will you be leſs juſt to our enemies than to us.

At theſe words all the Aſſembly was in an Emotion; it ſeem'd as if *Mars* and *Bellona* went from rank to rank, rekindling in each Breaſt the rage of War, which *Mentor* endeavour'd to quench: Whereupon he thus reſum'd his diſcourſe:

Had I nothing but promiſes to make to you, you might refuſe to truſt to them: But the things I offer to you are real, and before your eyes. If you are not content to have *Telemachus* and myſelf for Hoſtages, I will cauſe to be put into your hands twelve of the moſt noble and valiant *Cretans*: But it is juſt that you likewiſe ſhould give hoſtages: For tho' *Idomeneus* ſincerely deſires Peace, yet it is not thro' Fear or Cowardice that he deſires it: He deſires Peace juſt as you your ſelves ſay you deſire it, upon Principles of Wiſdom and Moderation, and not out of a baſe love of an eaſy effeminate life, nor out of fear of the impending dangers of War. He is prepar'd either to die or to conquer, but he prefers Peace to the moſt pompous Victory. He would

would be asham'd to fear being overcome, but he fears to be unjust, and is not asham'd to redress what he has done amiss. Tho' he offers Peace with Sword in hand, he is not for prescribing the Conditions of it with Imperiousness: For he sets no value upon a forced Peace. He would have a Peace which should be to the satisfaction of all Parties; a Peace that may for ever put an end to all Jealousies, allay all Resentments, and remove all Distrusts. In a word, *Idomeneus* has all those Sentiments which I am sure you wish he should have. All that now remains to be done, is to persuade you into a belief of it; which will be no difficult Task, provided you will hear me calmly and without prejudice.

Listen then, O ye warlike Nations, and you, O ye wise and united Captains, give ear to what I offer you from *Idomeneus*. It is not just that he should have it in his power to enter his neighbour's Territories; nor is it just that his own Territories should be expos'd to Incursions from them: He therefore consents that those Passes which he has fortify'd with high Towers, may be kept by neutral Troops: You *Nestor*, and you *Philoctetes*, are *Greeks* by birth; yet, upon this occasion, you have declared against *Idomeneus*; and therefore you cannot be suspected of being too partial to his Interests. What animates you, is the common Interest of the repose and liberty of *Hes-*

peria; be you then the Truſtees and Keepers of thoſe Defiles which occaſion'd this War. You have no leſs reaſon, nor is it leſs your Intereſt to hinder the old Inhabitants of *Heſperia* from deſtroying *Salentum*, a new *Grecian* Colony, than to hinder *Idomeneus* from uſurping upon his Neighbours. Do you keep an equal Balance between both of them, and inſtead of carrying Fire and Sword among a People whom you ought to love, reſerve to your ſelves the Honour of being Judges and Mediators. You will undoubtedly anſwer, that you would be extreamly pleas'd with theſe Propoſals, could you be ſure that *Idomeneus* would faithfully perform them: And as to this point, I am going to give you ſatisfaction.

For the ſecurity of both Parties, there will be the Hoſtages I mention'd before, to continue 'till all thoſe Defiles be put into your poſſeſſion: Now when the ſafety of all *Heſperia* and even that of *Salentum* and *Idomeneus*, ſhall be at your mercy, will you not be contented? What can you diſtruſt after this, unleſs you are afraid of your ſelves? You dare not truſt to *Idomeneus*, and yet *Idomeneus* is ſo far from having any deſign of deceiving you, that he is willing to truſt you. Yes, he will entruſt you with the Repoſe, Lives and Liberties of all his People, together with himſelf. If you are really deſirous of a good Peace, behold it offers herſelf to you, and leaves you no pre-

tence

tence for rejecting her. Once again, think not that 'tis fear obliges *Idomeneus* to make you theſe offers; no, 'tis Wiſdom and Juſtice that engage him to take this courſe; nor ſhall it affect him in the leaſt, ſhould you impute to his weakneſs what is the effect of his Virtue. In his firſt attempts he committed ſome faults, and he glories in acknowledging them as ſuch, by preventing your demands in this manner. 'Tis weakneſs, 'tis ridiculous vanity, 'tis ſtupid ignorance of a Man's own Intereſt, to think to hide his faults by endeavouring to maintain them with pride and haughtineſs. He who owns his faults to his enemy, and offers to repair them, ſhews thereby, that he can never more enter upon thoughts of committing them, and that at the ſame time the enemy has all things to fear from ſo wiſe and ſo ſteddy a Conduct, unleſs he makes Peace. Beware leſt you give him in his turn a handle to lay the blame at your door. If you ſlight Peace and Juſtice which now offer themſelves to you, Peace and Juſtice will take their Revenge. *Idomeneus*, who before ought to have fear'd the Gods would be incenſed againſt him, will now have them on his ſide againſt you. *Telemachus* and my ſelf will fight in this good Cauſe; and I call all the Gods, both Celeſtial and Infernal, to be witneſſes of the juſt Propoſals that I now make to you.

At theſe words, *Mentor* lifted up his Arm ſo high, to ſhew to the People the Olive-

branch which he had in his hand in token of Peace. The Commanders, who were nearer him, were dazzled with the divine Light which darted from his Eyes; he look'd with a certain Majesty and Authority, far beyond what is ever seen in the most eminent among Mortals. The Charms of his sweet yet commanding Eloquence stole away all Hearts: It was like those enchanting Spells which in the deep silence of the night do on a sudden stop the motion of the Moon and Stars, calm the raging Sea, suppress the Winds, make the Billows subside, and suspend the course of rapid Streams.

Mentor seem'd, in the middle of these furious People like *Bacchus* when he was surrounded by Tygers, who, foregoing their natural fierceness, and attracted by the efficacy of his soft, melodious Voice, came and lick'd his feet and fawningly paid submission to him. At first, a deep silence was observ'd throughout the whole Army; the Commanders gaz'd on one another, unable to resist this Man, or comprehend what he was. All the Troops were motionless, and kept their eyes fix'd upon him not daring to make the least noise, for fear he should have something farther to say. Tho they thought it impossible that what he ha said could be capable of any addition, ye they wish'd his Speech had been longer: Eve ry thing he had said remain'd as it were en graven in their hearts. As he spoke he com

mande

manded at once the love and belief of his Hearers; and every one was greedily attentive to catch the leaſt Syllable that iſſu'd out of his mouth.

After a pretty long ſilence, a kind of a ſoft noiſe began to ſpread itſelf by little and little; it was not now the confus'd noiſe of People murmuring with Indignation; on the contrary, 'twas a gentle favourable whiſpering: Each Man's face diſcover'd a certain ſerenity and peaceful look. The *Mandurians*, who were ſo highly provok'd, let their Weapons drop to the ground. The rough *Phalantus*, with the *Lacedæmonians*, were ſurpriz'd to feel their Hearts ſo mollify'd: The others began to ſigh for that happy Peace which had been ſet to their view. *Philoctetes*, who by experiencing the hardſhips of Fortune was more ſenſible than any other, could not with-hold his Tears. *Neſtor* not being able to ſpeak for the tranſports in which this Diſcourſe had put him, affectionately embrac'd *Mentor*, without being able to utter a word, and all the People at once, as upon a ſignal given, cry'd out: O wiſe old Man, you have diſarm'd us. Peace! Peace!

Neſtor, a moment after this, was going to begin another Speech, but all the Troops being impatient, and fearing leſt he ſhould ſtart ſome difficulty; Peace, Peace, they cry'd out once again; nor would they give over till they had mad all their Leaders cry out with them, Peace! Peace!

Neſtor, perceiving it was no time to make a ſet Speech, contented himſelf with ſaying: You ſee, O *Mentor*, what wonderful efficacy the words of a good Man have; when Wiſdom and Virtue ſpeak, they huſh the boiſterous Paſſions: Our juſt reſentments change into Friendſhip, and our animoſities into wiſhes for a durable Peace: We accept the Peace you offer us. At the ſame time all the Commanders held up their hands in token of conſent.

Mentor ran to the City-gate to cauſe it to be open'd, and to bid *Idomeneus* come forth now without any fear. *Neſtor*, in the mean time, embrac'd *Telemachus*, and ſaid to him: Thou amiable Son of the wiſeſt of all the *Greeks*, may'ſt thou be no leſs wiſe, but far more happy than he! Have you learnt nothing concerning him? The memory of your Father whom you ſo much reſemble, has help'd to diſſipate our Indignation. *Phalantus*, tho' rough and fierce, tho' he had never ſeen *Ulyſſes*, could not but be mov'd at his and his Son's misfortunes. And now they were going to preſs *Telemachus* to relate what had befall'n him, when *Mentor* return'd with *Idomeneus*, and all the *Cretan* Youth attending him.

At the ſight of *Idomeneus*, the Allies felt their Reſentments kindling afreſh; but *Mentor*'s words quench'd the growing Fire. Why do we delay, ſaid he, to conclude this holy Alliance, of which the Gods will be both

Witneſſes

Witneſſes and Defenders? May they revenge it, if any impious Wretch dare to violate it, and may all the Horrors of War, inſtead of overwhelming the faithful and innocent People, fall on the perjur'd execrable Head of that ambitious Man, who ſhall ſlight the ſacred Tyes of this Alliance! May he be hated by Gods and Men! May he never enjoy the Fruit of his Perfidy! May the infernal Furies, under the moſt hideous forms, appear to him, and fill him with Rage and Deſpair! May he be ſtruck Dead without any hope of Burial! May his Body become a Prey to Dogs and Vultures! And may he for ever be more ſeverely tormented than *Tantalus*, *Ixion*, and the *Danaids*, in *Tartarus*'s deep Abyſs! But no, ——rather may this Peace be as firm as the Mountain of *Atlas*, that ſupports the Heavens! May all theſe People obſerve it, and taſte the Fruits of it from Generation to Generation; May the Names of thoſe who ſhall have ſworn to it, be ever commemorated with Love and Reverence, by lateſt Poſterity! May this Peace, founded upon Juſtice and Integrity, be a Model of every Peace that ſhall hereafter be made among all the Nations of the Earth! And may all People who are deſirous to taſte the happineſs of Peace and Union, imitate the example of thoſe of *Heſperia!*

At theſe words, *Idomeneus*, with the other Kings, ſwore to maintain the Peace, on the

Conditions agreed to; and twelve Hoſtages were exchang'd on both ſides. *Telemachus* would needs be one of the Hoſtages for *Idomeneus*, but *Mentor* was not allow'd to be one of them, becauſe the Allies deſired that he might remain with *Idomeneus*, to have an eye upon him and his Counſellors, till the entire Execution of the Articles ſworn to. Between the Town and the Camp were ſacrific'd an hundred Heifers, white as Snow, and as many Bulls of the ſame colour, whoſe Horns were gilded and adorn'd with Garlands. The dreadful Bellowings of the Victims that fell beneath the holy Knife, made all the neighbouring Hills reſound; the reeking Blood ſtream'd on all ſides; exquiſite Wines were in abundance pour'd out for the Libations; the *Haruſpices* conſulted the panting Entrails: And the Prieſts burnt upon the Altar vaſt quantities of Incenſe that form'd a thick Cloud, which perfum'd all the Country round.

Mean while, the Soldiers on both ſides, ceaſing to eſteem each other as Enemies, began to entertain one another with their Adventures; they already gave a relaxation to their Labours, and did before-hand taſte the Sweets of Peace. Many of thoſe who had follow'd *Idomeneus* to the Siege of *Troy*, knew again thoſe of *Neſtor*, who had fought in the ſame War. They affectionately embrac'd each other, and mutually related what had befallen them,

them, after they had ruin'd that tow'ring City, the Ornament of all *Asia*. And now they lay down on the Grass, crown'd themselves with Flowers, and quaff'd the Wine that was brought from the Town in large Vessels to celebrate so happy a day.

Of a sudden, *Mentor* said to the Kings: O ye Captains! assembled under several Names and several Leaders, you shall henceforth be but one People; for thus the just Gods, who are Lovers of their Creatures, Men, are pleas'd to be the eternal tie of their perfect Concord. All Mankind is but one Family, spread over the face of the whole Earth. All Men are Brethren, and as such ought to love each other. Curse on those impious Wretches, who seek a cruel Glory in the Blood of their Brethren; which is indeed their own Blood. War, it's true, is sometimes necessary; but it is a Shame to Humanity that it should ever be unavoidable. O ye Kings! think not that War ought to be desired for the acquisition of Glory; true Glory is not to be found, out of Humanity. Whoever prefers his Ambition before a Sense of Humanity, is a Monster of Pride, not a Man, and shall never attain any other than a false Glory; for true Glory consists solely in Moderation and Goodness: Men, indeed, may flatter him to gratify his foolish Vanity; but when they are in secret, and may speak their Minds sincerely, they will say of him,

that he has so much the less deserv'd Glory, as he has desired it with an unwarrantable Passion. Men ought not to have any esteem for him at all, since he has so little valued Men, and has been so lavish of their Blood, through brutal Vanity. Happy is that King, who loves his People, and is beloved by them; who confides in his Neighbours, and in whom his Neighbours confide; who, instead of making War upon them, prevents any War they may have with one another; and who gives occasion to all the foreign Nations to envy the happiness of his Subjects, in having him for their King. Resolve then to meet from time to time, O you who govern the powerful Cities of *Hesperia!* Agree to meet once in three years in a general Assembly, where all the Kings here present may attend to renew the Alliance by a fresh Oath, to strengthen the promised Friendship, and to consult about your common Interests. As long as you are united, you will enjoy in this fine Country, Tranquility, Glory, Plenty; and abroad you will always be invincible. It is only Discord, the Spawn of Hell, and sent from thence to torment Mortals; it is only She, I say, that can disturb the Felicity which the Gods are preparing for you.

Nestor reply'd, You see by the readiness with which we come into the Peace, how far we are from desiring War out of vain Glory,

or

or by an unjuſt eagerneſs to aggrandize our ſelves at the expence of our Neighbours: But pray what's to be done when we find our ſelves near a violent Prince, who knows no Authority but his Intereſt, and who neglects no opportunity of invading the Territories of other States? Think not that I glance at *Idomeneus*; no! I have no longer ſuch a thought of him; 'tis *Adraſtus* King of the *Daunians*, from whom we have every thing to fear. He contemns the Gods, and thinks that all Mankind are only born to be ſubſervient to his Glory, and to be his Slaves. He will not have Subjects of whom he may be both King and Father; he muſt have Slaves and Adorers, and have divine Honours paid him. Hitherto blind Fortune has favour'd his unrighteous Enterprizes. We haſten'd to attack *Salentum*, to get rid of the weakeſt of our Enemies, who had juſt began to eſtabliſh himſelf upon this Coaſt, with a Reſolution to turn our Forces afterwards upon that other more powerful Enemy. He has already taken ſeveral Towns from our Allies; the *Crotonians* have already loſt two Battles in fighting againſt him; he ſticks at nothing to gratifie his Ambition: Force or Fraud is all alike to him, provided he can but conquer his Enemies. He has amaſs'd together vaſt Treaſures; his Troops are diſciplin'd and harden'd to War; his Generals are experienc'd;

he

he is well obey'd, he himſelf inceſſantly watching over all thoſe who act by his order: He ſeverely puniſhes the leaſt Faults, and largely rewards the Services that are done him; his perſonal Valour ſuſtains and animates that of his Troops: He would be an accompliſh'd King, if he ſquar'd his Actions by the Rules of Juſtice and Integrity; but he neither dreads the Gods, nor the Upbraidings of his Conſcience: Reputation he reckons as nothing; he looks upon it as a vain Phantom, which can affect none but poor, low, groveling Spirits; he eſteems nothing as a real and ſolid good, but the advantage of poſſeſſing great Riches, the being dreaded, and trampling all Mankind under foot. His Army will ſoon appear upon our Territories; and if the Union of ſo many People prove ineffectual againſt him, there's an end of our Liberty. It is therefore the Intereſt of *Idomeneus*, as well as our's, to oppoſe this Neighbour, who can ſuffer nothing free to be near him; if we ſhould be overcome, *Salentum* would be threaten'd with the ſame Fate: therefore let us All haſten jointly to prevent it. Whilſt *Neſtor* was thus ſpeaking, they moved towards the City; for *Idomeneus* had invited, all the Kings, and the principal Commanders, to come and paſs the Night there.

The End of the Firſt Volume.

BRITISH 170C71 MUSEUM

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